THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]OST

Foun[illegible]nklin

Volume 203, Number 13

Sept. 27, '30

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

An Interview With Thomas A. Edison—Sophie Kerr—George Ade
Viña Delmar—Lucian Cary—John P. Marquand—Nunnally Johnson

GET THE TRUTH

from a glass of water

. . . . about unconscious neglect of teeth and how **Dr. West's** *brush stops it . . . . .*

A LOT OF PEOPLE brush their teeth regularly, but get no real good from it. Because a lot of brushes fail to clean thoroughly—and their users don't know it.

You can get the truth about toothbrushes in 10 minutes with a glassful of water and your two good eyes. This is how:

Put two toothbrushes to soak for five minutes—one a DR. WEST'S, the other an inferior brush.

Take them out—and see what has happened to the bristles! Then mash down the damp bristles with your thumb. *This is what you see:*

TWO THINGS enable a brush to cleanse your teeth. One is correct design—small size—permitting you to reach and clean all teeth and to sweep all crevices clean. The other quality is in the bristles: they must be springy, must remain erect and do their work even when wet.

These two vital necessities *made* DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes and won them world-wide fame.

This famous brush was designed according to the most modern dental knowledge. Its small size (20-50% smaller than awkward old-type brushes) and its unique shape enable it to cleanse *all* teeth in *any* mouth, and *all* the crevices (the danger spots where most tooth decay starts)!

The bristles exclusively used in DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes are the choicest and costliest the world's markets offer. No other 50c toothbrush gives them to you!

Triple protection for you

DR. WEST'S toothbrushes come to you "surgically clean", ready and fit for your mouth. Thoroughly sterilized, they are sealed in special envelopes, inside the cartons. We make sure *that nothing can touch* your DR. WEST'S until *you* open it.

Further, if any DR. WEST'S Toothbrush proves defective, it will be promptly replaced by your dealer. Again you are protected.

All good stores have DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes for you and your family: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; "professional", 50c; six beautiful colors of handles.

Get some today. See how this modern and thorough cleansing improves the appearance of teeth. Stop all risk of unconscious neglect.

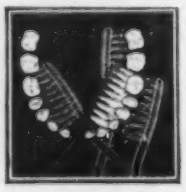
TWO SIMPLE RULES

FIRST: Brush always away from gums, toward cutting edges; with the crevices, never across! Dr. West's makes this correct brushing easy. You see the results quickly.

SECOND: Get a new brush each 90 days. That much use impairs the finest cleansing qualities. Better still, use *two* brushes: one for mornings, one for evenings—they do better work, last longer, are always sweet and clean.

Dentists advise having two DR. WEST'S—*one for morning use, one for evening*

INSIDE, OUTSIDE, BETWEEN: *A demonstration of the thoroughness with which* DR. WEST'S *Toothbrush reaches and cleans all the teeth, all crevices. Note how premium-quality bristles remain erect.*



© W. B. M. Co., 1930

Dr. West's TOOTHBRUSH

Have you tried the delightful DR. WEST'S *Tooth Paste? It adds gentle double polishing to thorough cleansing*

. . . Out of Reach . Out of Luck . . .

"But five miles back from our main state highway routes, who knows what conditions he will find? There the highways are poor and hazardous, essentially in the same condition as in the time of our grandfathers." Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt, of New York.

THE farmer who gets his crops to market late is out of luck. Let this happen frequently, and you have an abandoned farm. Or worse—an abandoned, hapless family on what used to be a farm.

Tarvia roads look as inviting to the farmer in a business sense as they do to the motorist in a pleasure sense. Almost any rural community that will plan ahead can obtain the right Tarvia roads as easily as urban centers obtain the more advanced Tarvia pavements.

If we wait until we have all the money for roads that we would like to have, out-of-reach, out-of-luck farmers are going to be much more numerous than they are now. Our people are going to be worried about the decline in farming and the difficulty of transporting themselves and their goods.

The Tarvia organization, with its 26 years of road-building experience, offers practical, money-saving cooperation to communities which must make a little road money do the work of a lot. It can show you how to meet immediate needs inexpensively—with rutless, dustless, smooth-riding, Tarvia pavements which can easily be strengthened and widened as traffic requirements increase. The Barrett Company, 40 Rector St., New York, N. Y.

Tarvia
GOOD ROADS at LOW COST

SKYLINE

SILVERWARE FOR YOUNG MODERNS

With the vivid loveliness of daring towers reaching for the stars, SKYLINE, the new design in TUDOR PLATE, has given to young moderns the spirit of power and aspiration in Silverware. And modern youth has responded. « So great has been the success of SKYLINE that TUDOR PLATE now creates new service pieces—tea sets, pitchers, serving dishes—keyed to the dynamic rhythms of SKYLINE beauty. « In SKYLINE, as in all its six designs, TUDOR PLATE is youth's own Silverware. The same craftsmen who make COMMUNITY PLATE create its beauty, style and quality. They give it the beauty of moonlight with their exclusive new PATINE* finish. The makers of COMMUNITY guarantee it for a quarter-century. « And that youth may have fine Silverware and enough—TUDOR PLATE gives Full Dozens for what you expect will buy only half dozens. For instance, a Full Dozen Teaspoons in TUDOR PLATE is $4.00.

* PATINE is a precious enrichment of beautiful surfaces, achieved by the secret alchemy of nature. It is found chiefly in rare old works of art—bronzes, fine cabinet work, priceless vases, and old paintings. Community craftsmen have perfected in their laboratories an exclusive and costly process which achieves a Patine finish.

TUDOR PLATE

Designed, Made and Guaranteed by the Makers of COMMUNITY PLATE

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

George H. Lorimer, First Vice-President
John B. Williams, Second Vice-President
Walter D. Fuller, Second Vice-President and Secretary. Philip S. Collins, Second Vice-President and Treasurer
Fred A. Healy, Second Vice-President and Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1930, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain. Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Thomas B. Costain, A. W. Neall, Wesley Stout, B. Y. Riddell, Merritt Hulburd, W. Thornton Martin.
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., and Los Angeles, Cal.

Volume 203 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., SEPTEMBER 27, 1930 — $2.00 By Subscription (52 issues) — Number 13

Patents, Profits and Pirates

An Interview With Thomas A. Edison—By Remsen Crawford

ONE summer's night, just thirty years ago, Thomas A. Edison was working over a drafting board in his laboratory at West Orange, New Jersey, when the night watchman entered and told him there was a newspaper reporter outside the wall who said he simply must see Mr. Edison personally that night. It was a desperately important matter, the reporter had told the guard, for seven of Mr. Edison's patents were expiring that day, according to dispatches from Washington, and, "Mr. Edison's monopoly on certain of his inventions will this very night revert to posterity and the public good."

It was then nearly midnight on a Saturday night. But that was nothing. Mr. Edison, when in one of his working spells, has never known night from day—and doesn't yet, at the age of eighty-three. The night watchman, terribly worked up over the reporter's revelations and seeming to dread the dire happenings due in his master's workshop on the stroke of twelve, hastened back into the laboratory to impart the reporter's tidings.

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROS.

PHOTO. COPYRIGHT BY BROWN BROS.

Thomas A. Edison, in 1888. Above—The Inventor With the First Phonograph, in 1878

No Exclusive Use of Inventions

"GO BACK and tell that fellow," shouted Mr. Edison, "that I say the expiration of those patents won't amount to a hill of beans. Tell him that Mr. Edison says he has never had exclusive use of his inventions and never expects to in this world. Tell him the expiring of a patent has no effect whatever upon the fortunes of an inventor."

"All of which makes a bigger story," scribbled the reporter on a pad as a return message to the hard-working inventor, "but nobody will believe it the way the watchman tells it. Most important, if true. I have come all the way from New York at this hour of the night in deference to you—to see if you have anything to say about the passing of these patents. What do you mean by 'no exclusive use'—no protection? Must see you."

Result—the reporter was admitted to the workshop, and Mr. Edison, his tall, brawny frame wrapped in a big linen duster, a floppy old straw hat pulled down over his genial face, and looking for all the world like Denman Thompson in The Old Homestead, enlarged upon the statement, too cryptic entirely for newspapers, which he had sent to the gate.

Now, after thirty years, and at a time when the press is presenting from day to day reminiscences by writers about who did and who did not invent moving and talking pictures, what Mr. Edison said that night seems to fit snugly as a foreword to this present-day interview embodied in the article which follows; and, being the chronicler of both, I quote from The World of June 3, 1900, the former statement in part:

> There is no such thing in this country as an inventor's monopoly. The moment he invents something that is an epoch-maker in the world of science and commerce, there will be pirates to spring up on all sides and contest his rights to his ideas.
>
> I might invent a new monkey wrench which could go without infringement, but the moment I take certain forces and work out a moving picture for the first time in the history of the world like that produced by the kinetoscope, mark you how the pirates rise up and call it their own.

Thirty Years

MR. EDISON was then fifty-three years old. He is now eighty-three, but still working in his laboratory at West Orange, and was standing very near the same spot when I asked him to take up where he left off and give the world the key to the universal mystery: Why is Edison not the Crœsus of the modern age? Instead of bristling up at a query so incisive, the man of many personalities turned from a conference table where he had been talking with several assistants—botanists, physicists and what not—with a smile of affability which seemed to say, "Well, that's a good line, anyhow, but don't expect me to give you my autobiography—not yet!" It was the smile of youth making mockery of gray hair and aging features. Neatly attired in summer black, with tall, standing white collar and black silk bow tie of late-Victorian vintage, Mr. Edison, of the conference table, bore but slight resemblance to the Mr. Edison of the drafting board I had left standing there at the turn of the century. It was Sir Henry Irving, not Denman Thompson of The Old Homestead, who now stood there. Mr. Edison beckoned me to a table in the library, and called for his milk. Never much of a meat eater, he lives now almost exclusively upon a milk diet, and has it served to him at frequent intervals in the laboratory while he is at work.

"Many stirring things have happened in the three decades that have passed since I said that about patents and profits and the fellows I call pirates," he began after a moment's meditation. "Wireless telegraphy was then a baby in its crib. Marconi and De Forest were just getting to be talked about. Radio as we know it today had not then been developed. Hansom cabs had not been supplanted by horseless carriages. Neither the North Pole nor the South Pole had then been flown over by any man in an airship. The great motion-picture industry of this day and time was then in its swaddling clothes,

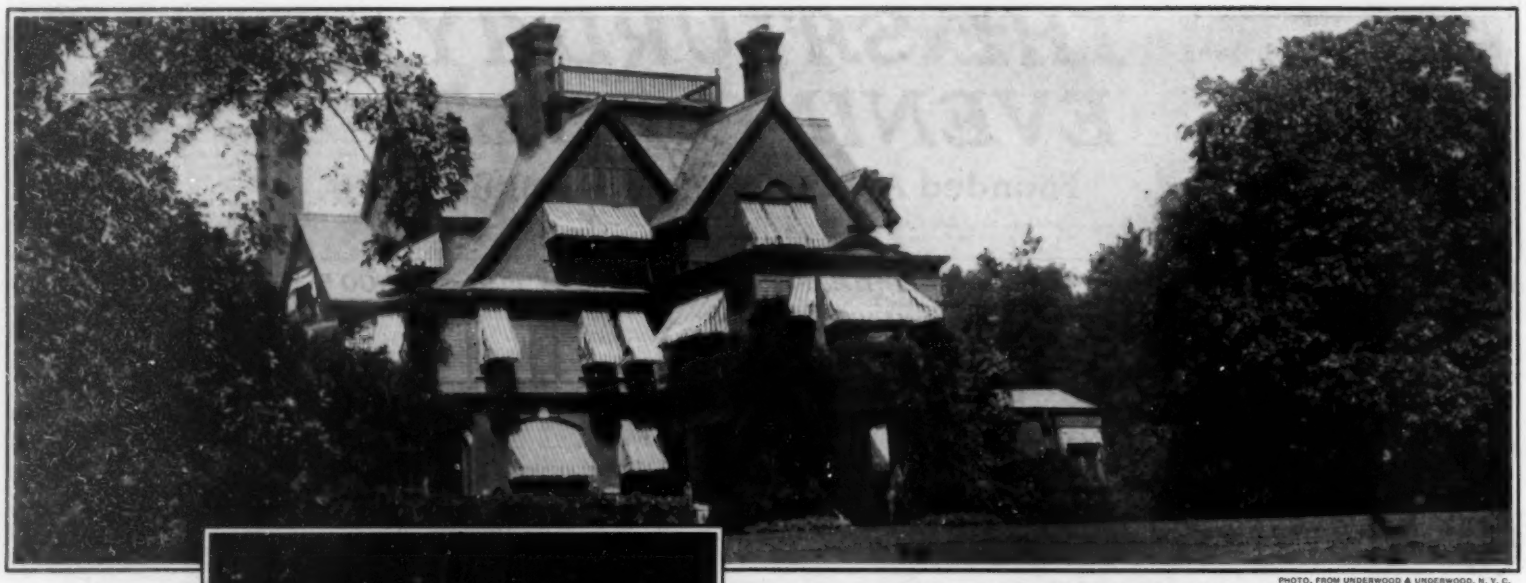


PHOTO. FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Edison Home at Llewellyn Park, West Orange

as television is today. Surely, these last thirty years have marked what might be called in the language of the street—but not the language of the laboratory—an age of miracles. Prodigious achievements I call them, for they confirm two maxims long ascribed to me: First, trying to do the impossible makes about one-half the impossible seem easy; and second, genius is 1 per cent inspiration and 99 per cent perspiration.

"So you think that, with all this world growth, the public wonders why I am not among the ultra-rich? You think I should take up the interview we began thirty years ago and explain why my inventions have not raised me to the very heights of plutocracy? I don't object, provided you hold it within the bounds of an interview. I will answer all the questions on that point you care to ask me, for by doing so I may suggest something that will help the young inventors of today and those who may come after me. I never wrote but one magazine article in my life, and it doesn't shine as one of my outstanding successes. I made up my mind then to confine myself thereafter to answering questions."

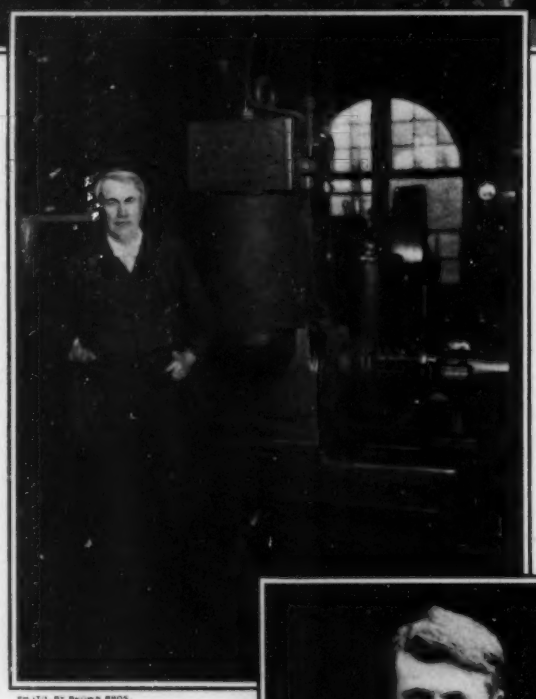


PHOTO. BY BROWN BROS.

Thomas A. Edison and the First Dynamo With Which He Made Incandescent Light

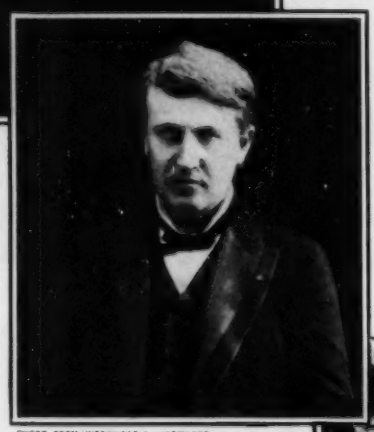


PHOTO. FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

The Famous Inventor as a Young Man

"Well, then, Mr. Edison, since your name is identified with the creating and perfecting of so many utilities which have figured in the advancement of commerce and science—electric lights, phonographs, typewriters, cement, storage batteries, talking and moving pictures, and many other things—my first question, in all seriousness, would be: Why are you not the richest man in the world today?"

A Billion a Year for Workers

THIS time there was no smile on the inventor's face. For a moment his gray head was bowed in thought. He set aside his empty milk glass and pushed toward me on the table a pad of yellow paper and a pencil.

"Nearly $10,000,000,000, they tell me, are invested in modern industries which developed from ideas embodied in my inventions and my patents. A billion or so dollars, I am told, may be the annual total income to artisans and workers in fields thus created. But if I were to tell how the inventor has fared, candor would compel me to make an avowal like this: 'I have made very little profit from my inventions. In my lifetime I have taken out 1180 patents, up to date. Counting the expense of experimenting and fighting for my claims in court, these patents have cost me more than they have returned me in royalties. I have made money through the introduction and sale of my products as a manufacturer, not as an inventor.'

"I would not care to go further into this aspect of the matter, for many obvious reasons. But what I have just said is the plain, unvarnished truth. I am not saying it in the humor of complaint. I am far enough along now to make money from manufacturing, but I am speaking for the young fellows just starting out. We have a miserable system in the United States for protecting inventions from infringement. I have known of several inventors who were poor. Their ideas would have made them millionaires, but they were kept poor by the pirates who were allowed through our very faulty system of protection to usurp their rights. The usurpation is particularly apt to obtain in the case of some great epoch-making patent. I deny that I have ever enjoyed a monopoly upon anything that I have ever invented, with this single modification: The producers of motion pictures did pay me royalties until my patents expired. But even in that case I had to fight a long time in court over my claims.

"The pirates can readily get all the money they require—millions, if needed—to carry on their contests. The first step is to hire a sharp lawyer—one who can make any judge unfamiliar with technology believe that black is white. They set up the claim that they, and not the inventor, should be recognized as the originator of certain ideas. They boldly strut into court and enjoin the inventor from manufacturing anything from his own creations and formulas, even though the inventor may hold in his hands a patent issued by the United States Government. In previous years these pirates were thus enabled to hold the rightful inventor back by persisting in litigation sometimes for ten, twelve and fourteen years. Meanwhile, the courts would not infrequently permit the pirates, 'for the good of mankind,' to proceed with the manufacture of the same device, pending litigation; so there was, in reality, no such thing as an inventor's monopoly. True enough, a patent is supposed to carry the Government's protection for seventeen years, and I suppose the man in the street, or the man between plow handles, fancies that the inventor's life during those seventeen years of grace is down a primrose path to a pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow.

"Do you see that little incandescent lamp hanging over my head? Well, I fought in the courts of this and other countries for fourteen years to establish my rights as inventor, even after I had the patents. My associates and I had to spend more than $1,000,000 to prove our rights to the incandescent light, even though our claims had been duly vouched by the United States patent office. First, a Frenchman bobbed up and claimed he was the inventor. Then, I believe, a man or several men in England went to court. Everywhere, all around the earth, the pirates kept picking on that little lamp, and they were

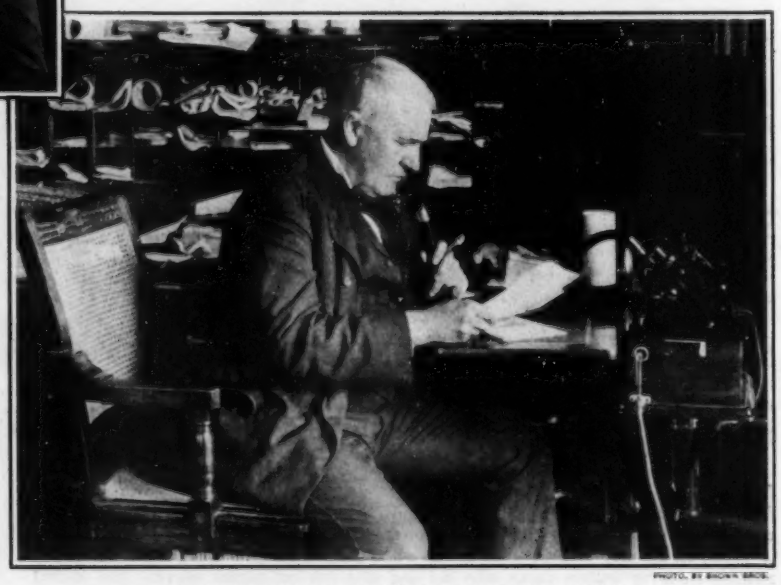


PHOTO. BY BROWN BROS.

Mr. Edison Dictating on His Own Invention in 1908

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROS.

The Old Edison Laboratory Group at Menlo Park

able to keep me out of the profits on my patents until there were but three years left out of the seventeen years. So, while the light was a boon to the world at large, to the inventor the patent was well-nigh useless.

"Some improvement has been made in the law of court procedure since then. A contestant, or pretender, is not allowed so much time now as formerly. He must make a quicker show-down—spread his cards on the table. After I had made many and varied protests about the utter lack of protection in the courts, I was asked to go before both branches of Congress to see what could be done to tighten up the laws. I appeared before committees and showed them that an inventor had mighty little show as matters stood. But about the only improvement made was in speeding up the action in court so that the real inventor could not be so long enjoined from manufacturing his device.

"Now, a great many persons will say, 'Anybody can find fault.' They will want to know what can I suggest to correct the evils of the present way of enforcing the patent laws. First, I would say create a separate and special court. Take the whole business out of the regular judicial system. It has never belonged there. What does the average judge of our district courts, or circuit courts of appeal—or even of the Supreme Court, for that matter—know about the technical phases of chemistry or physics? These judges have been lawyers all their lives, and they are—some of them—distinguished for their ability as jurists. But when it comes to understanding a contest over amperes, or ohms, or the atomic theory, or subatomic energy, they can be fooled by a smart lawyer quite as soon as, if not sooner than, any farmer from the hinterlands who does know which end of a cow gets up first, and why.

"I would appoint, to this special court for trying patent cases, judges from the faculties of colleges of technology, men who know something about science. They could travel around the country and hold court, if need be, in the factories and workshops of the inventors and their competitors, and get first-hand data upon each issue involved in the litigation, just as President Wilson's War Labor Board, headed by William Howard Taft, went around during the war settling labor disputes in the mills, right on the ground. There wouldn't be much quibbling on the part of lawyers before these scientist judges. Then, and not till then, will an inventor stand some show of being rewarded for the long, tedious labors he has expended through ceaseless experimentation to gain the fruition of his ideas."

Research on the part of the writer of this article reveals that the electrical industry has always been a tempting field for buccaneering litigants. Standard

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROS.

The Cot in Edison's Office on Which He Slept When Too Tired to Go Home

COPYRIGHT BY BYRON FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

Discussing an Intricate Problem With an Assistant

PHOTO. FROM CULVER SERVICE

Mr. Edison is Capable of Tremendous Concentration

scientific publications of the period to which Mr. Edison alludes carried columns about the deplorable waste of profits by inventors and their backers to sustain patents. Indeed, conditions became so bad in 1901 that George H. Benjamin, himself a patent solicitor, writing in The Electrical Review, had this to say:

I am generally of the opinion that while patents have been of a distinct value in developing the scientific side of the electric industry, they have been a detriment to and have not aided in the development of the commercial side of the industry.

I know that my opinion, as thus expressed, is very radical and not in accord with generally conceived ideas, and will subject me to more or less captious criticism. I am, however, satisfied that the commercial history of the industry for the past twenty years fully bears out this opinion which I have thus expressed.

Seekers After Light

"NONE but that little band of helpers I had with me working on the incandescent light," continued Mr. Edison, "will ever know the ups and downs we had, the failures and blunders we left behind us when finally we saw the little lamp blaze forth. The idea of the incandescent light had taken hold of me as soon as the big glaring arc light had been invented. Some fellow had rigged up an outfit—engine, dynamo, and the whole shebang—and went traveling round the country with a circus. Most everybody saw at a glance that the arc lamp was not the thing for general use, particularly indoor illumination. The light was too big and too bright. I told Grosvenor P. Lowrey I thought I could find a way of subdividing the thing. He raised money enough for the experiments. That was when I opened up my laboratory in Menlo Park, New Jersey, and we formed what we called the Edison Electric Light Company.

"Of course, it was already known that platinum would work as a filament, but platinum was as costly as gold, and it would burn out too quickly, so the incandescent light of service was a thing as yet unknown. The problem was to find a filament—meaning the now familiar little spiral thread of wire inside the bulb—which could be worked up to a high point of resistance and withstand it. I know that it would be useless for me to relate the different things we tried, or to attempt to give a technical outline of the processes. The public—that is, the unscientific public—would not understand a word of it, no more than we understand a doctor when he tells us how he treated a pylorus or a thyroid gland. Of course, I knew—we all knew—about carbon, but carbon was so subject to oxidation it would never work satisfactorily.

(Continued on Page 135)

PROGRESS OF AN ARTIST

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

"She's Worse Than La Trouflais," He Told Anice. "What She'll Do to That Nice, Decent Old Vose Place!"

MRS. JAMES settled into her place at the Fosters' dinner table and prepared to be harmless and agreeable. She was at her host's left, but Parke Foster wouldn't give her much attention because he had Mrs. Trouflais, wife of the great banker, Barney Trouflais, at his right, and this dinner was to make the Fosters solid with the Trouflais family. Minna James knew this, though there had not been a word said about it since her arrival at the Fosters' for the week-end; and though the Trouflaises' favor was nothing to her personally, she meant to help along Parke and Rhoda as much as she could. All this Long Island proud social stuff was just theater to Minna, and comic theater at that.

While reflecting that Mrs. Trouflais ought to take off thirty pounds and choose a lipstick that didn't make her teeth look so yellow, Minna turned to the man beside her and began, in her soft, delicious voice: "The larkspur is earlier than usual this year, isn't it? Or are you one of the stern botanic souls who wouldn't notice it unless it was called delphinium?" That would do for an opener, everybody round about being absolutely crazy about gardens and gardening.

Instead of replying, the man made an indeterminate noise and didn't so much as glance at her. So Minna looked at him closely for the first time and she perceived to her instant lively interest that he was very angry—burning with anger, seething. She could feel the heat of it and see how he was trying to beat it back, but it was stronger than his control. He was a tall man, young, with red thick hair and a thin vital face and a lean body. All this Minna James noted in one quick glance, and also that his hands—beautiful, powerful brown hands—were tightly clenched on the edge of the table.

"I believe you'd like to tip it over and kill everybody here," said Minna in a half whisper.

His head came round now with a jerk and he snatched his hands down. A confused flush ran up over his face, but his eyes were not embarrassed. "You're a mind reader," he said. "I'd like to do exactly that."

"Only," she went on, "your practical mind tells you that it wouldn't kill everyone here." She tried to read his place card and at last succeeded. His name was Pearce, and she thought she remembered Rhoda Foster saying something about Henry Pearce and his wife in the two minutes before any guests arrived.

"I don't actually want to murder, you know," he said.

"Oh, yes, you do. You're in the nastiest temper I've ever seen; you'd like to beat somebody within an inch of his or her life. If I were your wife I'd hide until you got over this. By the way, is your wife here—which is she?"

"Down there, in white." Pearce had stiffened again.

Minna James looked down the table and saw a delicate, slight girl with eyes and brows so appealingly gentle and sensitive that they distracted attention from her straight little mouth and a chin just a thought too outthrust for symmetry. But Minna was accustomed to looking at mouths and chins and making her appraisal largely thereby. She also looked at the girl's gown. "Ah—she's wearing her wedding dress," she said to Henry Pearce. "How long have you been married?"

"Four months."

"And you live here?"

He snapped it out bitterly. "My family was here generations before Tillbury became a chi-chi suburb."

"If you own land around here," said Minna, "you can sell out now and go where you like with a fortune in your hand, I'd say."

"I don't own anything except an acre or so, and an old ramshackle house. And beyond that I've an income of three thousand dollars a year, and I'm a sculptor, and twenty-seven years old. Let's talk about something else."

"Don't be so high-handed with a nice old lady. I must talk about you a little more. You're the Henry Pearce who won the Prix de Rome three years ago, aren't you, with that extraordinary figure of Hagar?"

"Check and double check. Henry Pearce and Hagar—you have our number."

"I saw your Hagar and—well, I won't say I liked it, because it was much too unpleasant. But I have never seen so absolute an expression of a woman whom life has utterly beaten, who has nothing to fight with, who can only submit and suffer."

He looked down the table at his wife and began to laugh. "A fool conception of any woman, isn't it? Why, if Hagar lived today, she'd have had Abraham and Sarah both running in rings! Submit and suffer, did you say? That's funny."

"I used to feel cynical, too, when I was your age. But, my friend," and her voice became grave, "it doesn't help."

"It doesn't help what?"

"It doesn't help to cure a sore, indignant heart."

"I know that. But what else can I do?"

"I do not know," said Minna James, "and probably you must not tell me. So now we really will change the subject, or Rhoda Foster will accuse me of not amusing you."

Henry Pearce looked at her gratefully. "I think you're very kind. It was almost as good as telling you all about it to have you get it like that."

The dinner went on from cold borsch to baby lobsters to boned squab to asparagus to pistachio ice to fruit. The Fosters' butler and the Fosters' second man poured an excellent dry champagne. Minna James saw that young Pearce didn't touch this, and that he ate very little. She noticed also that now and then his lovely young wife gazed over at him and smiled, touchingly, placatingly, but that he didn't smile back. Minna thought there was a tinge of anxiety in her smile too, a sort of we-must-keep-the-surface-smooth-no-matter-if-there's-a-whirlpool-underneath. After dinner, when they were all in the terrace end of the drawing-room and the coffee and chartreuse were going the rounds, Minna saw young Mrs. Pearce put herself unobtrusively beside Mrs. Trouflais, and after a little talk summon her husband to the great lady. Pearce had to go or be rude. Minna thought of drifting over in earshot, but Rhoda Foster had engaged a string quartet to play for an hour because Mrs. Trouflais was known to fancy string-quartet music, and the guests, except four unregenerate souls who went off into the library for contract, had to settle down and listen.

Anice Asked Him Quietly: "Do You Want to Go Off Somewhere for a Rest, Henry? Just Our Two Selves"

When the music was over the Trouflaises left. "We keep country hours, ha-ha, in the country, ha-ha," said Mr. Trouflais, and looked as complacent as though he'd said something clever.

As soon as the Trouflaises were gone the party woke up. The cards gave way to a noisy crap game, and Tommy Pitot batted out some popular songs on the piano and Jed Poleway sang them, and a nice sizable tableful of ice and soda and bourbon and lots of glasses and a mighty pile of assorted sandwiches appeared out of the void, as it were, and was besieged. Couples went off down the garden paths and came back looking silly—not that anyone cared. Minna found herself beside Rhoda Foster, all relaxed and easy, now the strain was over.

"It went off beautifully, old dear," said Minna. "Everything was perfect—food, drink, music, and so on."

"And wasn't it perfect they went so early! You know, Minna, you can stand just so much."

"Tell me about the young sculptor I sat beside. He seemed a nice lad."

"He is nice, but rather quiet. I don't know him very well, but I know a good bit about him. His people died when he was quite young, and he worked frightfully hard to get on. Old Gordon Hewston, the architect, was interested in him and had him in his office, but young Pearce was dead set on sculpture and went to the art school at night, and finally won the Prix de Rome."

"Yes, I remembered that. What about his wife?"

"Why, didn't you recognize her? You must have seen her at Easthampton the last two summers. She's Anice Gillmore, that little orphan cousin of the William Reeds. They've been awfully kind to her—she didn't have a cent, and last year she met Henry and they fell in love and the Reeds gave her a very decent wedding considering it wasn't much of a match. Isn't it queer how often a poor relation goes right ahead and marries a poor man—you'd think they'd move heaven and earth to get a rich one, wouldn't you?"

"But there still exist strange women who want something besides money with their marriages. Not many perhaps, but a few. You weren't exactly digging when you married Parke."

"Oh, Parke—I'd 've married him if he'd been a church mouse. But I knew he'd get on."

"Maybe Mrs. Pearce expects her husband to get on. There's no reason why he shouldn't; he's the most talented man amongst the younger artists, I've heard again and again."

But she was talking to air. Some of the guests were leaving and Rhoda had moved up to receive their farewells. The Pearces were amongst the departures, and Minna saw how the little white-clad wife clung confidingly and fondly to her husband's arm. It was almost too marked, as if she wished to advertise how much she loved him, how wholly she possessed him. To Minna James, watching, there came a cold reminder of the days twenty-five years before when she, too, had flaunted love and possession before the world. She wanted to go close to Anice Pearce and warn her—"It takes more than a lovely young body and an ardent heart, my girl, with a man like yours."

But warnings were not in her line. Perhaps if they had been, this story might never have been. Instead, she trailed her handsome black gown up to the Fosters' west guest room, and so to bed.

Meanwhile the young Pearces were on their way home, in a little old rattle-trap car. "It was a good party, wasn't it?" asked Anice, yawning and pulling her white shawl about her. "Jed Poleway tried to kiss me out in the garden."

"Dirty pup!"

"It's just his way of being amiable. He's not got much of a line, and he thinks women like to be kissed. I mean, he doesn't bother anybody—all you need to do is dodge and tell him not to be fresh. That was Mrs. James you sat beside, wasn't it? Cousin Emma Reed told me she used to be a great beauty, and she had a dreadful bust-up with her husband—oh, ever so long ago. She must be nearly fifty, but she's still good-looking. What did you talk about?"

"I don't know. Lots of things. She was all right."

There was a silence and then Anice spoke again, very sweetly and innocently, "You liked Mrs. Trouflais, too, didn't you?"

"Jed Poleway Tried to Kiss Me Out in the Garden"

"I've got nothing against her, of course. But as I told you before, I am not going to mess around with her garden or do her a pool design."

Silence again. Then Anice gave a heavy sigh. "But she'd pay awfully well, and it wouldn't take you any time at all, Harry. And we do need money so. Look at this car! Look at the house! And I must say I'd like some new clothes. I can't make the things Cousin Emma gave me last forever—and I don't like to ask her for more."

"Anice—you wouldn't!"

"But what am I going to do, Harry? My last summer's things look so out of date and my trousseau was all winter and spring things. And we haven't any money ——"

They had reached the house. "Go on in," he said. "I'll take the rattler down to the barn."

Her nearness, her softness and sweetness and desirability exasperated his reason while they played upon his passion. To be alone even for a few minutes was heavenly relief. There were locusts flowering along the lane and the perfume was all about him, and when he looked up through the ghostly white bloom there were the stars. He put the rattler away in the end of the barn which had once been the stable, and laid his hand on the door that opened out from it into the other part, the high-pitched space where once great loads of hay had driven in to be forked into the mows above. That was now his studio, and he had there the beginnings of a group destined for the pediment of the capitol building of a Western state—destined, that is, if judged the best, for the work was in competition. Like most artists, Pearce hated competitions, but he wanted to enter this one, his idea was so fresh, and so absorbing to him. If he won, it would be a high honor. And even if he lost, he was sure that his group would bring him praise and attention. Beyond and above all that was the artist's compulsion to express his idea. To do this would be enough for him. But it would not be enough for Anice.

His hand dropped away from the door and he stood thinking of Anice. He hadn't considered money when he married her, and neither, he supposed, had she. He had explained to her that he had only three thousand and that sculpture wasn't the stock market; he had shown her the old house and taken her to ride in the rattler. And she had told him that she hadn't a penny except what her rich relations gave her, and had added simply and tenderly that she loved him and other things didn't matter. She had also said something about helping him, that she was sure she could help him. At the time he had overlooked that except as one more evidence of her affection. Now he wondered, and hated himself for wondering, if she had not sized up their environment and determined to edge him in among their rich neighbors as a sort of odd-job man of art. Mrs. Trouflais' garden, Mrs. Trouflais' pool! The scene they had gone through just before starting to the Fosters', the scene that had driven him into a tormenting rage, when she had pointed out to him so carefully, so reasonably the necessity of playing up to the Trouflais pair, and why. She had been terribly reasonable. It caught him on the raw, that his own wife shouldn't see what that sort of thing did to a man's work, and what it did to the man himself.

He walked slowly up to the house, forgetful of the sweet locusts and of the stars. His thoughts went on slowly with his steps. That woman he had sat beside at dinner—how cleverly she had got at him, how wisely she had looked at him. And hadn't she—yes, by Jove, she had—made an excellent suggestion, that he sell this old place at a good fat price and beat it, live where he liked, work where he liked. But here he was, with his pediment group started, everything going like a house afire; he couldn't pick that up and carry it around as if it was a portfolio of drawings. Besides, he loved this old place; he'd been born here, and so had his father and his grandfather and his great-grandfather. His grandfather had planted the locusts, and his great-grandfather had planted the high twin elms standing before the house. The garden at the side was the work of his mother; her clove pinks, her lilies of the valley, her spice bushes and clematis and trumpet honeysuckle still blossomed there.

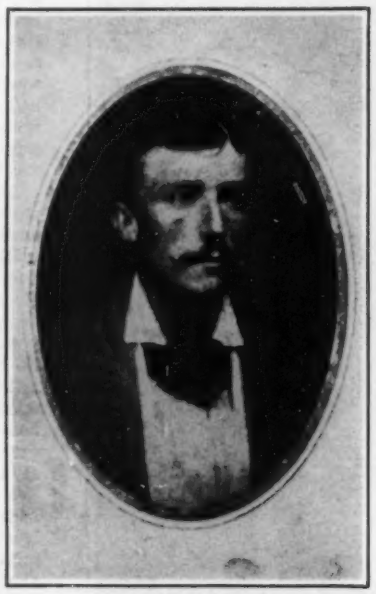
And in the house, the chairs, the tables, the cupboards and dishes were all Pearce belongings dating through the four generations. To sell all this would be like selling his name, or his Pearce red hair, or Pearce long legs.

(Continued on Page 101)

RILEY AND HIS FRIENDS

By George Ade

DID you ever put in a lot of time trying to name over the really great men you have encountered, and telling yourself why they were great? The adjective suggesting comparative merit is used very loosely and is applied, without discrimination, to circus performers, doctors and lawyers of local repute, track athletes and clubwomen who have happened to make the first page at least once. The word "great" should be used to describe only those mortals who achieve important and useful results without straining themselves or getting red in the face or exercising more than their normal equipment of talents. A great man is one who can do a big and impressive job of some kind in a perfectly offhand manner without starting the perspiration. Some of the great men I have seen in action never acquired lasting fame, probably because they were not looking for fame. They make up an odd assortment, but they had gifts which were more nearly superhuman than merely human.



James Whitcomb Riley, at the Age of Twenty-Two

I know that Robert Ingersoll, Elihu Root, William F. Cody, Theodore Roosevelt, Bob Fitzsimmons, Carl Fisher, Jim Corbett, Grover Cleveland, Albert Lasker, William Dean Howells, Walter C. Kelly, Joseph Choate, Joseph Jefferson, Mark Twain, Edwin Booth, John Hertz, Booth Tarkington, Clarence Darrow, Victor Lawson, Melville Stone, Sir Henry Irving, any one of the Ringling boys, the elder Coquelin, Will Rogers, Harry Leon Wilson, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Albert Beveridge, and twenty other men I might name must be listed as great, because I have studied their performances and I know that they did things which the common run of six-and-seven-eighths type of male human being could not do if they studied and trained for a lifetime.

A Bewildering Assortment of Traits

IT IS now my pleasant task to say something about the most interesting and entertaining mortal with whom I ever consorted for hours at a time. There will be no attempt to argue regarding his permanent place in literature, or take issue with those who contend that Browning and Keats and Byron and Tennyson were more divinely gifted as versifiers. There will be no learned discussion of James Whitcomb Riley as a poet, but a little talk about his supreme qualities as a companion and story-teller and interpreter of the oddities and queer wrinkles of the people he was accustomed to meet. Certainly he was the most captivating and unusual man I ever knew. No other human being ever toted such a bewildering assortment of traits and qualities which were absolutely out of the ordinary. He was a bundle of contradictions, a dissenter from all the dull conventionalities of his time, an amazed spectator who sat aside and watched his friends lather themselves into a fury over what he regarded as foolish nonessentials. If you caught him from one angle, he was as innocent and unsophisticated as a callow young farm hand. If you gained his confidence and received his observations at first hand, he seemed to be, at times, four times as wise as Solomon or any professor in Harvard.

His contemporaries, who admired him so devotedly, never seemed to get a straight line on him. The close friends, who adored him, never quite solved him. To the newer generation he is simply a name—an author whose photograph suggests owl-like solemnity, who lived in Indianapolis and wrote books which had enormous circulation.

This piece is not going to be a biography of Riley. Three of the near relatives—Mary R. Payne, E. H. Eitel and Elizabeth E. Miesse—have collected a rare assortment of letters written by Riley to his friends, and I am stealing out some extracts from a book about to be published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., containing this copyrighted material, believing that thousands of Riley admirers who read THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will revel in these messages, which reveal the poet in his happiest and most original moods.

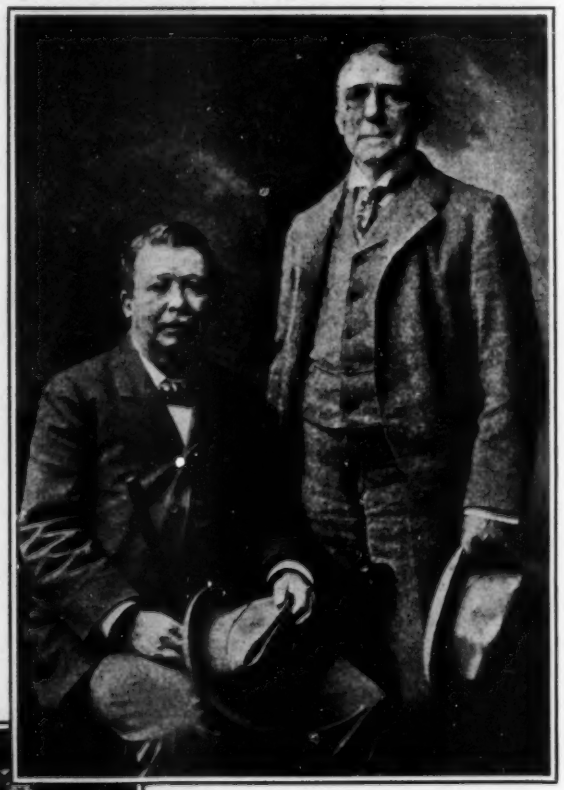
Nearly all these letters express thankfulness or extend congratulations. He never seemed to be quite convinced of the fact that he had become a public idol, and whenever he was praised he sat down, in a state of bewilderment, and wrote a letter gushing with gratitude. And then, when someone he liked wrote a book or a magazine article which suited him, he had to write a letter throbbing with hurrahs and hosannas.

All these emotional outbursts came straight from the heart. They were not written for posterity or for the purpose of winning over influential celebrities who might be of help to him later on. They were written because Riley was saturated with the concentrated essence of good will, and merry as a lark when things went well with the men and women whom he had listed as desirables.

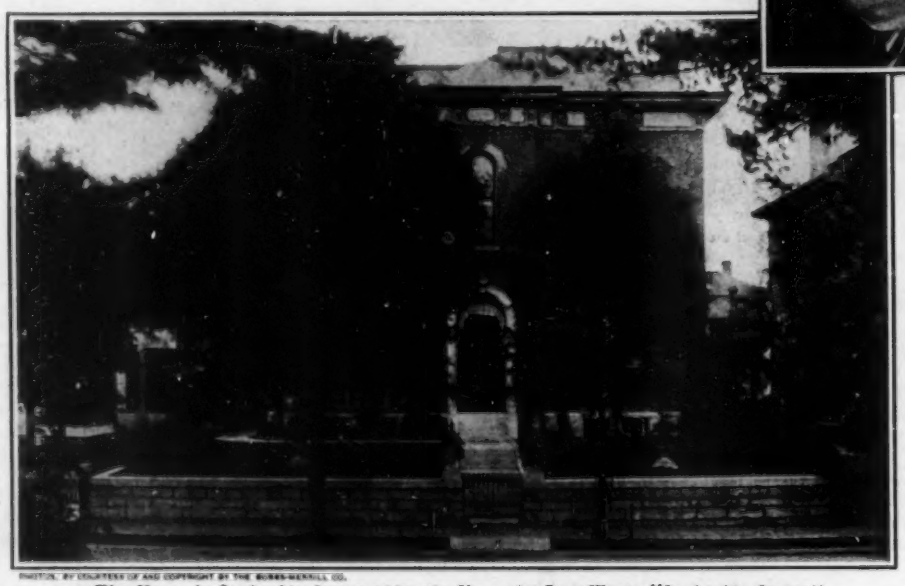
Many persons received underground reports which intimated that he was an irresponsible with a decided inclination toward convivial habits. Many times I met Riley at the University Club in Indianapolis or the Halcyon Hotel in Miami, Florida, and I had him as my guest out at my country home in Indiana. It was my privilege to attend large and formal dinners given in his honor, and to appear on the platform with him, and our last getting together was when I acted as pallbearer at his funeral from the old brick house in Lockerbie Street. I never saw him take a drink, but I have seen him gently wave away many a tempting cocktail when he would be the only waver-away at the table. It is true that he once remarked to me, "If I took one of those things, I'd want a churnful." He said that he didn't dare to fool with stimulants, because his idea of a drink was one that would fill a mule's ear.

Friend of the High and the Humble

WHEN you read over the paragraphs which we have purloined from the large assortment of letters you will learn that the colleagues who interested him most were the pick of America. I should say that the people he chose to meet were very high up or very humble. He met all of them with the same tacit understanding—that of sympathetic fellowship. Benjamin Harrison, before and after he was President of the United States, spent many and many an evening with Riley. Mr. Harrison was very learned and enveloped in dignity, and was supposed to be almost devoid of the sense of humor, but he and Riley hit it off like a couple of brothers. The poet was just as friendly with Doc Smith, of Delphi, who was said to play a dangerous game of poker, and who knew the good fishing holes along "Deer Crick," which Riley put on the map in some verses which are still remembered and quoted. Also, there was Jap Miller, who kept a general store at Brooklyn, Indiana. Riley went to visit him quite often, and they spent days together, swapping fantastic lies. It was Jap who permitted the hired hands of the neighborhood to cache their funds in his safe, but he never would let them take out any



The Poet and His Devoted Friend, Joel Chandler Harris, Creator of the Immortal Uncle Remus



PHOTOS BY COURTESY OF AND COPYRIGHT BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO.

The Home in Lockerbie Street, 1880, the Year the Poet Wrote "Lockerbie Street"

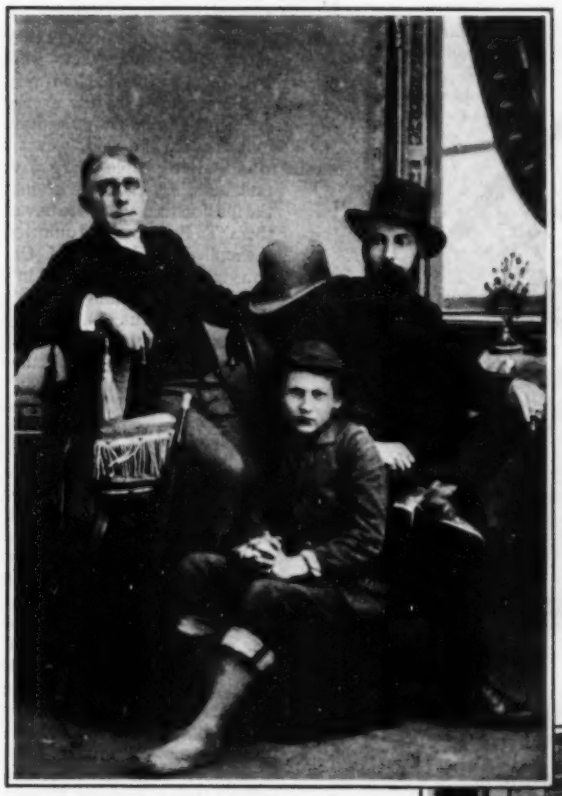
money after five P. M. for fear that it would cause a "run on the bank." Jap would now be known as a rural wisecracker, but he was quick on the trigger, with a vivid imagination, and to Riley he was a fountain of delight.

Also, there was the Negro barber in Indianapolis to whom Riley told stories, all about a concocted hero known as Fortville Frank. The barber did preaching on the side, but his revenues from church work were scant and uncertain. He complained that whenever he collected a small fee for officiating at a wedding or funeral, he nearly always had to throw in a shave or a haircut.

One of his best friends in Indianapolis was George C. Hitt, business manager of the Journal. It was Hitt who had the courage to make a book of The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems, a thin volume for which collectors are now paying fancy prices.

Chosen Friends of the Shy Bard

THE Indianapolis Journal was the rabid Republican organ of a state which did more political seething than any other state in the Union. There was a room back of the business office on the ground floor where Riley used to meet his friends, about the time that he was getting a national rather than a local reputation and his fame had really begun to climb. Benjamin Harrison often dropped in. Gen. John C. New was a regular at these afternoon gatherings. After Harrison became President, Riley was consul-general at London, with Romeo Johnson, later an editor of the Indianapolis News, as vice consul. Romeo often explained why he was loaded down with the name of the Shaksperean



The Poet With "Doc" Smith, His Fishing Partner, and Joe Sneathen, Who Dug Worms for Them

lover. His father, Sylvester Johnson, had always been a great admirer of the legitimate drama and, during a chance visit to Philadelphia, he witnessed an all-star performance of Romeo and Juliet with Booth and Davenport and Neilson and others of the greatest actors of that period in the cast, including Mrs. John Drew as the nurse. He came home, with his head full of the romantic tragedy, about the time that a son was born to him, and the son had to be called Romeo. Rome often explained that it might have been worse, because, if his father had stayed over another day in Philadelphia, he would have seen the same all-star company in a performance of Pygmalion and Galatea.

Harry New, recently Postmaster-General, attended the back-room meetings and for many years was Riley's confidant and close friend. Also Rev. Myron Reed, another friend, often was present. The people who knew him best always regarded him as a man of unusual abilities—a great character. Then there was Elijah W. Halford, editor of the Journal. When Harrison was elected President, he went to the White House as go-between and secretary, and acquired a national reputation as the faithful and dependable Lije. From the time that Meredith Nicholson first began to attract attention, he and Riley were together nearly every day. At this minute I have on my desk a letter from Nick, and he says, among other things: "The fact is that Riley was not a terribly sociable person. He greatly preferred a few friends who knew him and understood him. I spent some part of every day with him for a great many years, and was always struck by his curious shyness that became a panic whenever there was any danger of his being precipitated suddenly into a strange company."

James Whitcomb Riley, Meredith Nicholson, George Ade and Booth Tarkington, About 1902

Riley was very friendly with Hector Fuller, a newspaper writer and dramatic critic. Then there was Dr. Carlton B. McCulloch, who was Riley's doctor for many years, and who had the misfortune to be a candidate for governor a couple of times just when a vast majority of the voters seemed to have acquired the incurable habit of voting the Republican ticket. Marcus Dickey, who handled all Riley's business affairs for so long and made him a rich man, came from near Longwood, Fayette County, Indiana. The late Will Bobbs and Hewitt Howland were both connected with the Bobbs-Merrill Co., and knew Riley as well as anyone and were among his most heartfelt admirers, always jumping in to do for him certain drudgeries connected with book publication which annoyed him exceedingly.

He did not like to meet great editors and confer with them. Once the late Edward W. Bok wanted him to do an important poem for the Christmas edition of the Ladies' Home Journal, and sent him wire after wire, offering generous money and pleading for a definite reply. Then there came a wire to the effect that Mr. Bok was on his way to Indianapolis, and Riley, stricken with terror, went into hiding. His friends organized searching parties and scoured the city for three days, but they did not find him until after Mr. Bok had started back to Philadelphia.

Kin Hubbard, who is known to the public as Abe Martin, became one of the chosen few. He and Riley were just as much out of the ordinary as a couple of white blackbirds, and probably they concurred in many vitriolic opinions regarding the Indiana environment and put some terribly lowdown estimates on certain individuals who were suffering from delusions of grandeur.

One of Riley's valuable friends in the days of the old Journal was Miss Anna Nicholas, long on the editorial staff and a woman of fine literary taste. Then there was John T. Brush, manager of a clothing store, who later got into big-league baseball and for many years was the owner of the New York Giants. Riley and Brush were great friends, but John could never induce him to go to a ball game. Riley always said that baseball was just a lot of excitement and physical exertion about nothing. We must not forget Amos Walker, who said a thousand things which are still quoted in Marion County. For a time he managed Riley and they were inseparable, often seen in Meridian Street attired in the latest mode of Fifth Avenue, silk hats and everything.

Probably Bill Nye was the man whom Riley held first in his affections. Once Riley, Nye and Eugene Field gave a show in Indianapolis, and it was a large affair. Strangely enough, the Riley heirs have been unable to find any letters which traveled between Riley and Field, although they must have written often. I know that when Riley visited Field in Chicago, they put in one whole afternoon at the Kohl and Middleton Dime Museum in Clark Street, indulging in long and friendly conversations with the midget and the giant and the fat lady and the living skeleton and the fire eater and the snake charmer and other platform attractions of that large and popular institution. That was their idea of having a good time in a different way. They had luncheon together, with a bowl of prunes between them, and after they had eaten all the prunes Riley asked Field if he wanted some of the "umbrella juice."

A Stickler for Dignity

RILEY, although he was in close association with Bill Nye for several seasons, always referred to him as Mr. Nye. He was a great stickler for the courtesies of life, and hated the familiarities to which the loud talkers are addicted, and had a perfect horror of being shoulder-slapped or even touched. As he put it, he didn't like to have anybody come up and handle him. He didn't have one touch of the bohemian. He was always immaculate in his attire and perfectly groomed. He was always ready to act, on a moment's notice, as best man at a noon-day wedding. He was for dignity and believed in the dignity which should accompany any man who is trying to do something in the world of letters. In his later years he did not want to say very much about his early and rather vagabond experiences, when he played the guitar and sang with the Wizard Oil Medicine Company, and was a journeyman sign painter, and for a while advertised himself in the small towns as a "blind sign painter." He had moss-agate eyes, and his business partners assured the public that he was stone blind; therefore

(Continued on Page 141)

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF AND COPYRIGHT BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO.

Mr. Riley, His Nephew, Edmond Eitel, and Hamlin Garland, at the Greenfield Homestead, 1894

FORCES

By Viña Delmar

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

"Oh, Mr. Goldfeather! How You Do Go On!"

CORALIE lay against a yellow satin cushion and trailed one white hand languidly in the lake's cool water. Mr. Goldfeather rowed the boat, perspired and gazed at her adoringly. He was very funny-looking, she thought. He had black eyes that popped a little; thick, pink lips and a broad, flattish nose. Poor fellow. Coralie felt a moment's pity for him. It must be awful to be unattractive. She raised her slim body so that she might admire her own pretty face in the lake's calm surface. It was 1900 and girls did not carry compacts.

Mr. Goldfeather said: "Do you have to look at yourself in the lake? Can't you see in my eyes that you are beautiful?"

"Oh, Mr. Goldfeather!" Coralie blushed prettily and turned her face away. "How you do go on!"

"Won't you call me Ben?"

"Oh, I couldn't."

"Please do."

"Oh, really, I've known you scarcely a month."

"Yes, I know, but I feel that I've known you always. I don't know how I lived without knowing you. Don't you feel a little bit that way about me?"

Coralie smiled. She was amused at his audacity. How could a man with a broad, flat nose dare to suppose that he could be attractive to her?

"You're very fascinating, Mr. Goldfeather," she said. "I'm so young and inexperienced that I really don't think that we should meet again. You say such lovely things to poor little me that I'm fairly giddy with pleasure and excitement. I'm afraid you're teasing me all the while."

A dark, red flush spread suddenly over Mr. Goldfeather's face. He tried to move closer, rocking the boat perilously as he shouted: "Tease you! Great Godfrey, Miss Devore, I am in love with you. I was afraid it was too soon to declare my intentions. May I speak to your mother this evening? May I hope that you will be my wife?"

"Oh, Mr. Goldfeather! Your impulsiveness frightens me."

They were married January 2, 1901. At the altar Coralie was a trifle amused as she found herself able to glance easily over the top of Ben's head. She was conscious of her own beauty and of the exquisite veil which she wore. She could hear her mother weeping softly behind her, and that amused her too. One ought not weep when one's daughter marries a Ben Goldfeather.

It was a day when girl friends didn't park in your living room, cross their legs, blow smoke in your face and ask, "What did you ever see in him?" Woman was more womanly when the hand that rocked the cradle didn't know how to earn money between rocks. Nobody asked Coralie why she married Ben. It was taken for granted that she and Ben loved each other. All marriages were love matches in those days. Woman needed man too badly to admit that there was any other motive for marriage.

Ben bought a house in the fifties. A brownstone house. He bought another one for summer use. It was a monstrous white house with numerous cupolas. Ben was sentimental. The house was in the same New Jersey town as the hotel where he had first met Coralie. The Jersey house had a massive lawn and roomy stables. Coralie wished that the New York house was as large. A large house seemed more worthy of her beauty and dignity.

Still the New York house was fairly nice. Coralie had furnished it with gold furniture for the parlor and golden oak for the dining room and bird's-eye maple for the bedrooms. Coralie's mother lived with them till she died in 1908.

Ben had been surprised to find after his marriage that Mrs. Devore had scarcely a cent in the world. He did not mind her being dependent upon him. He had plenty of money and was of a generous nature, but he remembered how she and Coralie had lived so extravagantly that summer and how prettily gowned Coralie had always been. It seemed terribly foolish and a little dishonest to him for people to pretend they were wealthy when actually they were paupers. Coralie had to explain very carefully to him that this was a very courageous and admirable procedure. He did not realize, she said, what it meant to meet rich people every day; first building, then preserving, the illusion that you were one of them. To Ben's puzzled question she replied: "Why bother! Oh, you ignoramus, you wouldn't understand anything. That's the courageous part. My mother and I wouldn't admit that we were beaten by circumstances. We fought to the finish."

Ben paid the bills for the Devores' brave battle. They came in as soon as Coralie's marriage was announced in the papers. Ben didn't mind, nor did he question. After a month of marriage he believed that he was an ignoramus and assumed a meekly apologetic air which he wore to the end of his days.

To herself Coralie admitted her reasons for marrying Ben. They were very simple: Well-cut clothes of good material; fine horses and carriages; an occasional trip to Paris; a richly furnished home to return to. She had those things now. It was a little trying, however, to wear the well-cut clothes for Ben's monotonously consistent admiration. Who cared whether or not one looked nice to Ben's popeyes? It was almost heartbreaking to ride behind the handsome horses with no one but Ben to talk to. Paris with him was a mockery, and the perfection of the two houses was marred only by his fat, clumsy person.

When the baby was born in 1905, Coralie raised him close to her face and looked with frightened, searching eyes at the little mouth and nose. Did he look like Ben?

"He looks exactly like you, darling," Ben said.

"If he looked like you I'd choke him," she answered.

Ben went away then to buy her a pair of diamond earrings as a reward for making him a father.

Coralie named the baby Eric. From the first he was her child. He was never Ben's. Nature had realized how superior she was to Ben and had seen fit to withdraw Ben's type from circulation. The child, she determined, would be as worthy of her as were her beauty, her collection of diamonds, her horses and her homes. She engaged two nurses

Eric

for the baby—very efficient and dependable women. When he began to talk, a French woman was added to the staff. Later there came riding instructors, fencing masters, physical-culture experts, tennis coaches and music teachers. Eric was in all things an apt pupil. He had, Coralie noted with pleasure, the Devore brain.

Sometimes as Coralie sat before her looking-glass and surveyed her frosty gold-and-white beauty, tears would come unbidden to her deep violet eyes. It was a fearful thing to have married Ben, to feel so often his thick lips upon her mouth, his fat, pudgy arms around her slim shoulders. The scant liking that she had had for him during their courtship had faded. He was ugly and he was stupid. He certainly was not worthy of her.

She was not a believer in the one God, though she attended church on Sundays, and felt that some Force had always governed her life. She remembered that in school days no matter how guilty she had been some other girl had always been punished for classroom crimes. It had always been like that. Surely some Force had worked for Coralie Devore. That Force had given her Ben so that she might be covered with satin and jewels and pin rare flowers upon her furs. Well, that was accomplished now. Why didn't the Force take Ben away and leave Coralie alone with the Goldfeather money and Eric? Ben had only been meant to provide Coralie with a soft and luxurious life. Sometimes when he pulled her down to sit on his knee she thought again of the many punishments she had avoided in the classroom, and wondered idly what it was like to commit murder.

Once on the boat going to France she had met a man whom she considered worthy of her. He was tall, beautifully built and had a commanding air. Coralie danced with him and knew that they were the handsomest couple on the boat. His name was Carlton Reynolds. She said "Coralie Reynolds" to herself many times, and thought it sounded very nice indeed. But divorces were rare in those days, especially for haughty women with cold, violet eyes and an objection to being unpleasantly discussed. Besides, Coralie could divine by Mr. Reynolds' actions that he was living in the courageous manner which she had described to Ben and which Ben had not understood about.

It had been hard to bear Ben's welcome-home kiss and his subsequent kisses while remembering Carlton's handsome face, and she had put Carlton's name into Eric's little catechism. The catechism had formerly gone:

"Who is the nicest woman alive?"

"My mamma."

"Why?"

"Because she is beautiful and good."

"Who is the smartest woman alive?"

"My mamma."

"Why?"

"Because she knows how to be a lady."

To this had been added:

"Who is the nicest man alive?"

"Carlton Reynolds."

"Why?"

"Because he is handsome, clever and gentlemanly."

Coralie had apologized for the first part of the catechism to Ben. "I know it sounds dreadfully conceited," she had said, "but he really made the entire thing up himself. I had hardly a thing to do with it."

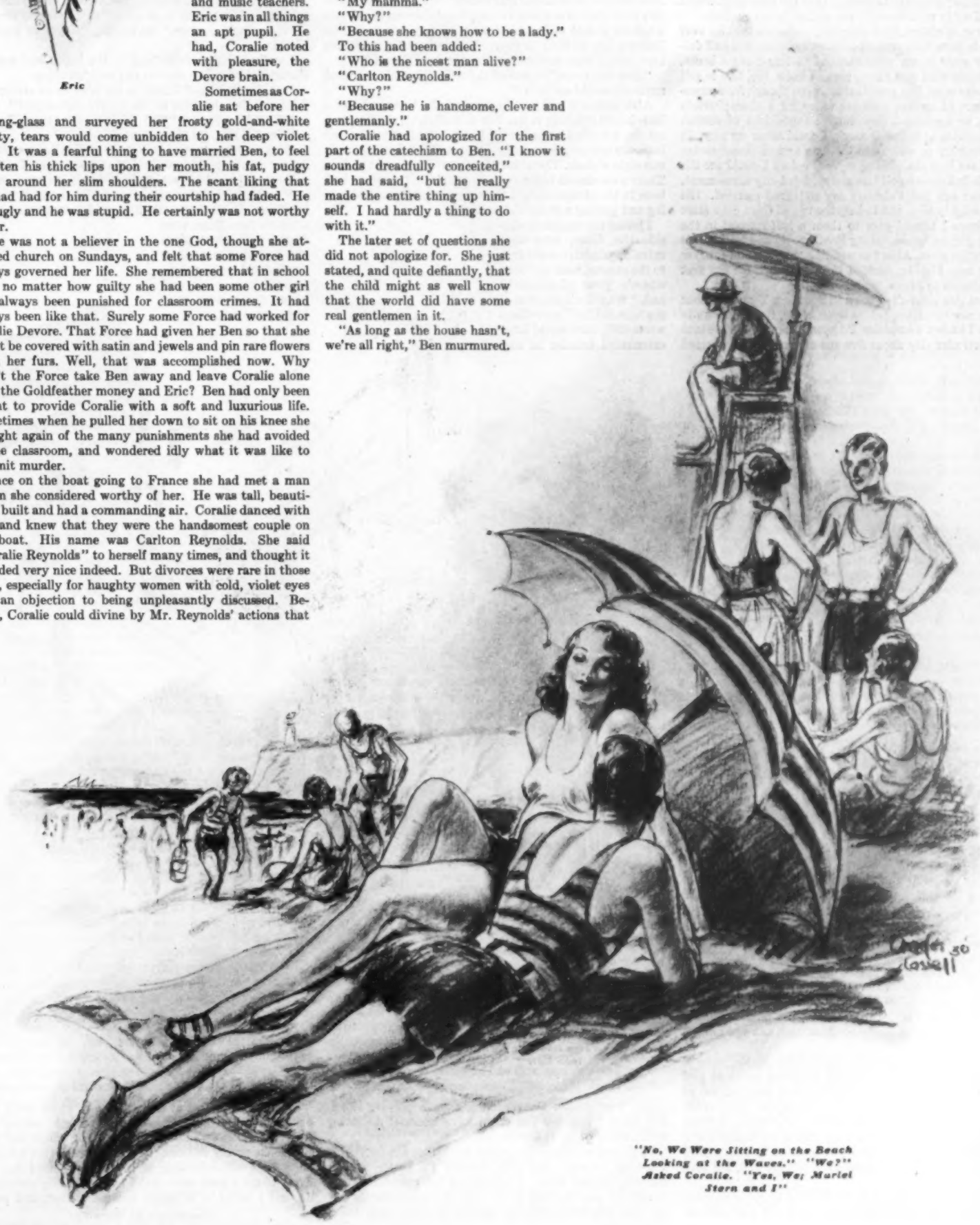
The later set of questions she did not apologize for. She just stated, and quite defiantly, that the child might as well know that the world did have some real gentlemen in it.

"As long as the house hasn't, we're all right," Ben murmured.

Coralie was a trifle ill at ease. Had she gone too far? There was that diamond sunburst that she couldn't quite get on without. The worried glance which she turned on him revealed that he was smiling despite his bitter remark. Her lips curled in quick contempt. He hadn't spirit enough to resent a cruel insult. He would buy the sunburst, for it was soon her birthday.

It was 1910 and Coralie was thirty. Her beauty gleamed like a cold, hard jewel, and her heart was heavy within her.

(Continued on Page 113)



"No, We Were Sitting on the Beach Looking at the Waves." "We?" Asked Coralie. "Yes, We; Muriel Stern and I"

LILLIPUT PUTTERS

As Told to Mara Evans

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

ALTHOUGH for more than thirty-five years the triumphant conquest that golf has made in the hearts of our countrymen has been a development to watch and wonder at, it hardly occurred to me, as a retailer of popular entertainment, that the new sport would ever, directly or indirectly, put dollars in my pockets.

I knew, of course, from watching audiences that for over a decade have been spending dimes, quarters and half dollars for seats in my neighborhood motion-picture house, that people of all ages like to play. I knew, too, that in golf this desire must find gratification, even though from newsreel shots of antlike galleries following a championship match, or occasional slow-motion expositions of correct form in swing or follow-through, I could never see why. It was necessary to wait until the long arm of circumstance waved me into the picture myself, before I could see the close tie-in between golf lure and crowded-city amusement.

A year ago last February my son Fred married. His wife is mighty nice, and to help the two of them get a start in business I turned over to them a half-interest in the motion-picture house, taking Fred's notes and letting him manage the place. After the wedding, my wife and I, never having seen Florida, decided to drive South for our first real vacation in fifteen years.

It was in a good-sized town in Southern Tennessee that a germ new to science got its teeth in me, though for quite a while I hadn't a suspicion I'd been bitten. We drove into this particular city about five one afternoon, and decided to find a hotel and call it a day. But about half a mile off the main street we came upon a sight so surprising that I stopped and looked and listened. We were face to face—though we didn't realize it at the moment—with the early stages of an epidemic.

On this corner there was an ex-vacant lot about 100 by 200 feet, and on this lot was laid out a tiny golf course. There were eighteen holes, none over fifty feet long, and each with some kind of hazard that ingeniously imitated those unpleasantnesses you have to overcome on a full-sized course—little sand traps, curves, tunnels, ditches, water holes. The whole pygmy layout looked spruce and gay, with bright red outlining green fairways, neat gravel walks over surrounding turf, tiny one-dimension painted-wood sunsets and landscapes bracing the bunkers, and a white-and-green-trim caddie house as fresh as a new bungalow.

On the little fairways were forty or fifty people, some of them using only putters, taking inhibited swats at golf balls. The whole thing appeared to be a combination of golf, croquet and hide-and-go-seek. Over the ticket office was a sign reading Miniature Golf—Fifty Cents to Play.

"My goodness!" exclaimed my wife as we finally drove on, "what on earth would anybody want to play a silly game like that for? If I were going to play golf, I'd play golf!"

"And," I came back, "if you wanted to run a popular amusement you could make money at, would you pick out something sensible like lawn mowing? This game may look silly; but there was about twenty-five dollars on the course when we looked at it, and another twenty-five dollars in line outside, waiting to play. If there's not a profitable idea behind that somewhere, I'm the Lost Chord."

"Just the same," repeated my wife, "I don't see what anybody would see in it!"

After dinner I told her I'd take a walk, because I had a little heavy thinking to do. She said all right, she'd go to a movie. I walked around until I found my feet leading me back toward the miniature golf course. When I got there, it was eight o'clock. The whole place was lit up bright as day. There were almost twice as many people on it as there had been in the afternoon, and they were laughing and shouting and getting a great kick out of it.

I joined the onlookers outside the fence, who were catcalling derisive comments to the players, such as, "Hey where's your plus-fours?" and, "Why don't you aim at the hole, Eddie?" and others worse still, that would have extenuated murder in any court. Pretty soon along came a woman playing alone, and when I saw her you could have knocked me down with a water wing. It was my wife!

I watched her use up five pats at the ball on a twenty-five-foot-long fairway, and then decided I'd better not be standing around there. I hunted up the proprietor, and though he was inclined to be cagy, he presently opened up—told me there were two courses in town, each doing well, and gave me the address of the firm that supplied his equipment.

"It takes half or three-quarters of an hour for most of them to play the course," he said. "But you can get seventy-two people on at one time—and remember, it would take about twenty tennis courts to take care of that many all at once. You'll probably see more of these little courses," he added, "if you're going to Florida."

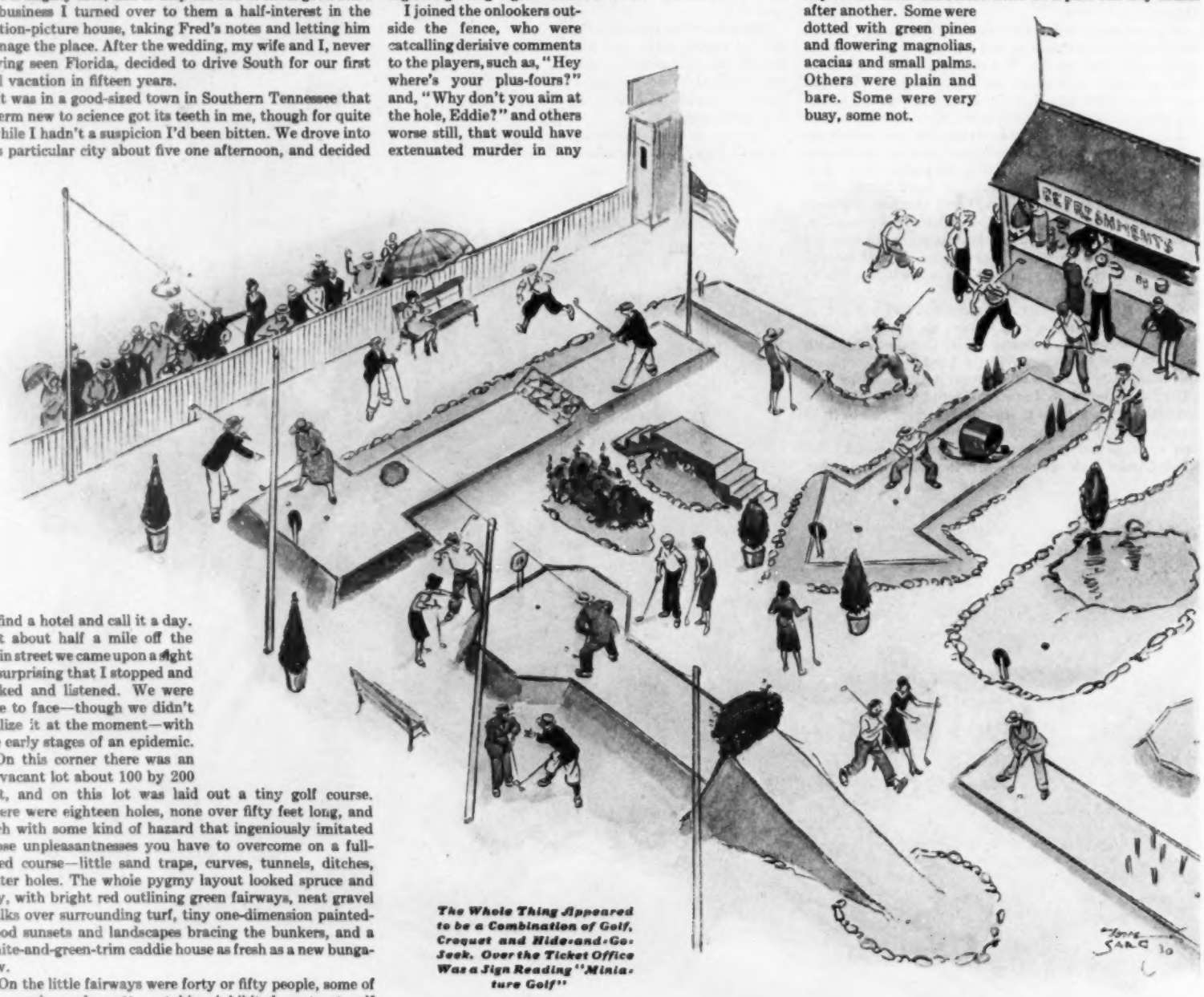
I walked thoughtfully back to the hotel, and was still thoughtful when we started out next morning.

"Oh, by the way," I said to my wife as we started off, "did you like the show at the movies last night?"

"What?" says she. "Oh! Oh, yes. Very much."

"Yes," I said, "I thought you'd like it."

She gave me a puzzled look, but she didn't say anything. As we drove south I realized that when that Tennessee golf-course proprietor said we'd probably see more courses in Florida, it was like saying you might sneeze if you had hay fever. In all the resort cities we'd pass one tiny course after another. Some were dotted with green pines and flowering magnolias, acacias and small palms. Others were plain and bare. Some were very busy, some not.



The Whole Thing Appeared to be a Combination of Golf, Croquet and Hide-and-Go-Seek. Over the Ticket Office Was a Sign Reading "Miniature Golf"

We finally stopped at a Miami hotel where there happened to be a group of women my wife's age from our own state. Right away she was in a whirl of bridge and talk. But I felt pretty restless. Not that I regretted what I'd done for Fred—who was, of course, convinced dad was dying to get a good rest—but I had absolutely nothing to do, and I hated it; so partly because of that, and partly

(Continued on Page 52)

HERE WE GO A-NUTTING!

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

Two Obese Ladies, Totaling 436 Pounds Together, Were Perched to Establish a Record for Fat-Lady Tree Sitting

WHAT of the future of the big, ever-growing nut industry in the country? Is America going to be able to depend on its native nuts? Is there, after all, a fine and genuine strain of goofiness indigenous to our soil, to which, with a little cultivation, we may point with pride? Shall we, in short, be able to hold up our heads with other nations when the subject of barminess arises?

For a while it looked doubtful. In Berlin one man contracted to sing continuously for 50 hours, to set a record for all time for that kind of nonsense, and was prevented only at the last moment, when somebody locked a door on him. In Sofia, in Bulgaria, a darling of society planted himself in a café and smoked 144 cigarettes, lighting one from the other, in 15 hours, thus shattering the old world record, which was 121 in 24 hours. In Sydney, in Australia, twelve sturdy sons of the soil perched themselves on poles under one shed in a continuous pole-sitting contest, and couriers flashed into the city hourly with reports of progress in sarsaparilla-drinking contests, pie-eating tests, and efforts to establish records for nonstop piano playing, fiddling and club swinging.

America is Holding its Own

OVER in Czecho-Slovakia someone had set a mark for plum-dumpling fanciers all over the world to shoot at—101. And without sauce! An American's claim to the flapjack-eating championship, which is surely one that we ought to hold, was disallowed when it was pointed out that while his total, 62, sworn to before a notary public, apparently put him above the foreign record, 43, made by a Scots sportsman, in reality the latter had eaten more flapjack in bulk, since his cakes had a minimum diameter of 5 inches, while the American's were as small as 3½ inches across. And an actor of Berlin, with a little better break in luck than his pal, the endurance thrush, had talked continuously for 45 hours, saying not much more of importance than you might expect from an actor who would talk continuously for 45 hours.

Coming one upon the heels of the other, with only our old record of 53 hot dogs, established in 1923, to fall back on, these Homeric achievements threatened to give this country an inferiority complex; indeed, the time was coming to be known among our more easily depressed nuts as America's dark hour.

The danger, happily, now has passed. I have just completed a miniature-golf survey of the nation's nut industry, and here at the outset I may say that we need have no fears. That old bulldog American spirit is not dead yet. I doubt that I could express the situation more felicitously than the mayor who wrote to a young pole sitter that the current sitting situation showed that "the old pioneer spirit of early America is being kept alive by the youth of today." In other but less eloquent words—first in war, first in peace, first in tree sitting, gum chewing, peanut pushing and bobbing up and down in the water.

And credit for this glorious renaissance of vigor and boobery must certainly go in great part to American journalism. No, no, now, no modesty! It does so go to you! In fact, the dedication of the entire industry, as at present planned, says as much, being tentatively worded: To the newspapers of America, without whose generous encouragement, unflagging attention and three-column pictures these blankety-blank trees would never have been sat in.

This support, it must be added, was not always completely unanimous. Here and there within the ranks were little higgledy-piggledy objections. Certain editorial writers just could not seem to get it out of their heads that such feats as sitting on flagpoles, chewing 37 sticks of gum and seesawing for 18 consecutive hours were scarcely calculated to advance civilization to any marked extent. What was more, they denounced everyone who would encourage such didos as idiots. This was often very embarrassing, in view of the fact that their own news and picture columns were generally offering the only real warm encouragement that the sitters and chewers and seesawers were getting—or wanted, for that matter—and served only to make these papers look a little silly. Happily, this was no novelty to most of them.

It was left to a New York newspaper to straighten out the situation so that there would be no further argument on that score. Denying any encouragement in its news columns, it stated very firmly in an editorial that printing pictures of tree sitters no more encouraged tree sitting than printing pictures of generals encouraged war. This splendid analogy between tree sitting and war, and a Kansas City tree sitter and General Foch, so electrified people with its logic that no one has since dared to bring the discussion up again.

So give the newspapers their due. Of course, if they had decided not to expend any of their space and interest on the 158 citizens of a New Jersey city who are roosting in trees as this is written, these citizens would still unquestionably have sat in the trees, because tree sitters sit in trees because they love sitting in trees, not for the attention that is drawn to them at all; but the publicity, and the notice that the publicity gets them, makes it all so much jollier, if you see what I mean.

At any rate, with this support young America—and old America, too, mark you!—has covered itself with glory, establishing world champion after world champion, from the man who pushed a peanut up Pike's Peak with his nose—22 miles in 30 days, using knee pads and a specially designed steel nose extension for pushing purposes—to that charming little girl who bounced a golf ball 2710 times, making herself world champion at that estimable diversion.

A Few Records to Shoot At

THE survey I made, indeed, finally resolved itself into a glittering pageant of astounding achievements, and I hope that I will not be charged with typical American boastfulness if I suggest a few of the more notable ones here.

You take the little-neck-clam-eating record, for instance. Who do you imagine holds that? Well, it is a very dramatic story. One day not long ago a truckman while seated in a restaurant read in a newspaper that somebody on Long Island had bolted 73 little-necks in half an hour. This was like a red rag in a bull's face, for the truckman fancied himself as no mean devourer of clams. So, dropping his paper, he ordered dish after dish of little-neck clams, until he had tucked 124 under his belt, and in but 20 minutes! "And still more clams!" he cried.

But the restaurant keeper shook his head. "I'll have no man dying on my premises from eating little-neck clams," he said. Upon which, the truckman rose in a towering rage and went next door and ate half a lobster. The next day his name appeared in every wide-awake journal in the country; he was the world champion at clam eating.

The legend of how a New York athlete smashed all existing raw-egg-eating records follows practically the same lines. Apprised of a record but recently set—36 eggs in 5 minutes—he ordered up 40 eggs, dumped them five each in eight tumblers, and before you could say Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald, sent them down the old gullet—and the crowd went wild!

Hot on the heels of this news came a flash from New Jersey. It was a big green-pepper-eating contest, with a purse of $50 put up by 50 members of the local fancy. Neck and neck the two contestants went, a good big man versus a good little man, and in the end it was the old story—the good big man won. The little one choked on his seventy-fourth pepper and was out; the big one cantered on to a neat 80, a record for green peppers that threatens to stand for some years, if not forever.

Then, while Europe stared dumfounded, record after record went by the boards. A man in Illinois staked off a special field for himself by going for pickles; he knocked off 25, throwing back all pickles under five inches. A Minnesota bravo went for soup, and with a record of 3½ quarts without removing the bucket from his lips established himself as the champion of soup sippers. A man in the Canal Zone poured 10½ quarts of beer into himself—nonstop drinking—before falling unconscious; on his feet half an hour later, he claimed the world championship.

Two plucky little girls in Indiana got on their seesaw before dawn broke, and 18 hours later were still there—two

(Continued on Page 110)

NOT SO DIFFERENT

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"I Think I'd Like to Dance With You, Eddie," Kate Said. Eddie Thought of Telling Her That She Wouldn't Like it. But He Didn't

IT HAD been a long, hot day in New York, toward the end of a long, hot August. It made people cross. But Eddie Talbot wasn't cross. He was never cross when he caught the 5:10 for Westport and home. He was happy. He was happy because he knew that when he got off the train he'd see Jane in the big car waiting for him.

That was the splendid moment of his day. He'd been married for two years and he hadn't got used to it. He still wondered at his incredible luck. He would never have fallen for Jane if he had known she was the daughter of Henry C. Codrington, Jr., the first time he saw her. He wouldn't have dared. By the time he found out who she was it was too late. It was too late for Eddie to let that five hundred millions make any difference.

The Codringtons had done all the things that a very earnest and very rich family can do, including moral suasion. The Codringtons, Henry C. Codrington, Sr., Henry C. Codrington, Jr., and Henry C. Codrington III, live in a vast place near Ossining, on the Hudson River. They call it Sherwood Forest, probably because they are so different from Robin Hood. Henry C. Codrington, Sr., Jane's grandfather, got together the first two or three hundred millions. But he didn't steal them and no one has ever called him gay. Nor his son. Nor his grandson, Jane's brother.

Sherwood Forest is surrounded by a high stone wall; miles and miles of wall. If you climb over that wall you ring bells in seven gate lodges, in the watchmen's common room, in the chief watchman's bedroom, in the superintendent's quarters and in the state-police barracks. Probably a light flashes on somewhere in the Brookiyn Navy Yard and in the War Department at Washington.

Anyhow, it is no good climbing that wall. Each gate lodge has a gatekeeper who lets you in if he has been told to and keeps you out if he hasn't.

Henry C. Codrington, Jr., Jane's father, commanded Jane to stay inside Sherwood Forest and Eddie to stay out. He ordered a complete investigation of Eddie Talbot's past, and as the report came in he read it to Jane. He warned both Eddie and Jane that Jane would never have any money beyond the allowance her grandfather had given her.

So they were married.

The Codringtons offered Jane a million to accept a house for herself and Eddie within the forest. Jane said she wanted to live in Westport, which is forty or fifty miles away, in Connecticut. Her father ordered an investigation of Westport. His department of sociological research reported that Westport had been a staid New England village on the Sound, outside the commuting zone, until it had been discovered by a group of illustrators. Since then it had been found to be within the commuting zone. There was now a golf club, a hunt club, a yacht club and a beach club.

"While," the report concluded, "there is nothing specifically objectionable about the community, judged by current standards, it must be said that quite irresponsible young married people far outnumber the substantial and respectable families. The intellectual life is scantily represented by two or three college professors who maintain summer homes in the vicinity but have little to do with the community. The atmosphere is to the last degree gay, informal and even careless."

"Exactly," Jane said when they read it to her. "Eddie told me all about it."

The Codringtons couldn't understand it. They could have understood it if Jane had been an ordinary girl of twenty-four. But Jane was different. She was a Codrington and she had been brought up to like the things the Codringtons like. She had never gone to college, but she had had a number of the best college professors as her tutors. Her education in economics was as complete as if she had taken a Ph.D. in that subject. She was so well-informed on international politics that papers like The New Republic and the Manchester Guardian always struck her as naïve.

So they built Jane a house in Westport and stuck to their decision about the money—not a cent beyond Jane's childhood allowance, which was no more than Eddie's salary, and no cushy job for Eddie in one of the Codrington corporations. They did not mean to be cruel. They thought Jane needed severe discipline and were astonished at how well she seemed to bear it.

Emily Looked at Him Gravely. "Listen, Eddie," She Said. "If You Aren't Going to Talk I Am"

Eddie got off the train that hot afternoon in late August and caught a glimpse of the car against the shrubbery across the way and began to smile. Jane never would back into the space along the platform with the other wives of commuters. She always laid the car alongside the grass plot on the other side, like a yacht beside the quay. Eddie slipped through the crowd toward the car. As he got clear he saw that the car was empty. He looked about quickly. Jane wasn't in sight.

Eddie crossed the graveled space and stood with one foot on the running board and turned to look again for Jane. She wasn't there. He looked into the car. Twice before, Jane had left the car for him with a note on the seat telling him where to find her. But there was no note on the seat this time. It hadn't slipped down behind the cushion either.

Eddie opened the door and slid in behind the wheel and watched the crowd. He thought it was pretty nice—men hurrying in every direction to cars in which women with tanned arms waited for them; and greetings and invitations and promises to meet later flying about. Some of them were going to the Beach Club for a swim, and some of them were going to try to get in nine holes of golf before an eight o'clock dinner, and some of them were merely going home. It seemed gayer than usual to Eddie this afternoon because he wasn't a part of it but only a spectator. He merely nodded to the people who spoke to him.

He waited hopefully till all the cars had gone and other cars were beginning to come up, crunching over the gravel, for the next express. He drove slowly

"Never Mind, Father," Jane Said in That Cool Detached Voice of Hers That So Maddened Eddie When She Used it on Him; "We're Leaving in a Minute"

toward home. He liked driving the car. It was big and heavy. But it did not feel big and heavy. It did what you asked it to. Of course it was silly to drive a car that cost more than you earned in a year. Jane's grandfather had given the car to Jane on her last birthday.

Eddie paused at the foot of the drive and looked at the house halfway up the low hill. He was crazy about the house. There was a row of magnificent elms, like great vases, on either side of the drive. The house was new. But it was one of those clever jobs architects do nowadays. It looked as if it had been there a long time. It looked so modest and domestic no one would have guessed that the elms had been brought from Sherwood Forest two years ago; or that the turf of the lawn, finer than most putting greens, had come from Henry C. Codrington, Sr.'s private nursery of velvet bent grass; or that the lilac hedge behind the low stone wall was not composed of ordinary vulgar lilacs but of an assortment that would have done credit to the Arnold Arboretum.

The maid said Mrs. Talbot had gone riding. Eddie went upstairs. He had taken a shower and got into clean things and was tying his tie, when he looked out of the window. Jane was riding up the drive with Nash Wyant at her elbow. They were both wearing white polo breeches. Their boots shone like orange mirrors in the sun. You get riding boots from one of the few makers in the world who can make riding boots, and you wear them for a year, and if your legs were meant for riding boots and your man knows his business they take on a deep orange color without losing their shape. Then they're handsomer than new boots ever can be.

Eddie saw Jane turn her head and say something to Nash Wyant and the next instant they were galloping. Jane kept straight on at the turn and jumped her horse over the stone wall and crashed through the hedge of lilacs. Nash Wyant was right behind her, crashing more lilacs. They pulled up sharply. Eddie heard all the little sounds of the horses being pulled up sharply—the creak of leather and the jingle of a curb chain and the thumps of shod hoofs taking pieces of turf out of the lawn.

Jane and Nash Wyant were laughing happily. Eddie smiled. He knew what it meant to Jane to do a thing like that. She had been brought up in a family that never did anything thoughtless or wasteful.

"Who-o-o, who-o-o-o!" Jane called. She was so slim and blond and quick that you didn't expect her voice to be so low-pitched. Her voice had a delicious throaty quality.

"Holloa there," Eddie called back from his window.

"Come on down and give us a drink," Jane said. She didn't scream the way most women do when they call to someone at a distance. She didn't have to. Her low tone carried.

Eddie hurried down, smiling. He smiled because he knew what Henry C. Codrington, Jr., would think if he heard his daughter calling for a drink. She had never had a drink at Sherwood Forest. Nash Wyant held the horses. They had a cocktail standing. Nash Wyant was the lean, long-legged, hard-bitten sort that looks its best in boots and breeches. He was a good deal older than Eddie was. He was almost forty. But he didn't look old. He was too flat in the waist. He looked distinguished. He never said more than a word or two at a time, but then he smiled so that he didn't seem curt. He had an effective smile.

"I won't be late for dinner, Nash," Jane said.

Without a word Nash Wyant set down his glass, gave Jane a hand up, mounted his horse. He smiled at Eddie. They galloped off down the drive. Eddie sat on the step to wait. He looked at his watch. It would take them five or six minutes to ride to the hunt club and a minute or so to hand their horses over to a groom and three or four minutes to drive back in Nash Wyant's car. Well—say fifteen minutes at most. Eddie wished he had learned to ride when he was a boy. He had begun to learn the previous autumn. He was still awkward. He liked horses. But he had a poor seat so far. And how can you have good hands if you haven't a good seat? The hunting season would be beginning in a few weeks and he wasn't good enough to ride to hounds. Jane had ridden since she was a child. Nash Wyant played polo. He had a five-goal handicap.

Nash Wyant's car came up the drive and Jane hopped out. Nash Wyant swung around the circle. Nash Wyant waved his hand and was gone. Jane stood in front of Eddie making a face. He knew what she meant. She meant she wanted to be kissed.

Eddie kissed her. He knew how she loved doing a provocative thing like that. It was so contrary to the way she'd been brought up. That was one of the grand things about Jane. She had been brought up to be cool and rational. And she wasn't.

"Must dress," she said, a little breathless, and ran upstairs.

That was all there was to it. So why should anybody think twice about it? Eddie couldn't see why he should think twice about it. He thought that most of the women in Westport were sophisticated about men like Nash Wyant. But Jane was different. She was sophisticated about international finance. She might not at once recognize that Nash Wyant was hollow, and that his superb poise was owing to a complete lack of brains. And if she did not see these things for herself it might be awkward to make her see them. Eddie thought that a man seldom appears to advantage when he has to explain the bad points of a rival to a woman who isn't ready to see them. But of course Jane would see them. She was so much more intelligent than most women.

II

EDDIE caught the 5:10 train a week or so later. He was not happy. He was sore at himself. He was sore at himself because he sat wondering if the big car would be empty when he got off the train. He knew it would be. It had been empty every night.

Eddie got off the train. The car was empty. Eddie caught himself looking in the car for a note from Jane. He knew there wouldn't be any note. He slid in behind the wheel and drove slowly off. Halfway home he turned off the shore road. He didn't want to see Jane with Nash Wyant again just then. He wanted time to think. If Jane had been any other girl he would have told her what was what. But Jane was different. She hadn't known a lot of men before she was married. She didn't know she was carrying on a flirtation. Eddie drove several miles before he knew he was going to the Winklers'. Emily and Bill Winkler were his oldest friends. He saw Emily in her garden and stopped.

"Holloa," Emily said.

"Holloa," Eddie said.

(Continued on Page 82)

"Who-o-o, Who-o-o-o!" Jane Called. "Holloa There," Eddie Called Back From His Window. "Come On Down," Jane Said

THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE

"Why Should You Look at Me Like That? I'm Just as Good as You." But Dennis Swale Kept Looking, Incurious and Cool

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

STRANGE things happen in our town, still. Gossip still keeps running softly, like the tide about the pilings of the old wharves on a misty summer night, and it has that strange importance of trivial affairs in a small and lonely place, where continuity stretches back and back into matters which should have been forgotten. There are all sorts of echoes of the great days when ships were in the river, and there is a power to the Swale name in our town, still. That name is like an echo, too, which has lasted out its time. You cannot get away from echoes once you know our town.

Now, just a little while ago, everyone knew Johnny Scarlet was sweet on Susan Swale, when he got back from France, except old Dennis Swale. Everyone knew Sue and Johnny Scarlet met by the river's edge at dusk, but no one dared to tell old Dennis that. Johnny Scarlet was a good boy, and the Swale house was growing slovenly and its drive was full of weeds, but anyone could tell you that it wasn't right for a Scarlet to be going with a Swale. They could tell you that it wasn't right, if they couldn't tell you why.

"Lookit," someone used to whisper. "Here they come!"

There they would come walking down the street, John Scarlet's broad shoulders moving easily with his shortened stride, his red face heavy and serious and plebeian, like all the Scarlets' faces; and Sue Swale would be beside him with slender waist and slender hands. Beside John Scarlet anyone could see the delicacy and breeding of three hundred years of Swales. Her face seemed molded by adroit, painstaking hands into a still perfection. No Scarlet ever had that half smile on his lips; no Scarlet's eyes would ever have her level, careless glance as she looked straight before her and spoke in a low clear voice. Somehow one could tell that he had never touched her, that he always looked at her as he did then—humbly, confused and puzzled. By some instinctive knowledge you could tell that there was something invisible between them. In the smallness and the narrowness of Haven's End, there would seem to be a whispering in the elms, from unseen things, gentle, but forbidding.

"You mustn't touch," the whispers seemed to say. "A Scarlet mustn't touch a Swale."

And the whole street seemed to be silently watching when those two were walking by.

You could see half the story once you saw those two together. All the pretense of Dennis Swale seemed to walk beside them, and all his cold dislike of novelty and change. All the hardness of the Swales seemed to stride beside them in the gentle evening light.

"Say," someone used to whisper, "what would the old man say?"

Jeff Pingree was the one who could tell you about it best, if you cared to hear, because Jeff Pingree was the Swales' counselor at law. He could go back to the beginning, if you cared to give him time; to the Swale and Scarlet grants on the first plantation; and the whole matter had a new significance when Jeff Pingree started talking.

"Yes, sir," Jeff Pingree said, and his lanky hands would twitch in odd, eccentric gestures. "It wasn't right, you understand. The Swales and the Scarlets have been here since the first plantation—Swales and Scarlets, Scarlets and Swales. But the Scarlets have been plain people, and the Swales were never plain like that. I hope you understand."

And Jeff would look out his office window to the main street and put his feet upon his desk. Jeff had seen the Scarlets coming up through the heat of the postwar boom; he had seen the Scarlets buy the corners on the main street and throw the common pasture into house lots; he had seen the Scarlets change the tavern to catch the motor trade.

"Traders, shopkeepers," Jeff Pingree always said. You might have thought, to hear him talking, that there was something else in Haven's End. And you could imagine Jeff Pingree standing in a court room pleading before an invisible bench for a stateliness which had vanished.

"Mark my words," Jeff Pingree used to say. "It wasn't right, that's all. There's order and there's precedent, just as there is in law. The Swales aren't what they used to be, because the times have changed. He was sort of living in the past—I hope you understand. There's some who don't keep in step with things as they get older, and then you sit and think—and think; and all he had to think of was the Swales. Dennis was getting queer—but it made you sort of sorry. I hope you understand."

And we could understand it, because the queerness of old Dennis was like the queerness of our town, withdrawn into its past, now that it was small. There was an illusion of old greatness and a spurious importance in half-forgotten things.

Once you heard old Dennis turning over reminiscences about this and that, in those days when he grew garrulous, you could believe the Swales were great, if only from the certainty of old Dennis' own belief. There was a contagion in it, like the wind from the marshes and the sound of the surf on the outer beach; and, curiously, the obsession of Dennis Swale struck to the root of living matters and all the little struggles of our town became immense, until the Scarlets and the Swales were like two forces in constant opposition, though the Scarlets were real and the Swales were make-believe.

Leaning back with the tips of his fingers together, as though he were dealing with a matter of great importance, Jeff could trace the controversy of the Scarlets and the Swales, and that was a small-town tale enough, running through lean years, such as one might hear in the twilight at any four-corners' store. You could guess the details almost before he told them, because they were like so many others and so much a part of every day. There was the trolley line upon the main street, and who said this and who said that, and the permit for a filling station on the corner, and the routing of the motor traffic on the street along the ridge, and the cutting of the big elm, down on India Lane. Yet all those little details would rise and take a shape, and make a cloudy picture of two contending wills, until those details made a world, like a greater world outside, and Haven's End became an amazing place, exactly like a world.

"Yes, sir," Jeff Pingree used to say, "it would have been different, if it wasn't Dennis Swale. His mind was set about the Scarlets—set, you understand, and what with Dennis thinking. . . . Someone had to tell him. I was the one who told."

When Jeff Pingree talked you could see what he said better than you could hear it. There would be Jeff's office up one flight of stairs to the south of Water Square. There would be Dennis Swale with his close-cropped white hair, stout about the waist but thin in the face, with a sinking look to his cheeks and a thinness to his hands, seated stiffly holding his gold-headed cane between his knees. But his mouth was set like plaster with all sorts of little lines around it—the thin, hard mouth of all the Swales. It was after five in the afternoon and the sun was coming through the dusty windows of Jeff Pingree's office. On the shelves by the wall above the Acts of the General Court were six record boxes marked D. Swale Estate, and through the dirty window the whole length of the street was visible, beginning with the shoe-shine parlor and the stores, up to the brick walks to the Penny Bank, and thence to the head of the street where the Swale mansion stood, covered with unkempt ivy and surrounded by unkempt lawn.

"I tell you they won't get it," Dennis Swale was saying. "They want the motor traffic past my house so it'll pass their inn. They don't care about anything as long as they make money. That's what it always is with them, but they won't get it—do you hear?"

"Now, Dennis," Jeff Pingree said, "you can't stand in the way of progress. If the Scarlets want it ——"

"Confound 'em!" shouted Dennis Swale. "They won't get everything they want while I'm alive. They want the automobiles past my house—do you understand? Past my house. What do they care about beauty or dignity or quiet? It's the young one. He's worse than all the rest, but the whole tribe's just the same. Have you ever seen them do a decent thing? Cheap as dirt—everything here's cheap now. I tell you they want a roaring motor highway through the center of this town so they can make money. They want it past my house. And—confound their claptrap talk about progress—do you think I'll stand for that? I flatter myself I have some influence left, Pingree ——"

"Wait a minute," Jeff Pingree said, and there it was, the same old struggle of the Scarlets and the Swales. "Have you spoken to Johnny Scarlet? Maybe if you spoke to him, perhaps he'd change his mind."

"Have you lost your head?" said Dennis Swale. "Do you think I'll ask favors of the Scarlets? What the devil do you mean?"

"Wait a minute," Jeff Pingree said. Dennis turned toward him quickly, and his long nose was as sharp as a knife, and his eyes were suddenly narrow. "There's something I want to tell you. It's worse than any road—and everybody knows it, Dennis, or else I wouldn't say ——"

To hear Jeff Pingree tell it made the whole thing strange. Dennis Swale was leaning forward, listening. Jeff could hear the old repeater watch ticking in his waistcoat, and it seemed as though all of Haven's End were changing.

"Dennis," Jeff Pingree said, "Sue's sweet on Johnny Scarlet. Being your only child, I think you ought to know."

Dennis did not move; his very immobility was startling, because it spoke of all the things which he might do.

"Pingree," said Dennis Swale, "you always were a fool! How do you know that?"

"Look out the window," Jeff Pingree said. "They're walking down the street."

Dennis Swale rose slowly and leaned on Jeff Pingree's desk as he stared through the dusky glass, and sure enough they were walking down the street. There was nothing strange in that; the strange thing was that you could imagine all the other Swales and Scarlets walking down the street behind Johnny Scarlet and Susan Swale; you could imagine red-faced and bare-armed Scarlets in tavern aprons, and Scarlets in seamen's clothes, and Scarlets in leather jerkins; and right beside them Jeff Pingree said that you could imagine ghosts of all the Swales were walking—Swales with velvet coats and cambric chokers, and Swales with smallswords and gold buckles, and Swales in riding cloaks—and Dennis must have seen them too, for he drew in his breath sharply between his teeth.

"Open that window," he said.

Jeff Pingree turned and stared at him. Dennis had not raised his voice, but it was not like Dennis' voice that spoke.

"Open up that window," said Dennis Swale. "I want to speak to Sue."

Jeff Pingree gave the sash a jerk. And then it went creaking upward and a gust of wind blew at the papers on the desk and sent them rattling on the floor.

"Sue," said Dennis Swale, "come up here for a minute."

"Say," said Jeff Pingree quickly, "that's no way to do. Don't talk to her like that, you durned old fool!"

"Sue," called Dennis Swale, "come up here for a minute. Be quiet. Sit down, Pingree. I'm not dead yet."

"Now," Jeff Pingree used to say, "what do you think of that? It's the way they always act, but there's something in the Swales."

Dennis was an autocrat who was used to having his way, Jeff said. He was a devil when he didn't have his way.

Sue Swale must have known what was coming, because her lips were shut tight exactly like her father's. She had on a silk dress with flowers on it. The wind from the open window blew it softly so that it seemed like the drapery on a statue. It blew against her brown silk stockings and blew against her hair.

"Sit down," said Dennis Swale. "You might as well have nothing on, in that confounded dress."

Susan Swale

"Might I?" said Sue Swale. "Did you want to tell me that?"

"Now here," said Jeff Pingree, "it's just the way things are. It isn't Sue's fault she's good to look at."

There was no doubt that she was good to look at ther. She was above all coldness, warm and gay with a secret knowledge once she smiled. It seemed as though nothing was of much importance, and one could forget that there was anything forbidding in the Swales.

"Thanks," she said. "Why can't you be like Jeff, father? Aren't you ever kind?"

Dennis leaned forward. He had never taken his eyes from her once the office door had closed, and she was right. It was hard to see a trace of kindness in him then. All his days were hard upon him, little narrow days. Jeff Pingree could seem to see him pompous and absurd as he sat at the directors' table in the Penny Bank, discussing country notes. All his face spoke of a small man's triumphs, but there was more than that. There was a strength in the very smallness of his thoughts, as though his will had been tempered by undeviating years, until it was as blind and arrogant as some old faith. The fire of a belief was burning in him, hot beneath the coldness of his cheeks. It was burning like a fever in his eyes. It was the fanatical belief

(Continued on Page 122)

Everyone Knew Jue and Johnny Scarlet Met by the River's Edge at Dusk, But No One Dared to Tell Old Dennis That

The Cabin at Seven-Mile Pool

Playing a Salmon

Talking Over the Day's Catch

Waiting for a Strike

SALMON

THE morning had been dull, the afternoon was overcast, and there was a spit of rain in the air. The broad, swift river tumbled over a ledge a quarter mile upstream, raced down the rapids and flowed smooth and sleek and strong about my thighs as I stood braced against its pressure here. My fly—it was, Phonse assured me, a Jock Scott on a No. 8 hook—went out at an angle across the stream and swung in the drag of the swift current till it was almost straight below me and twenty yards away. I was about to recover for another cast when a black fin cut the water in a heavy surge below me there.

"Hi!" said Phonse sharply at my elbow, and I brought the long rod up sharply. But the fly swept over my head, and before I could cast again Phonse warned me:

"Wait! Rest him for a while!"

So I waited and lighted a cigarette to show how completely calm I was. I was so calm that the perspiration burst from my brow. I inhaled deeply; and Phonse said:

"All right, let him have it."

I cast again. The fly swung across the current, down; and the water yonder boiled. I swept the rod upward, the reel screamed, the cigarette flew fourteen feet away. I was fast to my first Newfoundland salmon.

This first brutal surge of a salmon at the end of my line was at once the end of one episode and the beginning of another. The episode which here ended had endured for years. "Some day," we had long said, one to another, "some day, we must go to Newfoundland and fish for salmon." But always there was this thing and that thing to prevent, till abruptly, for no particular reason, "some day" became "now."

But desire and decision were not enough; there must be information and equipment too. It was not so easy to get the necessary information. Everyone seemed to be interested in salmon fishing, and in Newfoundland, but no one knew very much about them. Official sources furnished a list of camps and rivers, and explained ways and means of traveling to and fro; but their recommendations were indiscriminate and not convincing. Then I heard of a man who was reported to have fished in Newfoundland. I wrote him; the rumor proved unfounded, but he knew a man who knew a man who knew a man. . . .

A Fount of Information

THE result was that after three months of correspondence I faced one day across the luncheon table a gentleman who knew all the things I wished to know. But fishermen are a taciturn, a jealous and secretive breed; and the bigger the fish, the more true this is. He knew. But would he tell me what he knew?

He proved to be unique among fishermen. A question was enough. "It's an easy trip," he said, "and inexpensive, and you'll have good fishing. Take the boys; yes. And take Mrs. Williams. They'll be comfortable, and they'll like it, and they can catch fish.

"Flies? You won't need many kinds. Silver Doctor, Jock Scott, Silver Gray, Black Dose, Thunder and Lightning, Mar Lodge. Sizes? Mostly 8's. A few 6's. A few 10's. Maybe one 4, for high water. Leaders? Rods? Reels? Lines? Get good reels. They're most important. Less expensive leaders and rods and lines will do as well as the best, for one season, if you take care of them.

"Mosquitoes? Bad, sometimes! The black flies are worse, and the caribou flies. But if you're a fisherman you won't mind them. If you mind them take head nets and wear gloves. I use fly dope, sometimes."

The best way to make the journey, he told me, was by train to Truro. "Spend the night there," he advised, "or you'll have to spend the day in North Sydney. The night in Truro; then on by train to catch the Caribou at North Sydney that night. Write to the purser of the Caribou to reserve upper-deck staterooms. Take birth certificates for the immigration authorities on your return trip. When you land at Port aux Basques, before seeing the customs men, go in and buy your fishing licenses and pay a deposit on your rods. They expedite customs matters for fishermen."

Collecting the Indispensables

I WAS beginning to doubt my ears. Such generous information from a fisherman, about his own beloved waters, was unusual. I asked: "You've fished there before. Are you going back this year?"

He said, "Yes," and named the river. "But I wouldn't advise your going in there," he explained. "It's a hard trip. You have to take a motorboat, and you may have a rough ride and get held up three or four days by storms; and if you get in there and find someone before you, there isn't fishing enough for you all. I can't really recommend it."

I nodded with relief. He was, then, human after all. If he had bid me try his river, I should have disbelieved all he had told me hitherto; but now I believed, and it was well I did so. For he was accurate in all he did advise.

Six months of investigation and conversation resulted in a stack of correspondence two inches thick, a bookful of notes and instructions, and a library of fishing-tackle catalogues. Then correspondence ended and shopping began. A rod, and then another rod, and then two more rods; some flies, and some more flies, and—at the last panicky moment, for fear we should not have enough—some more flies. Reels and lines and leaders, fly nets and fly dope and fly lotion, fly oil and reel oil, leader boxes and fly boxes and reel bags and a rod case. Lists and inventories, checked over and over painfully lest something indispensable should be forgotten. Railroad tickets, hotel reservations, steamer reservations, reservations at the fishing camp. These preparations began slowly, and steadily accelerated their pace till suddenly, twelve hours before the train was to depart, everything was done and every bag was packed, and nothing remained to do except call up the station at regular intervals to inquire whether the train left by daylight or by standard time.

There followed the pleasant confusion of the journey. Twenty-four hours through the blistering heat of mid-June; a good night's sleep at Truro; then twelve hours more by train through regions ever more beautiful, across the Gut of Canso and through the Bras d'Or lakes; and so to North Sydney and the Caribou. The night at sea was serene. At dawn, through thin and skimming fog, we sighted snow-splashed mountains, and a little later slid into a harbor girt with naked rock scantly spotted with green.

We had left Boston Sunday night; this was Wednesday morning. Some two hours on the train brought us to our journey's end. The Caribou, by the way, makes three trips weekly, in each direction; the trains in Newfoundland run every other day, from Port aux Basques in a great half circle northward, eastward, southward to St. John's. The fast trains stop quite willingly to let fishermen alight or come aboard, wherever there is a likely river or a favored pool. There are many stations which consist of nothing more than a name painted on a white board, with not a house in sight for miles.

Ours was such a station, but there were cabins in the background, of boards and tar paper and well screened against the flies. When the train stopped we tumbled our baggage into the ditch beside the tracks. Rod case, spare rod, camera, ditty-box, three pack sacks, four suitcases. Eleven—count them—eleven. We scrambled down beside the pile of them, and Frank and Phonse and Walter, who would guide our uncertain steps in this strange territory, were there to gather up the dunnage and make us welcome here.

We advanced toward the cabins, each in his own fashion. The lady of the family with a searching appraisal of the housekeeping facilities, which ended in a contented nod. Bud with a bound which made these environs instantly his own. Chuck with a thoughtful scrutiny. And behind them,

By Ben Ames Williams

a bulky figure with Hewitt, the salmon fisher's Bible, firmly clutched beneath one elbow.

It was not yet too late for breakfast, and Dan had breakfast ready. Afterward, while we changed into fishing gear—rubber boots and waders, and the like—Frank and Phonse and Walter set up the rods, tested the reels, soaked the leaders, tied the flies. Their inspection of our gear was critical, and not wholly approving. One reel ran too easily; even the double click was not sufficient to control it. Another failed to fit the rod and had to be adjusted. The leaders had too many knots; they were too heavy. We found substitutes. The flies were good enough but not complete. When, an hour after our arrival, we climbed into their boats and pushed out upon the river, their attitude was noncommittal, promising nothing. They would, it appeared, do what could be done for us; the rest we must manage for ourselves.

These cabins where we were housed stood some forty feet above the stream on a bold bluff. Below us the water ran smoothly across sharp, longitudinal ledges which at a lower stage of the river would break the surface into rips and eddies. Just below camp the river divided around a low, wooded island of perhaps sixty acres' area. The main stream descended a rift, flowed swiftly for a while, then split to embrace another island half a mile below us.

Upstream, there was the roar of the falls not more than a mile in that direction. Across the river, spruce and fir grew close and thick, cloaking a low ridge which ascended to a crest a mile or two away. Beyond that crest other heights unfolded, one after another, each monotonously forest clad, each a deeper blue. At sunset these hills would be clad in purple, beneath a sky all opal and crimson and gold, where presently the new moon, with a bright star almost within reach of its lower horn, would gleam for a while before its setting.

To the south and west rose the mountains, flat topped like the mesas of New Mexico, but wooded heavily. On those flat crests began the barrens where the caribou and the caribou fly dispute for supremacy, and man only ventures when on killing bent. We were to learn to watch those mountains as our fishing sign. If the fog from the south coast comes flowing in woolly masses over their table tops, the salmon do not rise. But if the west wind blows, and the stars shine clear and close at hand the long night through, and there is a crisp coolness in the air at dawn, you will find the fish that day friendly and solicitous to entertain.

We were to acquire in our fortnight here a deal of such lore. In our experience the fish seldom rose in the afternoon; you were most likely to take them in the morning or the evening. They were not likely to rise on a hot day, nor on high water. Most of our fish were taken when this river was within an inch or two of a certain definite level. It rose two feet above that level on one rain; fell two or three inches below it later. But with the river at this apparent zero stage, with a west wind and a clear sky, and on a day not too warm, there were rises a plenty and fish for the taking.

Empty-Handed the First Day

IN ANY fishing there is uncertainty. This is particularly true when large fish are involved. During our first week here we caught less than half as many fish as during the second week of our stay; and they were smaller. Our own improved technic accounted for a part of this difference, but not for all. Anyone who goes to Newfoundland for salmon should go prepared to stay till the fishing is good; and two weeks would appear to be the minimum.

Bud hooked a fish on this our first day. The salmon violently ran away with fifty yards of line and broke the leader on a rock. The rest of us saw swirls; and I saw a great fish leap and hang for a moment, black above the shining water, before he fell with a splash into his own element again. But we came home empty-handed.

The second day was our initiation. In the morning it rained enough to raise the river. We fished in the rain without success; but after lunch we moved to another pool and scattered there to cast our lines where we were told. This, the falls pool, was a tumble of swift water perhaps half a mile in length, from the ledge over which the river dropped two or three feet into swift rapids, to the tail of the quick water far below. Chuck and Bud fished the rapids below the fall; we were on the flat below. And suddenly Phonse, standing beside me in the river while I cast and cast with aching arms, said:

"Chuck's into one!"

We saw the fish leap, saw its flanks gleam and the splash when it fell; we could see the taut bend of the rod; and by and by we saw Frank gaff the fish and bear it safe ashore. Not three minutes later Chuck had hooked another, this time a grilse; and within the half hour he had a third, a salmon like the first. The temptation to go up and oust Chuck from his prolific waters was terrific; but shame kept me where I was. Cast, let the fly sweep down; take a step downstream and cast again; thus endlessly.

A Huge Little Fish

TILL suddenly there came the swirl of a black tail fin; and a moment's wait; and another cast. And I felt the heavy surge of the fish against my line. This first fish bade fair to escape. I had meant to strike him with a light hand; but the salmon had other notions. He struck the fly, I struck him, and he struck back again. Instantly my reel was a tangled mass of looped and disorderly line, while the salmon scurried across the pool in bold double jumps, pounding and banging at my rod. I held the line with my left hand while Phonse, working desperately, stripped the reel down to the backing and wound up the line again. Bud and Walter, on the ledges opposite me, watched and applauded. And the salmon ran that way and jumped at them, like a penned leopard. There was a ruthless, heavy, slugging force in him; something affrighting in the feel of him upon the rod.

When he began by and by to ease his rushes, Phonse advised me.

"Back toward shore," he said. "Keep away from him."

I obeyed, and Phonse waited, knee-deep in the water, his gaff ready in his hand. The salmon moved downstream, and so did I, and so did Phonse. He kept the line above him; and presently I saw a white belly gleam as the salmon rolled, and Phonse poised alertly, and there was a long and anxious moment. Then Phonse reached out and made his draw, and bore the huge fish ashore and laid it on the gravel at my feet, and beat it with a stone.

I tried to speak in a casual tone, as though this were nothing new to me. "How big? Twenty pounds?"

"Ten, I guess," Phonse corrected. I thought he was joking, protested. But he said again, "No, not over ten."

The scales an hour later proved him right within a range of ounces. I was still incredulous. There is something about the spring of the rod which multiplies the strength of a fish. The pull of a heavy salmon on a sixteen-ounce rod is comparable to the pull of a heavy dog on a leash. Yet tests against the scale showed that the rod would lift at best not much more than twenty ounces without breaking.

But whether he weighed ten pounds or twenty, this was a good fish, and my first; and Chuck had two as large as mine; and there were more fish in the river, for we could see them in the clear water there. We slept that night contentedly.

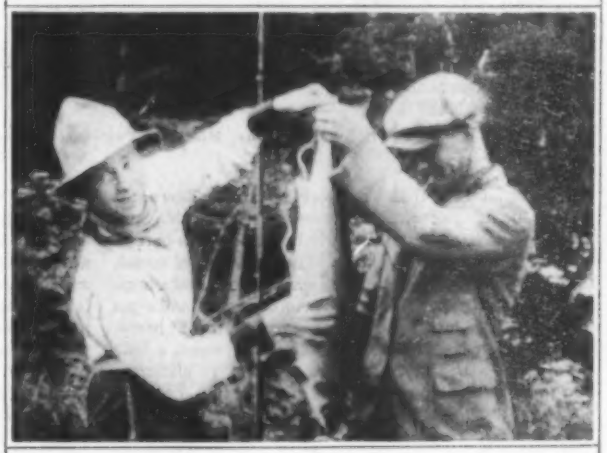
During the three or four days that followed, the fishing was not fruitful. We cast, monotonously, till our arms were aching; and when we were wearied, Phonse or Frank or Walter was always ready to take the rod. The river sang about our feet; salmon lay visible in the pools; and the guides had long tales to tell of fish and fishing, and old days on the river here, and

(Continued on Page 150)

Mrs. Williams and Her Guide

Enough for Everybody

Gaffing a Twelve-Pounder



A Big One

A HUM IN THE LLAMARADA

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

JOBE looked from his porthole in the projection room of the Llamarada Theater, in Hilltown, to the instructions tacked on the small board above the shutters. They read:

Reel 3: When man in white pants turns at door and says good-by.

He looked back through the peephole. The man in the white pants kissed the woman on the screen, turned, went to the door and put his hand on the knob. He opened his mouth and the words, "good-by, darling," came from the small loud-speaker which hung on the projection-room wall. And at that instant Jobe started the south projection machine—which he called Joan—shut off the north machine—named Greta—stepped on the pulley which reversed the shutters, and opened one douser and closed the other. His peephole showed him that the man on the screen had closed the door behind him and run down a flight of steps to the street, without pause or hitch in picture or mechanism. Jobe glanced at his instructions again:

Reel 4: As automobile approaches corner with white-fenced yard, the sound of the horn is heard. Reverse.

That would be ten minutes away. Jobe looked at the machine beside him and bent his head, listening intently. His expression was that of a man absolutely absorbed—all his faculties concentrated in one sense. He stood so, his hand still on the lever, listening; his black eyes half closed, his young face serious and intent. He was a handsome boy, medium in size, clean as the proverbial whistle. His shirt was white as snow. It had been laundered at home by his mother, and there was not a crease or fold in it. The bow tie under his long chin was new and bright. His blue trousers were held high and snug by wide suspenders of black silk embroidered with white silk fleurs-de-lis. His blue socks were of silk, his low black shoes polished to resplendence. His black hair was brushed smoothly back from his young forehead, and not a lock was out of place. A handsome boy, not a little puzzled by the fact that his good looks and tidiness attracted the attention, now and then, of girls who did not interest him. There was a girl just now—one Marjorie Wilkins, a high-school junior—who worried Jobe a good deal, coming up into one of the two tiny loges which hung on either side of the projection room; loges which were habitually empty. It is considered ostentatious, in Hilltown, to pay fifty cents for a loge seat when one can sit downstairs for thirty-five. And if the theater is overcrowded the seats in the loge are always opened without extra charge.

Jobe, His Face Yellow, His Hands Wrapped Loosely in Oil-Soaked Bandages, His Head on Ruth's Lap, Looked Up and Saw Mr. McLaughlin

Jobe was no tidier than his projection room. There was no litter in it. The machines were polished within and without. The bench with his rewinding motor was bare of all but the necessary apparatus. His stool was of metal. The walls were clean white spaces, spared the casual adornment of motion-picture beauties, cartoons, verses and signs with which many operators make themselves feel at home. There was, directly over the rewinding equipment, a blue print of the wiring of the theater and a large elaborate operator's pattern of the machines. Beyond that, nothing. It was a monk's cell, a high altar, a dedicated place.

Meanwhile Jobe listened. He frowned. He shook his head. It was coming again—the slow, persistent hum. He was positive it was from the south machine, which always gave a little trouble. He had not been able to hear it before. It was slight, but more distinct than last night. Tomorrow the discerning people in the audience might notice it. He had been over the machine carefully today and was satisfied that everything was all right. He listened with a fierce intensity, as though he would make his ears tell him, as though he would compel obedience from these perfect members which lay so flat and fine against his hard young head. But his ears could give him only the faint tremolo of vibration, not its cause. They selected one noise and rejected all other sounds—the voices and laughter from the loud-speakers, the sound of a violin, the occasional cough or stir from the audience. They rejected the soft whine and whir of motors, the whisper of the spinning shutter before the eye of the machine, the faint stir of celluloid against metal, the almost inaudible slide of the film as it wound itself in the lower magazine. All these sounds, like the sound of his own breath, the intelligent ears shut out. He was deaf to them. Only that faint hum that didn't belong there!

The perfect timing equipment of his operator's instinct, within himself, warned him of the passing minutes, and he opened his eyes and ears to the world going on around him. He walked around to Greta, took the wound reel from it, put it on the rewinding bench and put the fourth reel into the machine. He loved the Greta machine. It operated perfectly. He could always depend upon it. He stuck in the film and closed the box, threaded the ribbon of picture and sound cleverly in its complicated channel, pulled it back a little loose, turned on the motor and ran a few feet of it until it came right, and shut it off again. He put the used film on the rewinding machine and went back to check the last detail.

He could see about half of the auditorium—the rows of dark heads in the twilight, the faces turned intently to the screen, where men and women moved and spoke in thrilling shadows. He could see Richard Hardy, the organist, sitting on his bench sideways, his knees between his big hands, watching the picture. He could imagine Ruth Crim and Virginia Myers, at the heads of their respective aisles, smart and pretty, heels together, shoulders back, their little flash lights in their hands. His mind lingered a minute on the thought of Ruth, whose recent disastrous love affair with a worthless boy had brought her into the inner circle of Jobe's thoughts, where few people entered. Oh, not into the holy of holies, where he dwelt alone upon the intricacies of sound and light; but still, into his thoughts and affections. For some reason obscurely his own he had felt a great responsibility for Ruth when she and Emory Gibson were friends. And now that the affair had ended, abruptly and mysteriously, Jobe felt still that Ruth suffered in her own quiet way, and the thought disturbed him. He would like to do something for her, but could not think of anything at all that he might do.

On the silver screen, the man in the white pants was riding in a car. His voice, through the projection-room speaker, came distinctly, giving the chauffeur instructions. Jobe went to his place between the two machines, started the arc light in Greta, checked his instructions, put out his hands and put his foot on the pedal. The car approached the white fence. It started to turn the corner. The horn sounded and Jobe moved both arms and one foot; the shutters went, one up and one down, and on the screen the car rolled along the other street without pause.

Again Jobe stood listening. Now, like a bloodhound seeking one faint odor in a world rank with a complexity of a million smells, he listened, sought the telltale sound but could not find it. The machine ran perfectly. He thought the reproduction too metallic. They needed curtains hung on the limestone walls. He would get them out of Mr. McLaughlin if it took another year! But that was a different matter. The hum was in Joan.

Jobe racked the rewound film in the fireproof drawer under the bench and changed Film 3 to 5 on the idle machine. Someone knocked at the door. He opened it at once—a heavy steel door which fitted against the cement box perfectly—and he frowned. A young girl stood in the opening—a girl thin and immature, but with vivid eyes and willful lips, set now in an eager, undaunted smile.

"Let me come in, Jobe, please."

"No, you go on downstairs. You can't come in here. Go on, now, Marjorie."

"I've a seat in the loge. No one else is up here. Don't be a lemon, Jobe. I won't bother you."

"No. You can't come in here. I can't have visitors in the projection room. It's rules. I can't smoke, or have visitors, or leave the booth when the machines are running. Go on downstairs."

"I tell you, I've got a loge seat. Ruth was smiling to herself when she brought me up—as though I care for her!"

"I don't care where you're sitting." He began to close the door, but it was not in him actually to close it in her face. Like a small but persistent kitten, she dodged through the opening and closed the door behind her, leaning against it, laughing at her own quickness.

"I won't go," she told him defiantly. "You can't make me!"

Jobe stood frowning at her, a little at a loss. She turned and put her pert young face against a porthole and looked at the picture. Jobe's cheeks grew red with anger.

"Look here, Marjorie," he said in a low, distinct voice. "Let's have this out. Ever since I pulled you out of the pool the Fourth of July you've been bothering me. I'd have pulled you out just the same, if it had been another girl—that's mixed up, but you know what I mean. I didn't do anything extra, and the last thing I want is thanks. If you really want to do me a favor, just beat it, will you? You can't come up here, and you can't come up here—and you can't! That's all. You'll be the means of my losing a perfectly good job. I don't want you up here when I'm working, and Mr. McLaughlin doesn't want you up here, and the fire rules forbid it. So beat it now, before someone catches you here. We simply don't synch. Go on, now; I mean it!"

Marjorie pouted and coaxed, but she didn't move.

"What divine slang you use, Jobe! Isn't that marvelous—we don't synch? But I could synchronize with you if you gave me half a chance. Pitty please, Jobe ——"

"Can it!" he told her shortly. "Don't talk baby talk to me! It won't get you a thing—and don't roll your eyes. You don't look a bit like Clara Bow!"

She did look as though she might cry, but the young man was hard-hearted.

"Go on and bawl," he told her scornfully, "but do it somewhere else. I'm working. Go look at the pictures. It's what you paid half a dollar for."

"I think you are the meanest boy that ever lived!" she cried in a sudden revulsion of feeling. "I think you are absolutely the meanest, cruelest, most conceited boy I ever knew!"

"O. K.," said Jobe. "The same to you, and many of them! Think what you like—but outside."

"I hate you!" she cried. "I'll never speak to you again!"

"I wish I could believe that; you told me the same thing last night!" He opened and closed the door of the upper film magazine and the door did not latch. Annoyed, he slammed it, and the finger of the latch bent and flew upward. This completed his anger and he swore a healthy "damn."

She flew to the projection-room door and pulled it open.

"I just hope you'll be crazy about somebody that won't like you—that's what I hope!"

"Maybe I'm crazy about somebody now," said Jobe, forcing the latch of the film box to close. "I wouldn't be tongue-tied when it came to asking her for a date either."

He closed the door firmly behind her and sighed. He went methodically on with his work. His mind seemed to have shut out Marjorie Wilkins as firmly as the door, but in reality this was not true. She was bothering him, just as the machine he had facetiously named for a great star of the movies bothered him.

"She's just crazy, that's all," he told himself, but it did not serve as effectively as it should have. For a moment the alarming and terrible possibility presented itself that perhaps she really cared for him, but he refused it serious attention. She was only a silly high-school girl, and something had happened—in this case, his pulling her, half strangled, out of the pool at the park—to make her decide to have a crush on him instead of on the French teacher, as all the girls did when he was in high school. He just happened to be the goat, that was all. He hadn't any time for girls. Ruth Crim, now—she was a girl a fellow could like for a friend. But even Ruth, who was nearer to his ideal than anyone else, had shown what Jobe considered feminine weakness. Jobe forgot Marjorie and thought about Ruth; wondering for the hundredth time what it was that had come between her and Emory. It interested him. He was curious.

But right now he was not a tenth as curious about that as he was about the humming that marred the perfect projection of sound pictures in the Llamarada. He reversed his machines expertly again and went on with his work. Presently the film was finished—all ten reels. He had some slides for a song. They were having a special tonight—some woman from Stone City was to sing. Richard was at the organ now. Jobe watched for his signals, centered the spotlight with care, displayed his slides. He made faces as he listened. Who wouldn't rather hear a good sound reproduction than such singing? he thought. For him the world had reduced itself to mechanics. He preferred the people and the music from the screen to live people, to music at first hand. He was crazy about pictures. He thought they were absolutely wonderful; truer to life than life itself, more beautiful than any singing, more moving than personal tenderness. The world pulsed for him in waves of light and sound. It attained perfection in synchronization, in unflawed projection.

She Said Meekly: "I Want to Know—I've Got to Know. If You Really Love Her I'll Give Up. It'll Kill Me, Likely, But I'll Give You Up"

The door of the fireproof booth opened again, and closed of its own weight behind Mr. McLaughlin, owner and manager of the Llamarada.

He said at once, in a low voice, "The hum is becoming audible downstairs."

Jobe nodded. He looked up at Mr. McLaughlin, whose great, bald, pink head and shrewd blue eyes loomed above him.

"I think it's in the loud-speaker on the left side of stage," he said. "The A machine doesn't start it. The angle of refraction of the B machine ——"

"Never mind all that," said Mr. McLaughlin hastily. "The main thing is to find it. What do you propose to do with the loud-speaker?"

"I'll tilt it about a sixteenth of an inch; it should point directly toward the middle of the theater. It may be out of line a little."

"Are you sure it's that speaker?"

"No, I'm not sure. I can only eliminate one possibility after another. It takes patience. We have the hum with one machine, not with the other. We may have to hang another large tapestry up here over the right loge wall."

"Speaking of the loge, was Marjorie Wilkins in here tonight? I see she's sitting out there alone."

"Marjorie Wilkins!" Jobe's astonishment at such a suggestion was elaborate.

Mr. McLaughlin frowned at him. "You don't know her, do you?" he asked, and then went on: "I told her father that if she came into the projection room again, I wasn't going to let her into the theater!"

"You did!"

"Yes. It made him mad too. He thinks whatever she does is all right, and she thinks so, too, but if anything happened to her while she was up here ——"

"But nothing could happen to her. I've never had a fire or an explosion."

"She's not to come in here," said Mr. McLaughlin definitely. "I've seen a lot of fresh young people in my life, but she is the freshest that ever drew breath. She is absolutely unsquelchable."

(Continued on Page 35)

THE SQUAW WOMAN

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"You Seem to Forget the Kind of Country You're In," He Said With a Note of Impatience. "We're Almost Two Weeks' Travel, in Summer, From the Nearest White Man"

V

CLAIRE, comfortable enough in body as she rested in the bow of the crowded three-fathom canoe, frowningly studied her rescuer. He continued to puzzle her, even after the lassitude of exhaustion had slipped away from her bruised body and the gift of clear thinking returned to her quietened mind.

Yet he was less her rescuer, she felt, than her captor. He had not been openly unkind to her, but he had deliberately refused to let any smoldering thought of gratitude break into open flame. It was not his silence and moroseness that hurt her most, but more some vague and barbaric indifference to her as a woman. Yet he was not an illiterate backwoodsman, absurd as the seal ring on his brown and calloused hand may have looked in that setting. He had, apparently, known life as she had known it. But for some reason he had turned his back on the amenities of that older world.

She hated him, she concluded, for that fixed indifference to her emotions. She hated him for his hardness, his coldness, for the utter absence of chivalry in his make-up. It seemed, at times, as though he were determined to cheapen and humiliate her, to hold himself coldly remote from her at a time when a kindly word or two might have made her desolation of soul more endurable. She could not, in fact, escape the feeling that she was his prisoner. He had bought her for six blankets. And he was guarding her, apparently, as northern travelers guard a sledge dog who must some day do its share of freight hauling. For it was at least his intention to keep her body alive. He fed her, that first night on the open trail, as impassively as one might feed a half-starved husky that had wandered to his shack door. And hunger and weariness had done strange things to her pride. Her hands had even trembled visibly as she reached for his first cup of tea. The solace of that hot drink, in fact, had tended to throw a warmer coloring about the figure dispensing it. But he had promptly repelled her half-tremulous efforts to talk to him. He had maintained his lordly indifference to her as a human being. And an hour after he had so diffidently fed her rebellious body he just as diffidently set up a small pup tent and bedded it down with spruce boughs and gave her a poncho and blanket to sleep in. Then he crossed to the far side of the camp fire, beside his upturned canoe, where he slept, or pretended to sleep, like the adopted child of the wilderness that he was.

He had been civilized enough, in one way. Yet in another way he had been oddly Indianlike, never helping her in or out of the canoe, never venturing more than the circumstances demanded, leaving her to follow him, silent and squawlike, as he crossed his first portage. And since the canoe in which they traveled carried an incredible amount of neatly baled luggage, the transport of these bundles from water's edge to water's edge was no light task. It rather took her breath away, in fact, to behold the nonchalance with which he could balance the huge birch bark over his shoulders and with a tump line taut across his forehead stride along a broken trail from lake to lake. She was equally amazed by the quiet efficiency with which he could handle an ax, build a camp fire and cook a meal. The ease with which he achieved his end in the matter of cooking long remained a wonder to the covertly watching Claire. When he made bannock, she observed, he merely rolled back the top of his flour sack, poured in water or hot bacon fat, puddled it into a ball of dough, patted it flat and baked it beside a bed of coals. It was his substitute for bread, the bread that so miraculously came overnight to city homes. And it proved unexpectedly palatable, as did the other dishes that arrived so unlooked for from the wilderness about them. When, on the morning of their second day together, Darrow quietly caught up his rifle and brought down a young deer of some sort, she shuddered as he coolly cut from the carcass what meat he wanted and flung the remains into the lake water.

"Isn't it against the law," she asked, "to shoot deer at this season?"

He looked about at that unexpected question from her, and laughed curtly.

"There's no law up here," he proclaimed, "except the law of hunger. You take what you want, when it comes your way. And we're rather in need of fresh meat."

"I think I understand," she murmured as they pushed off and got under way again. But as he proffered no further comment she sat back in the canoe bow watching him from under a morosely frowning brow.

It was his sustained self-absorption that still bewildered her. He had nothing, apparently, either to explain or excuse. He was interested in her, obviously, only as an additional piece of dunnage to be carried to its destination. His gaze, as they forged forward stroke by steady stroke, seemed interested only in the ever-varying course ahead of him.

"Would you mind telling me your name?" she found the courage to inquire.

That question must have surprised him a little, for he took his time about answering it.

"My name's Darrow," he finally said—"Boyd Darrow."

If he waited for any reaction from her at that announcement, he at least concealed his inner anxiety by an outer show of indifference. But the name, he concluded, meant nothing to her.

"Don't you want to know mine?" she demanded with a protective note of indolence.

"What difference does it make?" he asked as he continued his paddling. His sun-browned arms, she noticed, were more heavily muscled than she had suspected.

"But when you buy a dog or a horse," she contended, "you usually want to know what to call it."

If she expected him to wince at that, he disappointed her.

"What do you want me to call you?" he asked, abstractedly, as he piloted the birch bark about a rock point stippled with black spruce.

She told him her name, coloring a little as she spoke it. She could see, however, that it made no impression on him. And she moved restively in the silence that fell over them again.

"You're not much interested in me, are you?" she said, with an unexpected quaver in her voice.

"I don't see that my personal feelings are of much importance," was his quarantining reply.

That hurt her, apparently—hurt her as an unexpected blow might. For the color left her face ominously, and she sat silent as they threaded their way through a flotilla of conical, small islands crowned with jack pine.

She remained oddly silent for the rest of the afternoon. And when, at the end of their long day, they landed and made camp beside a clean-floored grove of broom-top spruce, she held herself aloof from Darrow as he caught and cleaned fish and made them ready for his skillet. She even, in some newborn mood of restlessness, wandered deliberately away from the smoking camp fire. She was moodily skirting a small lake noisy with waterfowl when she looked up and saw that Darrow was following her. But she kept on, ignoring him, until she heard his call close behind her.

"What is it?" she demanded, her voice sharp with resentment.

He seemed embarrassed for a moment. But his tone, when he spoke, was noncommittal.

"This is rough country," he explained. "And one can easily get lost in it."

"That's already happened to me, thank you," was her studiously indifferent reply.

"But you mightn't be so lucky the second time," he retorted.

"Am I so lucky?" she demanded. She could see his face darken in the ensuing silence. But he apparently mastered some momentary impulse toward anger.

"Well, I'd prefer that you kept a little closer to camp," he informed her.

"Is that a command?" she exacted. And she saw to it that the glance in which she bathed him was a glacial one.

"Yes, if you want to put it that way," was his curt reply. He waited, without further comment, until she was ready to turn back. But for once, she observed, with a small and perverse sense of triumph, she was leading and he was following. And from that she harvested the equally perverse consciousness that she was not irretrievably in his power, that, if the worst came to the worst, there was always the final recourse of flight.

It was as they were eating their silent meal together that evening, that he looked at her with a remote and narrowed eye.

"You seem to be getting your strength back," he said as he put fresh wood on the fire.

"Yes, in one way I'm feeling much better," she acknowledged, after a quick glance into his face.

"Then after this you can help with the meals," he calmly suggested.

"And with the paddling?" she added, with purely ironic intent.

"Yes, I've a second paddle when you're able to help there," he proclaimed. And at that she stiffened and sat silent a moment.

"I'm afraid I'm not much good at that sort of thing," she finally demurred.

"You can learn," was his curt reply.

"But I'm not sure that I want to learn," she said as she let her gaze meet his challengingly. "You see, I'm a woman."

"And that, I suppose, implies that you're determined to do no honest work in this world?"

She smiled with studied languor. "There always seems to have been somebody to do it for me," she observed.

He responded to that, as she had half hoped, by a flush of anger.

"Yes, back in that world that makes women a pack of parasites," he said with foolish bitterness. "But you'll find things slightly different out here. You're down to bed rock in the forest. And if you want to live, you've got to function."

Claire

Her smile was a remote one. "You mean one must learn to work like a camp squaw?" she coolly inquired.

"There's a lot you can learn from those same camp squaws," was his quick and sharpened retort. "They at least make an effort to earn their way as they go."

She sat silent a moment, apparently thinking this over. Then she looked up at him, more sure of herself.

"After all, it isn't just me you hate," she ventured. "You really hate all women, don't you?"

"I've never said I hated you," he countered, not caring to meet her glance.

"No, but during the past two days you've seldom missed a chance of showing it," Claire quietly protested. "I was thrown, helpless, into your hands. And you prefer being a boor, apparently, to the kindly and courteous knight you might have been."

"Rot!" was his curt rejoinder. "There's no need for heroics in all this. It wasn't of my choosing, remember. But a bargain's a bargain. And I'm willing to live up to my end of it."

"But you prefer that I should hate you?"

This held him for a moment, yet only for a moment. "That, I suppose, is something beyond my control. But I've learned not to expect too much from women."

She studied him from under coolly meditative brows. She was thinking of other men, of chivalrous men, who had talked of her beauty and charm, who had meekly asked to show their devotion by a life of service. A few of them, in their more emotional moments, had even implied their willingness to die for her, should any such occasion arise. She had never entirely believed them, of course, but in the eyes of a few of them, apparently, she had stood precious. She had, womanlike, luxuriated in their competitive devotions. And she had concluded that she was of considerable

(Continued on Page 67)

Sometimes, as She Sat in the Canoe Bow, Basking Like a Convalescent in the Strengthening Sunlight, She Felt Almost Grateful for His Reticence

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions: Five Cents the Copy, $2.00 the Year (52 weekly issues), Two Years for $3.50, Three Years for $5.00. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check.

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador): Ten Cents the Copy, $3.00 the Year, Two Years for $5.50, Three Years for $8.00, in Canadian or United States Funds.

In Argentina, Bahama Islands, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay and Venezuela: Ten Cents the Copy, $4.00 the Year. No reduction for longer periods.

In Continental Europe and the British Isles: $4.00 the Year. No reduction for longer periods.

In all other localities: $10.00 the Year. No reduction for longer periods.

Remittances from outside the United States and Canada by Postal or Express Money Order or by Bank Draft, payable in United States Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 27, 1930

The Communist Menace

A RENEWAL of interest in the effect upon this country of the Russian communist experiment is not to be wondered at. An undertaking on such a vast scale, so long continued and so persistent, cannot fail to concern us, however different the history, political traditions and psychology of the two peoples. Our governmental and industrial institutions are the result of a long evolution; they are embedded deep in many centuries of struggle for liberty, democracy and self-government.

Our authorities should have sufficient funds and other means to combat destructive revolutionary propaganda and activities, just as they are supposed to have the wherewithal to fight dangerous insects, plagues and other pests. Any established government must always deal with subversive and wholly unconstitutional movements of opposition. They should be dealt with vigorously, but as a routine police matter like any other nuisance. We feel that this general statement applies to efforts originating in Russia to overthrow our institutions as well as to other alien infections.

It is absurdly naïve to pretend that communism, with its center in Russia, has feelings of friendly good will toward our institutions. It is even more clumsy and ignorant to make any mystery about the matter, for there is no secret or mystery. The Bolsheviks believe in and openly urge revolution as a cure for the ills of other nations. One of the ablest of their American defenders recently said that their mind is today in a state of war psychology. After a hideously costly war, for which it was unfitted and unprepared, Russia fell into the hands of a few theorists, men who had no experience in government and who had always been hunted by the police. The country had no background but tyranny, it had not enjoyed six or seven hundred years of evolution in self-government, there had been no Renaissance or Reformation, most of its people were illiterate and they spoke many different languages. Moreover, the country had few railroads and newspapers and very little of the modern mechanical equipment of what we know as civilization.

The well-informed Moscow correspondent of the New York Times quotes a Chinese governor as saying: "Bolshevism is a poor dragon with many heads which feeds on the blood and suffering of the poor. If you cut its heads off, new ones will grow, but if the poor cease to bleed and suffer, the dragon will die." It is not surprising that Russian communism has proved a disturbing and trouble-making element throughout the world. Yet, fortunately, most of the European nations have withstood its onslaughts, although, because of poverty and unemployment, they should prove far more fertile soil than the United States. That such a weird, alien thing as the Russian communist or Bolshevist or soviet idea should really cause any serious upheaval in a country like this, whose standard of living and comfort has so far exceeded that of any other nation, is preposterous.

If we believe in our country at all, we are certain that in the long run Russia will adopt more of our methods rather than that we shall adopt hers.

The Age of Pipe Lines

IT WILL not be surprising if future historians refer to the present decade as the beginning of the age of pipe lines. Crude petroleum has been transported through pipe lines since early in the industry, and many of these were of considerable length. The present development, however, is not merely a continuation of the practice but is of a more important order.

We are now witnessing the development of an extraordinary network of pipe lines to carry natural gas. The next stage will be pipe lines to carry gasoline. This development has been made possible by revolutionary improvements in the manufacture of steel pipe and equally efficient improvements in the methods of laying the conduits. Just at present the demand for steel pipe is about the brightest spot in the steel industry.

The result will be a pronounced cheapening of fuel gas and a greatly increased availability for industrial use. New public problems may develop, since questions relating to the pipe line as a public carrier are likely to arise. One must not assume that these pipe lines are being laid only to convey natural gas and gasoline from present sources of supply. The pipe lines will be ready for the eventual manufacture of synthetic gasoline and natural gas by hydrogenation of coal.

Keeping Wages High

FROM the time that business began to recede from its extraordinary high levels in the spring or early summer of 1929, there has been an insistent demand from many quarters that wages be kept up. Keeping wages from being lowered has grown into a cardinal principle of industrial faith. The idea has been not so much a humanitarian or philanthropic one as it is a device or method of maintaining purchasing power. If wages are kept up, then people will buy and the wheels of industry are sure to turn. Such, in simple words, is the theory. It has a sound basis, but like many another idea becomes unsound when pushed too far.

In the first place, high wages may be said to be as much the effect as the cause of prosperity. In a series of recent articles in this magazine, Henry Ford points out clearly that "good" wages result from efficiency and intelligence on the part of the employer. Prosperity does not come presto like a rabbit from a magician's hat just because all employers artificially jack up wages or because labor unions compel them to do so. It is earning power which makes satisfactory wages possible, and a thousand factors enter into the creation of large earnings.

The statement is heard frequently that if only European manufacturers would pay larger wages the result would be an increased welfare in the countries affected. But there are many reasons why American employers have been able to pay higher wages. The whole social and political pattern is different.

Then, too, it is far-fetched to suppose that an employer pays large wages on the theory that it will somehow increase the general prosperity of the country and so react indirectly in his favor. Such action is too vague and distant. Even if a few great corporations should do so in order to satisfy their sense of public duty, or to please the President, or to placate the unions, there are thousands of smaller employers who will not and cannot at any given moment pay more in the way of wages than the conditions of their own businesses warrant.

Fortunately an increasing number of employers, small and large, realize that costs are not necessarily reduced by reducing wages. They are learning, as Mr. Ford has so often pointed out, that with the right sort of management high wages may go with and indeed help to promote low costs.

Vote in November

THIS is a straightforward appeal to all citizens, to men and women, to vote at the forthcoming November elections for members of Congress. Representatives and a third of the senators will be chosen at that time. Like other democracies of any extent, ours is a representative government—that is, we do not vote directly as to what laws shall be passed, for the most part, but for the men who, in turn, vote upon such measures. This device makes for a certain indirection and remoteness, and these qualities are accentuated in a Federal system, with its forty-eight states and its central government. But no other than a Federal system would work in a country as large as this, and the impossibility of thirty or forty million people passing directly upon a thousand and one detailed and intricate laws is quite obvious.

There is a tendency, we fear, for the people to lose interest in congressional elections because of their growing trust in the President and their lessening trust in Congress, especially in the Senate. But such an attitude is no kindness to a President, no matter how able and public-spirited he may be. The President can accomplish very little without the coöperation of leaders in at least one branch of Congress. Even though some elements in the Senate or House may seek to thwart him at nearly every turn, yet he must work and live with Congress. To speak in the terms of brutal realities in political and governmental life, which are so often covered with rose water for public consumption, the President must trade day by day with the Congress if he is to accomplish anything at all in the public interest.

Thus it follows that elections to the House and Senate are substantially as important as that to the presidency itself. It is true that democracy does not come in this way to a point or single fulcrum in the eyes of the individual voter. He or she helps to pick out only one four or five hundredth of the whole instead of the whole itself. But the responsibility upon the voter is just as great in kind if not in degree. If the duty is shirked, the voter is just as remiss as if he or she had failed to vote in a presidential election itself.

It is true that, with primaries over, the candidates are all selected. It is true, also, that in many districts the Republicans or Democrats have it all their own way, with no element of competition except in the primary. There are Southern states in which it is almost impossible for a Republican to win and Northern states in which Democrats are rarely elected. But even this situation does not change the duty of the voter. Even if one candidate is sure to win, it is far better to vote for him, and then, if he proves faithless in office, vote against him in the next primary or the next election, rather than to allow him to take office by sheer default.

It is worse than futile for men and women more than twenty-one years of age to find fault with the Senate and then refrain from voting at the next senatorial election in their own state. It is the proud boast of senators, when criticized by press and public, that most of their detractors have never had the courage to run for even the lowliest of offices, whereas they, the senators, have been victors in a state-wide contest for one of the highest offices in the gift of the people. "If you do not approve of my behavior," says Senator Bunkem, "try running for the office yourself, and see where you get off." Manifestly it would be impossible for every citizen who disapproves of Senator Bunkem's conduct to seek the toga himself, and there is no necessity therefor. But it is an absolute requisite for the continuance of democratic government for all of us to express our approval, or disapproval, by means of the ballot.

PLAY WRITING—By Owen Davis

WE HEAR a lot of late of the technic of play writing, and I have grown a bit impatient of some of the dogmatic drivel laid before the eyes of would-be dramatists. In reality the dramatist sails on uncharted seas; there is no master to whose word he can bow, and no oracle to whom he can submit his questions. All there are, are good plays and bad plays, and the only way to write a good play is to make it good. If I were asked to put into one sentence the result of my experience as a writer, I should say, "Dream out a story about the sort of persons you know the most about, and tell it as simply as you can."

Of course, rules for play writing don't mean anything; not even that the writer who lays down the rules ever uses them himself. He may be like the cook who prefers to go out to lunch; and yet I have picked up one or two tricks, short cuts, easy ways to do hard things, and I am going to write a few of them down in the faint hope of their being of some slight help to a beginner.

Of course, the usual way to learn to write is by repeated failure, by doing almost everything so badly that the awful consequences are so deeply burned into one's memory that each disaster has resulted in being so terrified of one particular blunder that it can never be repeated.

Technic is, as I understand it, simply a facing of certain facts, a realization of some mistakes, a summing up of some experiences of oneself or of others, into an expressed formula. I think I believe in that. Thoroughly to know all the rules of play writing—only there really aren't any. These rules, the result of one's own experience or the theories of others, should be carefully learned and then twice as carefully forgotten. Conscious technic in any art is very painful. The sculptor knows that under his clay are the trusses to hold up his figure, but he doesn't let them show. It might be well to note, however, that if he forgot to put them in, his beautiful figure would be a shapeless mass on the floor. Of course, the man who knows the most about play writing doesn't write the best plays, but, quite as surely, knowing a little about his trade isn't going to hurt him. I quarrel sometimes with my friend, M. L. Malevinsky, over the real value of this special knowledge. To me, play writing is almost entirely an emotional thing, and in the foreword which I wrote for Malevinsky's quite remarkable book on the technique of the drama I tried to express my feeling of the limitations of technical knowledge by writing:

"It is probable that the hedge sparrow has quite as much technic as the meadow lark, but only the song bird can sing."

If you care to read the few observations I am about to write down, read them with the thought that they aren't meant to be too slavishly followed; they are not words of wisdom at all, they are simply scars from the battlefield, and they are only meant as a sort of protective mechanism to save your fingers from being burned as deeply as my own have been.

1. Don't write at all until you have something you are sure is worth writing about.

2. Don't make notes; anything one may possibly forget isn't worth remembering.

3. After your story has shaped itself in your mind, tell it to yourself over and over and over again; then try it on someone else—wives are good, they have to stand for it. Let the first thing you put down on paper be an outline narrative of your play, written in two hundred words. If your story won't go into two hundred words, throw it away. The next step is to write several more outlines; at first in narrative form; later put in a little dialogue; not, probably, to be used in your final copy, but to give you a growing acquaintance with your characters.

4. Modern plays are about how characters react to situations, not about situations in themselves.

5. Be absolutely sure of your last scene before you write a word of your first act. Paul Potter, a master of the form of play writing, was the first to tell me that the

(Continued on Page 97)

ANYWAY, IT MUST HAVE BEEN QUITE A PARTY

POST SCRIPTS

"Remember—You Must Get Just a Dash of Hunted Look About the Eyes!"

Home-Movie Review—Up at the Lake

THIS multireel feature, which is being shown at the Davidson residence to all visitors—whether they like it or not—only partly makes up in action what it lacks in plot, cast, continuity and direction. The frenzied pace of the picture is appalling, if not nerve-racking. From the opening scene, in which Skip, the Davidson terrier, does his futile best to rout a family of rats under the front porch of the cottage, this presentation leaps along at a dizzy rate from one unrelated sequence to another.

The picture is without sound, although this lack, if you want to call it that, is compensated for by the running lecture of Mr. Davidson, the producer, interspersed by shrill reminders from other members of the family who are unduly eager that daddy shall not forget even one single incident of the entire summer.

The theme of the picture seems to be that the Davidson family had a good time up at the lake last summer, but the point seemed not to be made, as far as this observer was concerned. Scenes showing Mr. Davidson starting out to fish, scenes showing Mrs. Davidson rocking comfortably in the hammock, scenes showing the children trotting about on the shore, and scenes showing Hulda, the maid of all work—and apparently no play—peeling potatoes in the back yard and fighting off the flies at the same time, crowd each other off the screen so rapidly that the final impression is one of feverishness rather than enjoyment.

Of the large cast of characters, Skip, the terrier, contributes by far the best performance. His simple, unaffected characterization of his rôle is in marked and welcome contrast to the self-conscious posing of the others. It is a little hard sometimes to know just what is going on. In one scene, according to Mr. Davidson, Skip is shown gnawing at a bone, but only the hindquarters of the dog are visible on the screen.

If you fail to see Up at the Lake you will be the gainer, and you will also deserve great credit for your ability to repulse the determined invitations of the Davidson family.

JOHN C. EMERY.

Footnote

A BROKEN heart
Does hurt a bit;
But oh, the fun
Acquiring it.
—Mary Carolyn Davies.

Philosopher: "Well, After All, Lindbergh Has to Take His Wife Everywhere Too"

At the Curb

VIEWING the busy thoroughfare,
I always breathe this little prayer:
Now I'm set to cross the street,
I pray the gods to make me fleet,
For if I do not swiftly go it,
I may be dead before I know it.
—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

IT'S surprising how many things a bridge fiend can call a spade.

ONE sure way to prevent wars is to make them pay-as-you-enter.

EINSTEIN may be right about space eating up matter, but we suspect moths.

WHEN all our forests are gone, we can go out and chop down the billboards.

YOU can send a post card across this country for practically nothing. And that's what most of them are sent for.

"I've Got an Idea—Let's Sit the Next One Out Too!"

Comic Relief

WHEN weary of the cares that bind and fence us,
I contemplate our universe's suns—
Ten billion is, I'm told, the latest census
Of just the larger ones—

And think how they are gathered in such order,
They're like a watch of so immense a span
The light we see from stars around the border
Is older far than Man;

And still, that they are but a pinwheel whirling—
A trifling firework in the vasty night
Where other universes, too, are twirling,
Mere specks of filmy light;

And that our earth's a mote you wouldn't enter
In any sort of star show, no; and worse,
That it is very badly off the center
Of its own universe;

When thus I think, I say, it's so depressing
I turn to my familiar troubles soon,
And toothache seems an undivided blessing,
The monthly bills, a boon.

—Gorton Veeder Carruth.

(Continued on Page 78)

Once tasted, this Tomato Soup is never forgotten!

Tomatoes in their glory! Could there be a more irresistible temptation to your appetite! Red-ripe, juice-laden, filled almost to bursting with their sunny, tonic goodness! Here are tang and vigor and healthfulness lavished by Nature in her most prodigal mood... And of such is Campbell's Tomato Soup made. Not only fine tomatoes, but tomatoes developed and grown just for making the world's favorite soup! The pure tomato juices, the rich tomato "meat" strained to a smooth puree, blended with golden creamery butter and seasoned to bring out the last fine shade of delicious flavor . . . You will agree that only Campbell's famous French chefs could make such a soup! Enjoy it today—and often!

For the most delicious Cream of Tomato Soup you ever tasted simply, mix Campbell's Tomato Soup with an equal quantity of milk, stir while heating but do not boil. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra-rich Cream of Tomato.

Your choice . . . Every soup you ever want, at its delicious best!

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Vegetable
Julienne	Vegetable-Beef
	Vermicelli-Tomato

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

This tempting tomato
Attracts every time,
Reminding of Campbell's,
The Kids and the rhyme!

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

RIVER TO THE SEA

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

X

IT WAS a week before Le May could get away to his beloved hills and three days more before he saw fit to visit Yellow Mountain. As he drew up before the door of the house in the exact position which would enable him to back and turn for the difficult exit, he was visited by an inspiration. By cutting down three saplings and one juniper, demolishing two stones and moving the north side of the chicken run six feet to the south, it would be easy to drive around the house and come out on the ruts already sketched by the infrequent passing of the buggy.

Surrounded by the children, he went in to interview Beale. "Lorry won't need any more of your money," he began.

The old man turned toward him with unusual brusqueness, his eyes narrowing to two pin points of concentrated penetration.

"Don't tell me she's had the sense to pick a rich one," he rumbled through his beard.

Le May jumped up, rolling Molly from his lap to the floor and jostling Dora almost off her feet. "For a well-bred old gentleman with background and a self-made tradition, you can be about as nasty as a wet mop. Lorry's got a job at a maximum of six hundred a week or a minimum of three. She went on her own two feet into a hearing where girls were swarming like bees after honey and took it away from them. What's more, she's still living with my sister."

"Excited!" exclaimed Beale, raising his bushy eyebrows in childlike surprise.

He went on presently, "It does me good to have you come around, brave boy; it reminds me of so many things I thought were gone forever. You can't imagine how hard it is for an old man to convince himself there are still Crusades with a Richard the Lion-Hearted marching on before. Far be it from me to cast a slur on your estimable sister, but I can't help feeling she's getting wet."

He held up a pacifying hand. "When you have time," he continued, unruffled by Ken's angry gesture, "follow Bouncing Brook halfway down the other side of the mountain and you'll come to a rock in its middle that's been trying for ten million years to stop it from flowing to the sea. That's your sister, and you can give her my love."

Ken felt his indignation dissolving into a smile, and finally he laughed. "Perhaps she is a bit splashed," he admitted and then veered from the subject. "I wish you'd come outside."

"What for? A fight?"

"No, no; it's about the road. The only reason you can never get provisions delivered is because no car but mine dares come up here."

"God and I arranged it so."

"I'm not tempting you to benefit the public, but yourself," persisted Ken. "Even as a decent road it would still be a private way. We could put up a sign, or bars, or a gate, at the foot of the hill."

"If Lorry was still around ——" began the old man, and stopped to frown.

Ken Stood Within the Room, Upheld Instantly by a Double Sense of Warmth and Well-Being He Watched Dora Sway, Float and Settle Beside Maddie and Molly

"That's just it; she isn't."

"What is it you want to do?"

"I've got the lane in fairly good shape already. The finishing touch would be to cut down three or four small trees, clear the brush, move the chicken run back a couple of yards and run the road around the house."

"If that's all, you have my permission," said Beale. "I don't have to go outside to tell you that."

Ken welcomed the diversion of a little violent labor. Consciously or not, the absence of Lorry had made a void on Yellow Mountain. Without being able to put his finger on the exact cause, he could yet sense that not only to himself, to her uncommunicative grandfather and to the children, but apparently amid the very sticks and stones which had been the implements of her play and wrath, the essence of Lorry lingered like the ghost of a remembered perfume.

To look through the thinning foliage across the rusting bramble patch was to vision her leaping figure and hear again the sound of her mounting voice followed by the zipping of flying shales.

Vacancy was in the very air she once had breathed, and if in the air, then surely in the hearts of those who seldom acknowledged her absence by a spoken word. It was conceivable that Beale should ask no questions by a deliberate effort of his will, but only an individual study of precocious motive could have explained the serene attitude of her three half sisters. Neither content nor distress tainted their calm acceptance of the separation. Lorry had been here and Lorry was gone; they knew it, but if they felt emotion, it was too deeply buried for his perception.

While he was busy demolishing the rock in his way, he banished them around the corner of the house, but when that work was finished and he took to ax and grubbing hoe, he not only permitted them to come back but accepted with gratitude their help in removing the litter to a spot where it might be burned without danger of damage. As the heap grew higher and higher so did their spirits rise in anticipation of the moment of the promised bonfire.

Dressed in jumpers varying only as to size, they yet managed to present a cleavage in appearance as sharp as the differentiation of their natures. Dora was a swaying wand, Molly a butterball, while Maddie, the most forthright of the three, was a darting naiad. Cheeks and eyes aflame, she would approach the prospective pyre as if it were a sleeping dragon, dare it with outthrown arms, leap into the air, to come down with quivering straight knees and an up-and-down flounce of her ruddy hair. She was visioning the climbing flames when they should burn, and cheating the others by living the moment many times over again in advance.

Dora was dark-haired, dark-eyed, a swaying gentian. Molly was still in the cherubic stage, apple-red cheeks beneath a curly nimbus of golden hair. Maddie stood midway between the two in age and coloring, but there was a positiveness in her speech which testified to the directness of her mind, while the vibrancy of her movements spoke volumes for the fiber of her muscles. It was she who tried to drag the largest tree unaided, but it was Dora's soft voice that could move mountains at will. When she called, the others heeded; where she went, they followed. The broken nature of their visitations more than freed them from any imputation of hanging around. They descended upon Ken, hovered actively for such space as Dora saw fit, and presently were gone.

Had he assigned them a definite task, doubtless they would have thumbed their noses at him and it. But no, never, for he had begun to sense, though blinded by the harum-scarum nature of their existence, an established undertone of deportment. It would have remained inexplicable, had it not been for an incident which occurred during an interim of solitude. He had progressed with his road two-thirds the way around the house and was grubbing at a recalcitrant taproot when the abrupt summons of an impulse rather than a sound caused him to look up.

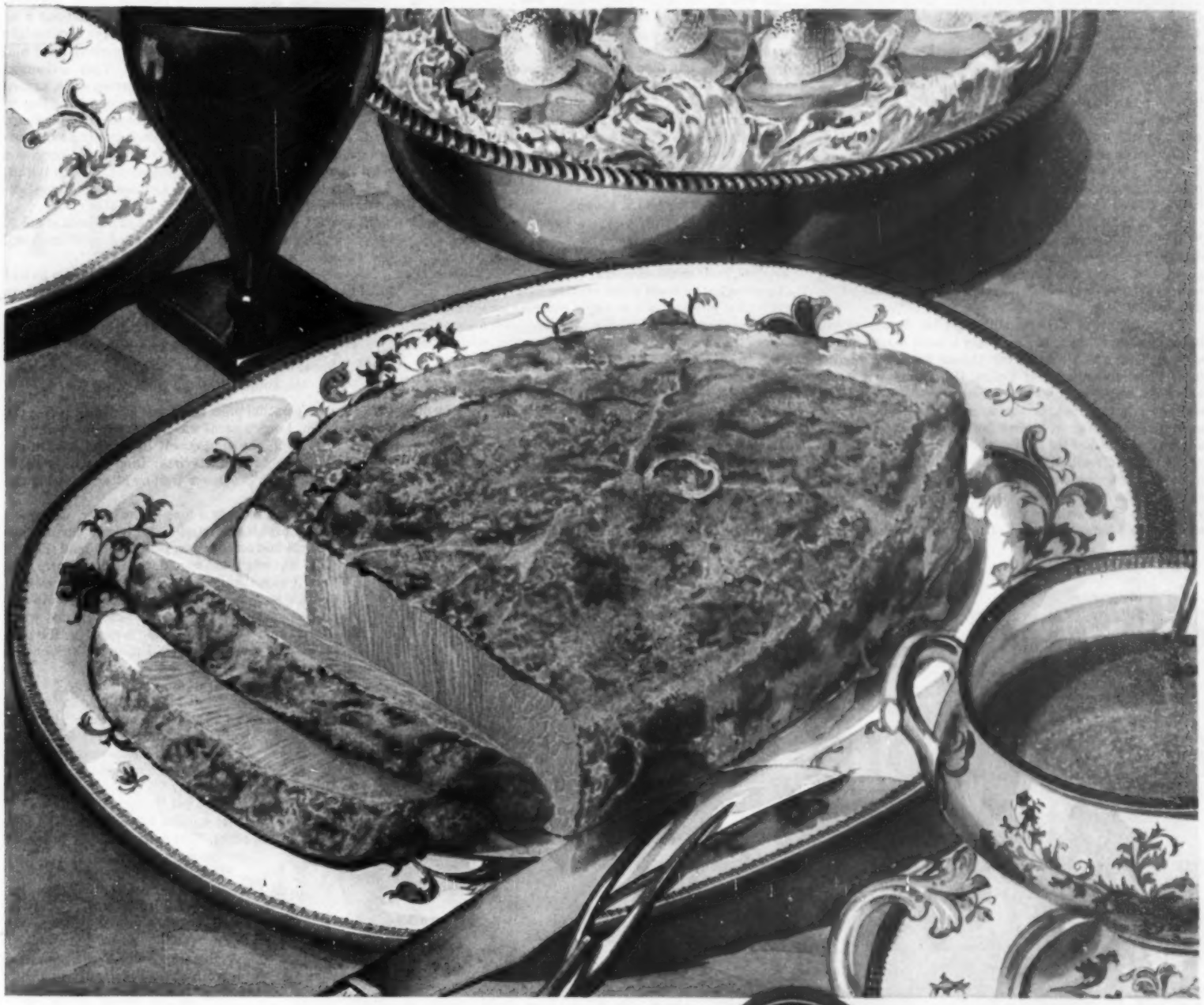
Mrs. Steele, robed as before, was standing in the high casement of the room over the kitchen, her arms raised and her hands grasping the curtains on each side above her head. The loose sleeves, fallen back, revealed flesh as still as marble, but preserving the pulsing contours and the barely perceptible bloom of living texture. Her eyes rested upon him steadily without staring, a self-contained look, comprehensive though wholly disinterested, and as he gazed upon her imperturbability, her children became suddenly clarified.

"You're Mrs. Steele, aren't you?" he asked, still on his knees. Nothing could be more natural than that, he thought to himself, but behind the innocent question he acknowledged a biting curiosity.

(Continued on Page 30)

764

Just try Swift's Premium baked like this!



FIRST, spread with peanut butter and mustard a thick slice of Swift's Premium Ham. Next, cover the tender meat with milk and bake until thoroughly done. And then taste it, and taste again . . . savoring to the full that wonderful new flavor. The smooth richness of peanut butter, the lively tang of mustard—how well they accent Premium's own mild, matchless savor!

Swift & Company

Swift's Premium Ham
Swift & Company

Swift's Premium seal—which identifies a complete line of foods of highest quality.

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM! *The new Premium "Savor-tite" Ham, ready cooked in the sealed container, bears the familiar blue Premium label. The uncooked hams and bacon carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.*

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

(Continued from Page 28)

"I don't think of myself as Mrs. anything," she replied in a low unhurried voice. "I've been Madeleine Beale all my life."

"I wanted to tell you about Lorry," he continued presently. "Did the children give you the letter from my sister?"

"They told me where I could find it. I'm not interested in hearing about Lorry."

He felt as if someone were knocking the breath out of him and letting him catch it only to knock it out again. "That suits me," he blurted finally, "because I'd rather talk about you than anything else on earth."

The curtains fell together with a soft and soundless finality. Staring at their pleated folds, it was difficult to believe that a moment before the casement had framed the figure draped in white. After an immobile pause he returned to his work, looking up from time to time in what he knew was a vain hope. She did not appear again to explain herself, her words or her thoughts. But she lingered within his vision long after he had finished, following him away from Log House and into the fastnesses of his own home.

The permanence of Lorry long after her departure had been puzzling enough, but here was a bond more tenuous still, as elusive as a cobweb felt though not seen, binding him to the hidden heart of Yellow Mountain. Repeating aloud the words with which he had thrown a fascinating encounter into eclipse, he was angry both at himself and at Madeleine Beale: at himself for having made so clumsy a speech and at her for having read impertinence into his sincerity. He realized the futility of talk, the impossibility of conveying one's mood as well as meaning. The axlike strokes of the modern mode—Lorry's ever-recurring yes and no—took on new value. Fool! Why couldn't he have waited, listened instead of braying? No use crying over the broken pitcher now; he had had his chance; he would probably never have another.

"You ought to go out in the pasture—the big one—and kick yourself around," he soliloquized.

He was all the more chagrined in that, though it had never occurred to him to take a liberty with any of her four daughters, he had put on at least the appearance of familiarity with their mother. Out of nervousness, he assured himself; but that is ever a weak excuse. More reasonable was the subterfuge of hearsay. Through hearsay he had constructed his phantom stranger, if not in the semblance of a light-o'-love, at least with a strong dash of that bohemianism which carries its intimacies inside out.

He was young and the error was characteristic of all youth, but he was sufficiently matured to discern in retrospect a fundamental strain of sanity linking Madeleine Beale to Lora Steele and to the three daughters of the man named Brown. In this topsy-turvy world, where esteem too often goes by public favor, he had stumbled upon what appeared to be a ragtag of femininity, only to find that it respected itself tremendously!

By an effort he could avoid visiting Yellow Mountain in person, but he could not so easily obstruct its invasion of his thoughts and daily life. As a consequence, a summons to the opening of Broadwater's new offering, with Lorry transferred to the lead after it had become evident she would steal the show in any lesser part, came as a relief. He had intended to dodge the occasion not because he had lost interest in his protégée but as a salutary jolt to his sister's annoyingly prescient smile. But now all that was changed; he welcomed the diversion as a diversion and in due course presented himself at Mrs. Darling's house in ample time for dinner. She was not there. The meal was prepared for himself alone and beside his plate was a ticket accompanied by an explanatory scribbled note; he would find her in the seat beside him.

The Critics Welcomed the Advent of a Genuine Voice With Outthrown Arms, as Men Dying of Thirst in a Desert Welcome a Waterspout

The successes of opening nights are almost invariably deceptive—to the audience. Confused by the cooked enthusiasms of relatives, friends, well-wishers, investors and, often on occasions of lesser import than a Broadwater première, of an indiscriminately papered house, the inexpert auditor awaits the morning editions to find out if he was right. No such question troubled Ken's overnight judgment, but the very unanimity of the critics filled him with an unaccountable sinking feeling. They welcomed the advent of a genuine voice with outthrown arms, as men dying of thirst in a desert welcome a waterspout. But to him, sitting alone in the matinal peace of Mrs. Darling's studio, a quizzical smile twitching uncertainly at the corners of his mouth, the universal acceptance of Lorry as a risen star had something of the finality of a death notice. As far as he was concerned, her apotheosis left him definitely behind, a terrestrial watcher from afar.

"Cheer up, you blithering idiot," he murmured aloud to himself. "You've done it. You've put her on the map. She's a rocket and you're not even the stick."

Not only the critics. Several of the later editions he had picked up on the way to his sister's carried scare heads in the news section:

BROADWATER SPRINGS SURPRISE
BROADWATER DOES IT AGAIN
BROADWATER DARK FILLY PUTS OUT LIGHTS
BROADWATER CRACKS GOLD MINE

Broadwater's personal press agent was evidently still in the ascendant, but Lorry's name was in every subhead and her picture reigned on the amusement page with a calm supremacy which could await its time; from now on it would be Lora Steele, with producers trailing after, knotting the long tail of the kite.

He had sent her mother a long night letter, unsigned; now, alone in his sister's studio, he began cutting out notices and scare heads, planning to mail them to her. She might not care to hear about Lorry, but here was a chance to give her an eyeful even if she did no more than open the envelope. He was still engaged in this labor of faint malice when Lorry came into the room, dressed in the selfsame suit in which she had received him on the morning after Bodine's.

"You're up early, Lorry."

"Early? It's ten o'clock."

"You'll get over that," he said, smiling. "You're in for the routine of a night watchman—work by night and sleep by day. Have you read the papers?"

"Not yet."

He handed her a sheaf of the clippings. "Sit down and cast your eyes over those."

She sank on the edge of a chair and began to read, at first conscientiously, and then with increasing speed, her face gradually losing interest.

"They're all alike," she remarked presently with practical though incredible calm. "They use almost the same words."

"But you were excited last night!" protested Ken.

"Yes," she admitted, "very."

"Do you remember what I said to you after the back-slapping was over?"

"No."

"Not a word?"

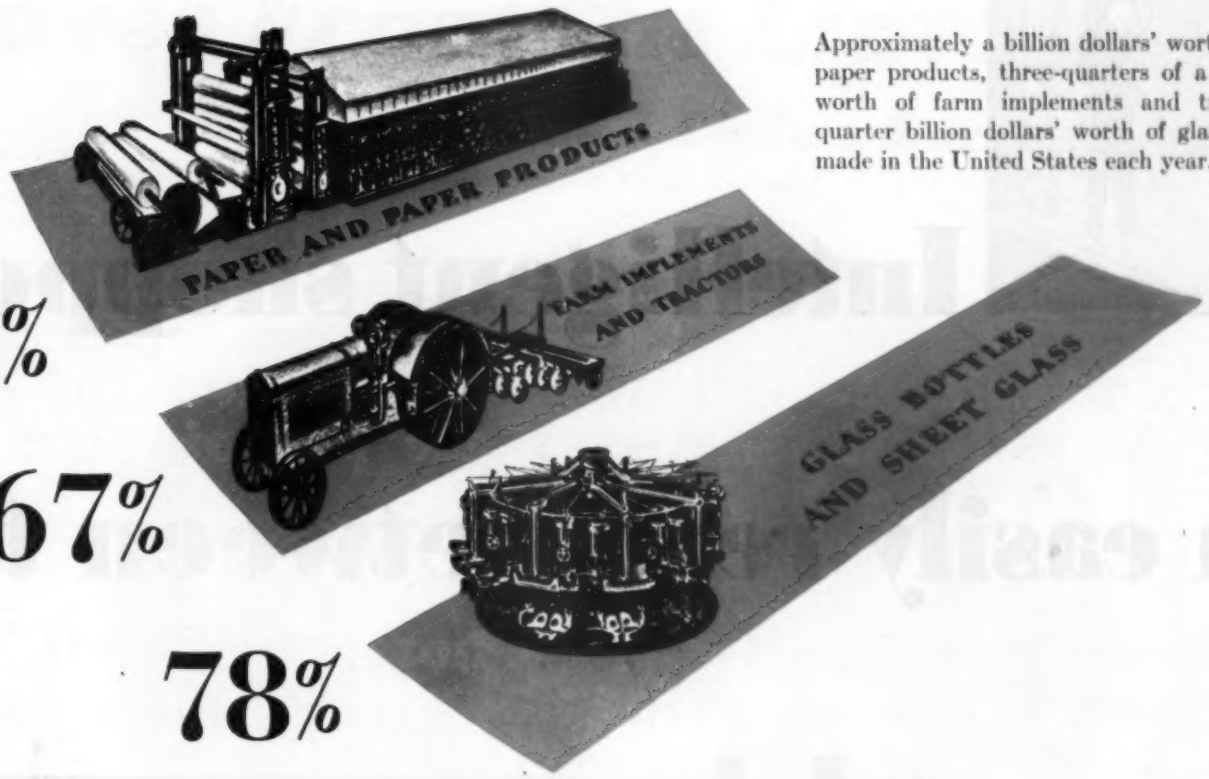
"I didn't hear you; I didn't hear anybody. It was like a fever." The maid entered with a telegram; it was for Lorry. She opened and read it with an instantaneous glance; then she looked up at Ken. "I have to go out. Want to come with me?"

"Glad to. It's a lovely morning."

She arose and carelessly laid the telegram with the clippings on the table. "I'll get my hat and coat."

As she left the room he was consumed by an ignoble curiosity. Who knew her address at Mrs. Darling's? Possibly dozens of people, but certainly her mother if she had read his sister's letter. He believed himself incapable of snooping, but the recovery of the clippings appeared as a necessity; surely he could trust himself to brush the telegram aside as he picked them up. There is nothing

(Continued on Page 116)



Approximately a billion dollars' worth of paper and paper products, three-quarters of a billion dollars' worth of farm implements and tractors, and a quarter billion dollars' worth of glass products are made in the United States each year.

74%

67%

78%

of the leading plants in the three above industries use Gargoyle lubricants for their important machinery

Correct Lubrication is a proved factor of success

Analysis of a list* of leading plants in the United States shows an ever-increasing majority of leaders in almost all industries adopting Gargoyle lubricants and Vacuum service.

Reports from plant executives and engineers reveal six proved advantages of Correct Lubrication—

1. Reduced friction
2. Reduced power consumption
3. An aid to continuity of production
4. Reduced cost of plant maintenance
5. Prolonged useful life of machinery
6. Reduced lubrication bills—ultimate lower costs of oil and of labor in applying lubricants

How can you secure these advantages in your own plant? A Vacuum lubrication engineer, experienced in your field, will call and tell you. Your invitation to call incurs no obligation.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Headquarters: 61 Broadway, New York. Branches and distributing warehouses throughout the world.

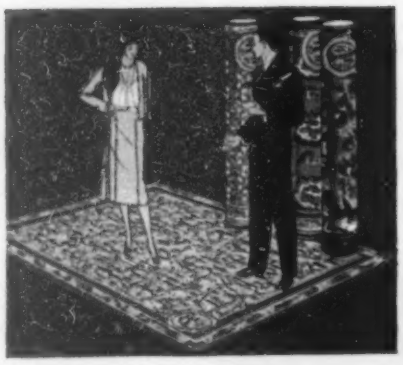
QUALITY BRINGS LEADERSHIP

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils

The world's quality oils for plant lubrication

* compiled by a well-known statistical company



Intelligent shoppers

A timely warning to you who, like millions of other thrifty American housewives are planning to buy

can easily read between the

new floor-coverings for your home this Fall . . . . . and expect a dollar's value for every dollar spent.

lines • and do

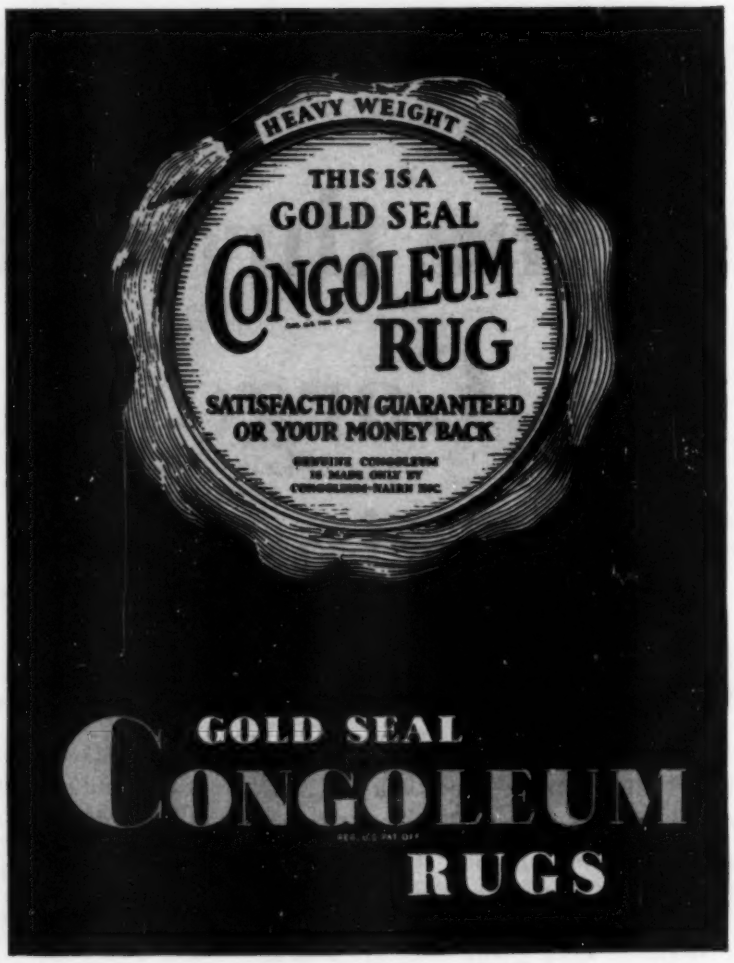
Not all smooth-surfaced rugs that look like Gold Seal Congoleum are Gold Seal Congoleum.

Most women know that this is true. Most women know, too, the great importance of being certain that they get the genuine—that big, enduring money's worth that you are sure to get when you buy a genuine Gold Seal Congoleum Rug.

***That* Gold Seal pasted on the face of every Gold Seal Congoleum Rug—on every few feet of Congoleum By-the-Yard—is the only certain guarantee that you are getting the genuine product. The eye cannot tell which rug has the quality built into it. But the feet *can* tell you sooner or later—when wear has taken its toll.**

Finally, if you want what every woman wants for her home—rich beauty, authentic style, exclusive patterns—see to it, absolutely, that the Gold Seal Guarantee is on the floor-covering you buy.

Then and then only can you be *sure* of getting *the one and only genuine* Gold Seal Congoleum.



Why not enjoy the beauty of design and color that you can get only in *genuine* Gold Seal Congoleum? Save work and time—a damp mop cleans the smooth, sanitary Congoleum surface in a twinkling—no more tiresome scrubbing or dusty beating. Save money—genuine Congoleum Rugs are sold at prices within the reach of all.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., KEARNY, NEW JERSEY
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

Leaves From the Lipton Logs

By Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart.

In Association With William Blackwood

YACHTSMEN everywhere will tell you that the most fascinating story in their ken is the romance of the America's Cup. All other tales of the sport of yachting fade into insignificance alongside of that especial and wondrous tale. It has held them in thrall for four-score years. I hope it will continue to do so. Another chapter of the story is about to be written—it may, in fact, have been completed by the time this article appears—and once more I am going to have the privilege and honor of helping to write it.

And not only yachtsmen, but landsmen as well, know that the America's Cup has come to be regarded as the most prized trophy—the blue ribbon—of the yachting world, in much the same way as the English Derby has become the greatest prize in the realm of the Thoroughbred race horse.

"The America's Cup!" The phrase must have been on everybody's lips for many weeks past. A 100-guinea cup—a piece of silver of the intrinsic value today of considerably less than $500! That is the actual trophy; surely no fabulous guerdon to be striven for with might and main by the finest and most costly racing yachts the world has ever seen. A paltry prize, if you like, to secure or retain which millions of dollars have been spent on both sides of the Atlantic, and which has enlisted the energies and the genius of the foremost designers, builders, sailmakers and shipwrights, to say nothing of the skill of amateur and professional sailors, for far more years than some of us care to remember. But, as is always the case in true sport, the prize itself means nothing; the winning of it, everything. Even the fighting for it is good, healthful and internationally stimulating.

A Letter That Started Something

THE story of the America's Cup begins nearly eighty years ago with a letter received at the headquarters of the New York Yacht Club from the Earl of Wilton, commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron—then, as now, the premier yacht club of Great Britain. In addressing Commodore Stevens, of the New York club, the earl wrote as follows:

LONDON, Feb. 22, 1851.

Sir: Understanding from Sir H. Bulwer that a few of the members of the New York Yacht Club are building a schooner which it is their intention to bring over to England this summer, I have taken the liberty of writing to you, in your capacity of commodore, to request you to convey to those members and any friends that may accompany them on board the yacht, an invitation on the part of myself and the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron to become visitors of the clubhouse at Cowes during their stay in England.

For myself I may be permitted to say that I shall have great pleasure in extending to your countrymen any civility that lies in my power and shall be glad to avail myself of any improvements in shipbuilding that the industry and skill of your nation have enabled you to elaborate.

I remain, sir,
Your obedient servant,
WILTON.
Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

It is clear from this communication that the project of building a yacht to come over to England had already been discussed in America, and it only required the receipt of this friendly letter to clinch the matter. A syndicate of six prominent American gentlemen interested in the sport of yachting was formed, and the order given for the construction of the yacht which was to live in history as the America.

After some trial races which seem to have been no more than moderately satisfactory, she set sail for English waters towards the end of June, 1851.

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Sir Thomas Watching the First Trials of His New Ship, "Shamrock V." Above—Trophies Won by the Lipton "Shamrocks"

Her sailing powers and her general behavior at sea encouraged her owners to think that she would perform well against the English yachts.

Those aboard the America and her sponsors had certainly nothing to complain of as regards the reception given them on British shores and the hospitality extended to them in every quarter. But when it came to making arrangements for fulfilling the real object of their voyage—a race against an English yacht—there did not seem to be any rush, so to speak, to accommodate the American visitor. In almost every way that can be imagined the America was a contrast to the purely racing machines that yachts were to become in after years. She was a fine weatherly vessel, built and rigged to go to sea when it blew a snorter as well as in fine winds.

The America came in for a good deal of both amateur and professional criticism. It was said that her masts were too heavily raked, her sails too flat, and the impression prevailing among the conservative English yachtsmen of the day seemed to be that she had absolutely no right whatever to move through the water as fast as rumor said she did.

At any rate, whatever the reason, no one seemed inclined to give the America a race, and eventually Commodore Stevens posted a notice at the Royal Yacht Squadron headquarters offering to match the schooner against any British vessel for any stake from one to ten thousand guineas. For some time this offer went begging—though it eventually did lead to one match with the Titania, which the America won—and the London Times newspaper was heavily sarcastic at the expense of the British yachting fraternity, comparing them to a flock of pigeons paralyzed with terror at the appearance on the horizon of a sparrow hawk. However, the "sparrow hawk" was destined in due course to be invited to a test as severe as any that could possibly have been devised.

The America Wins Easily

THE Royal Yacht Squadron was to hold a race for a 100-guinea cup round the Isle of Wight on August 22d. There were no time allowances—all the squadron boats were eligible to sail, irrespective of tonnage, and a cordial invitation was accorded to the America's owners to join in.

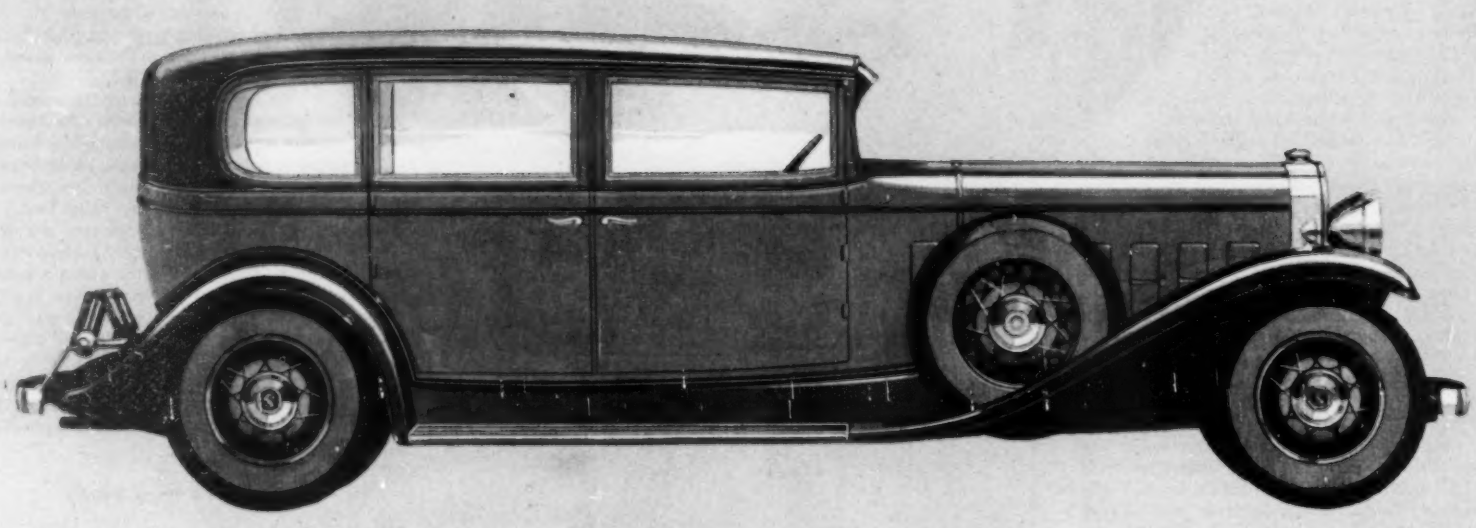
On the eventful day, the America found herself one of a fleet of eighteen yachts, varying in size from the Brilliant, a three-masted schooner of close on 400 tons, to the Aurora, a forty-seven-ton cutter. The size of the America is given in the records as 170 tons.

The story of the history-making race can be told in very few words.

One of the last boats to get away in a light and variable wind, the America had worked her way in amongst the leaders by the time the Nab lightship was reached—a distance of about twelve miles.

With the wind freshening she was soon in the lead. Indeed, at one time she held the almost incredible lead of something like eight miles! Towards evening the wind fell light again—lack of wind was the one thing dreaded by Commodore Stevens and the crew of the America—but although the Aurora managed to close the gap very considerably the issue was never in doubt, and the "sparrow hawk" from across the Atlantic "got her gun" at 8:34. The Aurora followed at 8:58 and the third boat nearly an hour later.

(Continued on Page 37)



The New V-Type EIGHT-CYLINDER CADILLAC

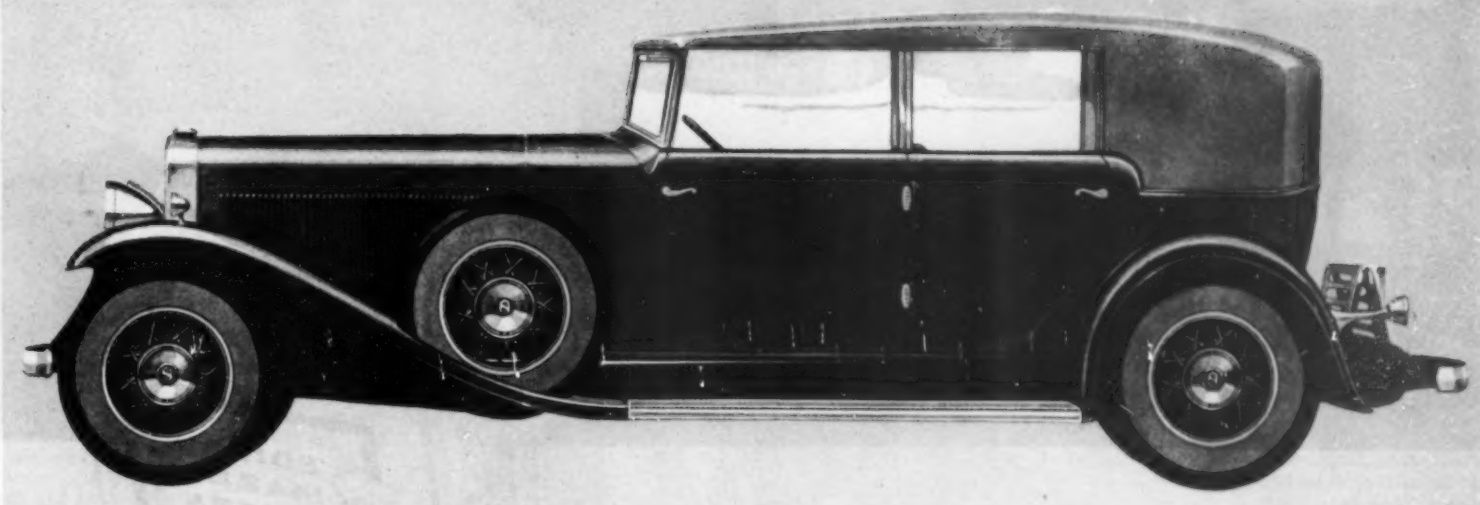
The new Cadillac Eight—embodying every sound, high principle established by Cadillac throughout the years—is one of the fruits of the greatest manufacturing program in all Cadillac history

PRICES RANGING FROM $2695 TO $3795 F. O. B. DETROIT

Prices Lowered from $600 to $900

Bodies by Fisher and Fleetwood

A new V-Type 12-cylinder Cadillac, to take its place between the exclusive custom-built V-16 and the Cadillac Eight, will be announced at an early date. These new Cadillacs will be superfine cars of 140-143-inch wheelbase



The New V-Type EIGHT-CYLINDER LA SALLE

The new La Salle Eight is a dramatic demonstration of what a great institution can do when it drives steadily toward higher quality and lower price through constantly increasing ownership

PRICES RANGING FROM $2195 TO $3245 F. O. B. DETROIT

Prices Lowered from $180 to $750

Bodies by Fisher and Fleetwood

The Cadillac complete line will consist of La Salle V-8, Cadillac V-8, Cadillac V-12, Cadillac V-16, ranging in price from $2195 to $15,000, f. o. b. Detroit. The G. M. A. C. Deferred Payment Plan is recommended to the purchasers of any of these cars

DECORATE WITH FLAME LIGHT

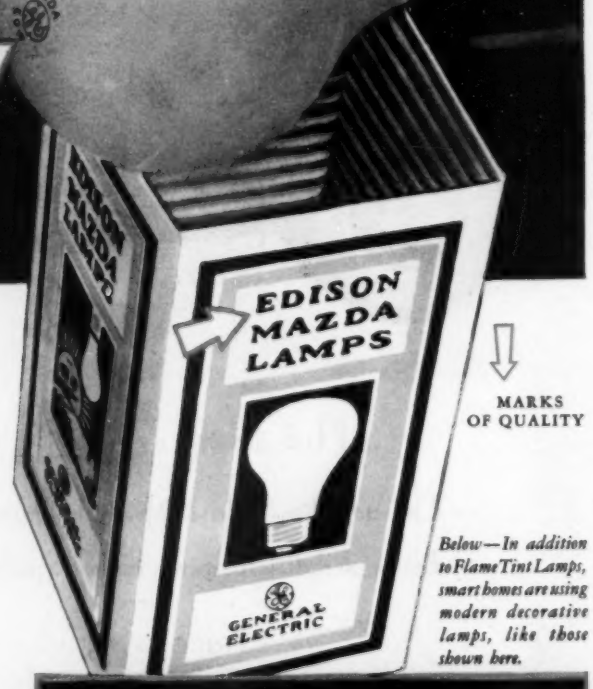
BE SURE to buy Edison MAZDA* Flame Tint Lamps to obtain warm decorative lighting in your home. With none of the inconveniences of burning candles, they produce the soft glow of the open fire.

Edison MAZDA Lamps are also available in many shapes and colors which bring out the decorative beauty of the home and add greatly to its general attractiveness. These high-quality lamps embody fifty years of progress in electric lighting. They are carefully inspected and tested, and give the *full value of the current consumed*.

In buying lamps, always look for the name EDISON on the carton and the marks MAZDA and GE on the bulb.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC PROGRAM, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY EVENING, ON A NATION-WIDE N. B. C. NETWORK



MARKS OF QUALITY

Below—In addition to Flame Tint Lamps, smart homes are using modern decorative lamps, like those shown here.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 33)

Those of the other "pigeons" which finished the course fluttered home at intervals during the night.

So it was that what is now known as the America's Cup passed into the hands of Commodore John C. Stevens and was taken back with him across the Atlantic when he and his friends returned home.

It is still there in spite of all our efforts to recover it.

The America had become famous in a night. Queen Victoria, accompanied by the Prince Consort, visited the yacht the day after her victory. A week later she sailed her match against the Titania over a course of twenty miles to windward and back, which she won by just under an hour.

It is not my intention to trace all the cup races from that time down to the present day. Many distinguished yachting writers in the United States and in Britain will have been doing so for weeks before this article appears in print. Enough for me to say here that I followed many of the earlier challenges that were thrown out by British yachtsmen with very keen interest indeed. Particularly, I was roused to enthusiasm by the building on the Clyde of the challenger Thistle. This boat was designed by my old friend, George L. Watson, who, in later years, designed the second Shamrock for me.

The Thistle had been eminently successful in her home waters, winning eleven trophies and three minor prizes in fifteen races before setting her prow westward across the Atlantic. And high were the hopes, in bonnie Scotland at least, that at last we had a chance of retrieving the much-fought-for bit of silver. But once more the defending combination of Edward Burgess, of Boston, and General Charles J. Paine proved too much for the Scottish attacker and she was beaten pointless.

The First Shamrock

THE challenges issued by the late Lord Dunraven and the matches which took place between his two Valkyries and Herreshoff's Vigilant and Defender in the years 1893 and 1895 will still be fresh in the minds of many yachtsmen on both sides of the Atlantic. From an American angle, they were of distinct interest in that they brought the famous Nathaniel Herreshoff to the fore as a yacht designer. Nat Herreshoff was destined to play a very great part for the yachting honor of his country in connection with my own Shamrock challenges. And now that I have reached the point of dealing with these, what can I tell you about them that has not already been told? The first four Shamrocks all failed—some less completely than others. But in each one of them my fond hopes were centered. With them I made four attempts to lift that old bit of silver—surely the most elusive piece of metal in all the world so far as I am concerned—but I can truthfully say that in the quest of it I have spent some of the happiest hours of my life. Neither money, nor time, nor trouble—aye, nor disappointment—has marred my joy in the pursuit of it. America Cup hunting has been my principal recreation for over thirty years. It has kept me young, eager, buoyant and hopeful. It has brought me health and splendid friends. And this year, if the fates are kind, perhaps ——

In the meantime, let us glance back ever so briefly over my fortunes with the first four Shamrocks.

When I made up my mind to challenge for the world-famous cup in the summer of 1898, my first intention was to do so with an Irish-built boat out of compliment to my Irish descent and my friends of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club. The hull of the vessel was to be of metal, largely of bronze, and it seemed to me that nobody could carry out work of that character better than the skilled craftsmen of Queen's Island, Belfast, the men who were turning out the best steamships and the fastest liners in the world at that time. But my friend, Mr. Pirrie—afterwards Lord Pirrie—the head of Harland and Wolff, dissuaded me from my purpose. Nothing would have delighted him and his firm more, he assured me, than to turn out a challenger for the America's Cup, but yacht building was a specialized art in which it would be folly to allow sentiment to rule. The hull of a racing boat could be much better constructed, he pointed out, by a firm which had had long experience in the production of speedy, light craft, and he suggested I should place the order with some such firm. As a result, Thorneycrofts were asked to undertake the job. They did so. And the first Shamrock was built on the Thames, at Millwall. She was a London challenger!

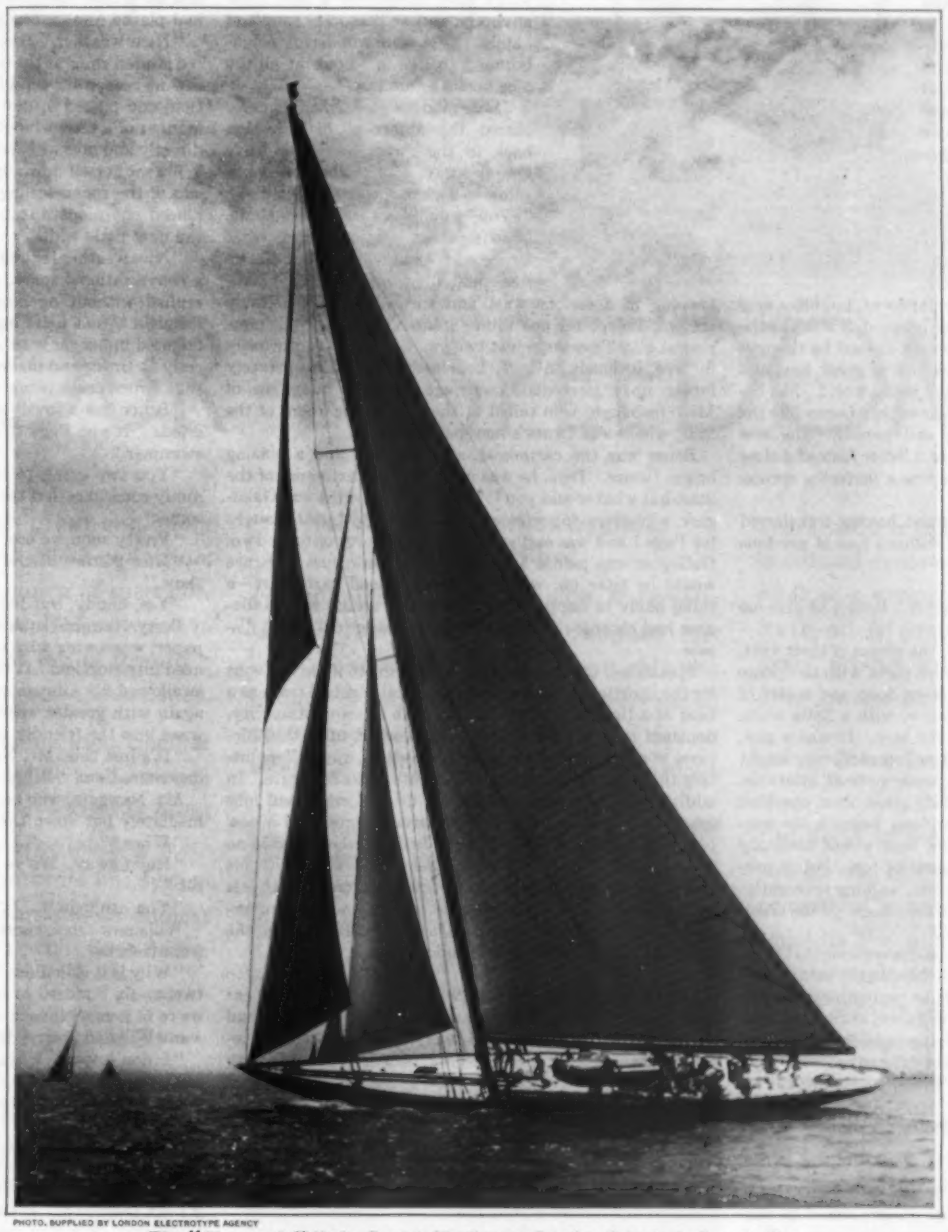


PHOTO. SUPPLIED BY LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY

The "Shamrock V," the Latest Challenger for the America's Cup, in Her Racing Debut at the Royal Harwich Regatta

Mr. William Fife, Jr., designed this first of my Shamrocks. When the time came for her to cross the ocean she faced the Atlantic billows bravely, and even when separated from my steam yacht, the Erin, during a storm, her crew were in no way put out but carried on under shortened sail. By and by the two vessels joined up again, and both yachts fetched up safely on the other side after a passage of little more than a fortnight.

My first official reception, forerunner of many such delightful and hospitable functions at which I have been entertained in America, was given me by a delegation of forty prominent Americans, headed by Col. George Treadwell, representing Governor Roosevelt of the State of New York. Later the usual gang of press boys came aboard and put me through it in their customary pointed and cheery fashion. The questions an American pressman won't ask, I always say, would not fill half a page of the smallest notebook on earth! But I enjoy myself in their company immensely. Their ingenuity and inventiveness and good humor and assurance are things to marvel at. They have always been very kind to me.

Soon after the arrival in American waters of the Shamrock and the Erin, an incident occurred on which I delight to look back. I breakfasted with the great Admiral Dewey! It came about in this simple and unexpected manner: We were lying inside the horseshoe at Sandy Hook when, very early one morning, a big battleship steamed slowly into the bay. At first we could not identify her. We knew that Admiral Dewey was on his way home, but he was not expected for several days. But as the ship came nearer, my sailors recognized her as the Olympia, the admiral's flagship, from the quarter-deck of which he had directed the United States Navy in their victorious battle with the Spaniards at Manila.

Breakfast With Dewey

IMMEDIATELY the news was brought to me I ordered my launch and, taking with me all the New York papers I could get hold of, I made for the battleship. Although it was just after daybreak, everybody on board was up and doing. They lowered a gangway for me and I was soon on the Olympia and inquiring after the health of the famous admiral. As a matter of fact, I was taken at once to his cabin, where I was received with every courtesy and invited to breakfast. Admiral Dewey was tremendously interested in the forthcoming yacht races, and we had a lot to talk about.

On pushing off in my launch an hour later, I was astonished to observe large numbers of the crew of the battleship lining the rails and holding in their hands packages of a nature which seemed familiar to me. At the same time they were all cheering like mad. At first I was nonplused at these packages. Then I suddenly remembered that some weeks previously the Olympia had called in at Ceylon on her way home from the Philippines and that I had cabled to my manager out there to present every man of the crew with a package of tea. These packages were now on their way home to the sailors' wives and sweethearts.

In connection with my early-morning call upon America's great naval hero, I am reminded that the Dewey Reception celebrations which took place a few days later included a magnificent spectacle in which I was privileged to play a part. This was a procession of ships of all kinds—battleships, yachts, tugboats, ferryboats; indeed, every sort of craft that floated. In this parade my Erin was given the honor of leading the port line, Mr. Pierpont Morgan's Corsair doing the same for the starboard section. We sailed slowly and majestically up the Hudson from the Battery to Grant's Tomb. Here we disembarked and took our places in the land parade by way of Riverside Drive and Fifth Avenue to Madison Square, where had been erected the great Dewey Arch of Welcome and Triumph. That was one of the most interesting days in my life.

(Continued on Page 60)

FAMILY AFFAIRS

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

THERE it is," the young man told the young lady.

"Oh!" she answered, and it was the sort of "oh" that springs upward from a heart bursting with delight.

"Nice, isn't it?"

"It's adorable! It's lovely! It's positively a darling."

She continued to say what it was, and the young man brought his motor car to a stop, leaped out and gallantly assisted the fair one to Mother Earth. He gazed at her rapturously and was extremely kind and gentle, betraying a nervous fear that she might catch herself on the gear shift and die in his arms. His name was Bruce Williams and he was frightfully in love with the girl.

Willa Newgate

She was in love with him, too, which made matters all the worse. Her name was Willa and she was lovely to behold, and ridiculously young. She was exactly twenty, nearing twenty-one, and had blue, innocent, lamblike eyes and fluffy brown hair, and when she laughed, it was like the first note of a lark in the springtime, or at least he thought so. She believed Bruce Williams was a great boy and would some day be the greatest man in the world. She believed that never was there a love since time began like the sacred flame surrounding Bruce and herself. She was serenely sure that she and heaven and Bruce formed a close corporation, which shows you she was a perfectly normal young woman.

"Come on," he said encouragingly, having transferred her from the car to the sidewalk without loss of precious human life. "Let's go in."

"Will the man let us?"

"Sure he will. He wants us to go in. Didn't he give me a key?"

The spectacle confronting them, the object of their visit, was an underslung bungalow, Spanish style, with an orange lamp in a rusty lantern over the front door, and a roof of crooked tiles; a brand-new bungalow, with a little white wall skittering off somewhere to the rear. It was a gay, foolish sort of wall, with a frivolous yellow gate, very bright and very yellow, and Arab-blue flower pots at intervals. There was likewise a dab of extremely green lawn, speckled with stepping-stones, and rambler roses beneath the windows. It was the sort of bungalow that would naturally throw two young people into squeals of joy. Bruce produced his key and they stepped inside, walking reverently.

"I ask you to look at the ducky fireplace!" Willa cried. "Was there ever such a fireplace?"

Bruce stared long and seriously, and answered that in all his twenty-three years he doubted if he'd ever seen such a fireplace. After five minutes of mute contemplation, they continued carefully through the bungalow, examining item after item. They walked around the outside, pausing to peek through the windows to note the different effects. They gazed critically upon the garage, which was a two-car affair.

"We'll never need two cars," Bruce declared. "Where would we get two cars?"

"Well, we might some day."

Bruce giggled.

"We could keep a baby carriage on one side," he suggested, and Willa blushed and commanded him to look seriously at the bungalow, which was what Bruce was doing.

"It's just too lovely for anything," Willa declared when there was nothing more to investigate, and the lovers thereupon locked the front door with great care and sat for a time upon the white wall in the sunshine.

"Here's the best part," Bruce continued. "The man who built it is foreman of the composing room—man named Sinsbaugh—and he doesn't want to live in it; so he'll sell it to me for fifty-three hundred dollars. And that's very cheap for such a swell bungalow."

"It certainly is," agreed Willa, who knew nothing whatever about it.

"I have twenty-six hundred in the savings bank, and Sinsbaugh will take five hundred down and the rest on a trust deed, to be paid off at seventy dollars a month. My salary is sixty a week now, and I have a raise coming the first of the year, so you can see we are all right."

"Of course we are. Now what about the furniture?"

"I have that figured out. It will take about two thousand dollars to furnish the house right, and we want it right. Suppose we pay five hundred down on the furniture and fifty a month on the balance?"

"It wouldn't require two thousand," Willa answered. "We might do it for eighteen hundred."

"Anyhow, we can see our way clear," Bruce said cheerily. "We won't have to borrow a cent from anybody, and we'll be very snug and happy. This is a wonderful neighborhood to live in. Look at all the nice homes around us."

Thereupon the young man tenderly placed the object of his affection back in the motor car and drove briskly away, leaving the little bungalow to bask in the afternoon sun.

You would naturally conclude, knowing these mentioned facts, that Bruce and Willa were a young married pair, about to take up housekeeping in a serious way, and you would be absolutely correct, except for one minor item. They were not married at all. They were just two young persons rapturously in love, furiously in love, hopelessly so, and desperately intent upon immediate marriage and the bungalow of Mr. Sinsbaugh, who toiled in the composing room of the Star, which was Bruce's newspaper.

Bruce was the cartoonist, sixty a week and a blazing bright future. True, he was not the head cartoonist of the Star, but what would you? The head cartoonist was Gallagher, who every day worked up a striking pictorial thought for Page 1 and was easily an old man of forty or forty-two. Gallagher was paid a huge weekly retainer, just as Bruce would be later on, when he became head cartoonist—a thing likely to happen any time at all, seeing that Gallagher had chronic rheumatism or some other old man's disease.

Meantime, to earn his sixty, Bruce made little cartoons for the sporting page, picturing the local baseball team as a bear or a tiger devouring the ball club of some other city, depicted as a smaller animal. He worked up action pictures of prominent prize fighters, wrestlers, and golfers hitting the ball, and everyone said his stuff was first-rate. In addition to his regular cartooning, he performed odd jobs around the Star office, and if an advertiser wished a new picture of a sugar bowl or a radio, Bruce dashed it off in no time at all. Some days, when Gallagher was ill with his rheumatism, Bruce did the first-page cartoon, with his name down in the corner in neat letters, and in summertime, when Gallagher was on a vacation, Bruce had the front page to himself for two solid weeks.

It was exactly four o'clock when the elderly motor car hauled up in front of Willa's home, by which time they had decided to be married on a Sunday, to have a solid-blue-and-white Chinese rug in the living room, and to put twenty a week into the savings bank each and every Saturday.

"Now," said the bright-eyed Willa after Bruce had helped her down—a service she required the same as a humming bird needs aid to alight upon a rose—"you come over at seven o'clock, and don't be late."

"What makes you think I'll be late?"

"You always are a little late."

"I won't be tonight," he replied in a firm voice.

"Father has dinner at half-past six, and at seven he always sits down in his big red chair by the living-room fire and lights a cigar. That's the time, Bruce. When he sits down tonight, you be there."

"I certainly shall," he replied with intense earnestness, gazing at Willa's home, which was easily four times as large as the contemplated love nest of Mr. Sinsbaugh. "I'll be here early."

They parted in obvious distress, thinking of the three hours that must flee into eternity without their being together. Bruce rushed off to the Star office to make a quick diagram of a hotel shooting, showing precisely how the lady shot the gentleman, snatch a bite of supper at the Bad Egg, across the street from the Star, and return to Willa's house, all of which he accomplished. In the large, comfortable home of the Newgates, Willa was already prowling about the living room, feigning to study the motion-picture-theater advertisements of the evening, and Mr. Perry Newgate was clipping the nose off a black, bulbous cigar. The log fire blazed merrily. The door bell rang, Willa sped rapidly, and Mr. Williams appeared. With a careless gesture, he tossed his hat upon the davenport, and spoke:

"Good evening, Mr. Newgate."

"Hello," said the father, snipping a larger snip from the cigar to make it draw better. Across his knees was the evening Star, with a detailed account of the golf tournament at Vine Hills Country Club, which was Mr. Newgate's home course. His own name was prominently mentioned in the article, and in a few moments he meant to digest the report and see if they had given him credit for the snappy 79 that had placed him among the tournament leaders.

"Nice weather," Bruce remarked, sitting down in the red stuffed chair at the east end of the room. Mr. Newgate saw no reason for replying to this meteorological observation, and picked up the paper, shaking it gently with the manner of a man who means to read a newspaper in peace directly and hopes his intentions are generally understood. Willa sat herself down upon a footstool at the extreme west end of the room, feeling vaguely it would be better if she placed enormous distance between herself and Bruce for the next little while.

"Nice weather for golf," Bruce persisted, hoping to strike a conversational spark, and the father of the wonder girl replied without opening his mouth—the result being a formless throat noise indicative of deep unconcern. Willa fidgeted in her far west corner, wrinkled her nose dramatically at Bruce and made gestures, the import of which was that Bruce cease being chatty and get at it.

"Bruce has a lovely cartoon in the paper, daddy," she cried. "It's on Page 10 and it's about that champion lady swimmer."

"You two going to the movies?" the parent inquired, dimly conscious that the noises of the evening were bothersome.

"Pretty soon we are."

"Nice picture at the Gem. You'll be late for the first show."

"Yes, daddy, but Bruce wishes to speak to you."

Perry Newgate squinted in surprise over the rim of his paper, wondering why any of Bruce's conversation should need introduction. At the east end, the young man rapidly swallowed his Adam's apple, retrieved it and swallowed it again with greater vehemence. He arose and strode forward into the friendly light of the fireside.

"It's just this, Mr. Newgate," he said shakily, but with determination: "Willa and I want to be married."

Mr. Newgate, who had iron-gray hair and a golf tan, immediately put down the newspaper and looked stern.

"When?"

"Right away. We've got the bungalow and everything's set."

"You can't do it. It's ridiculous."

Willa now arose, came forward and joined her man in the front trenches.

"Why is it ridiculous?" Bruce asked politely. "I've got twenty-six hundred in the bank. I get sixty a week, and we're in love with each other. Is there somebody else you want Willa to marry, Mr. Newgate?"

"I don't want Willa to marry anybody," the father said, tossing the Star to the rug and faintly raising his voice. "You're both too young. Willa's a mere baby of twenty ——"

"Twenty-one, father."

"You're twenty," he roared. "I know how old you are. And you're not going to take on a lot of trouble at your age if I can prevent it. As for you, Bruce, you're a nice boy and I like you. But you can't marry Willa—not now."

"When?" Bruce inquired.

"Oh, a long, long time from now."

"How long?"

"How do I know how long? Years and years. You see, Bruce, I like Willa as much as you do. I've known her a long time—longer than you have—and it seems nice to have her around the house."

"You couldn't like her as much as I do, Mr. Newgate," the youth responded gravely. "You just think you do. Why, we picked out the bungalow today."

"And you can put it right back again, for you are not going to be married. And as I would like to read the evening paper, I wish you'd go along down to the movies."

"Yes, but you still haven't said when. Years and years don't mean anything. We can't wait years and years."

Perry Newgate lighted his large cigar all over again, drew in a long breath, half sigh and half grunt, and glared

(Continued on Page 43)

CHASSIS LUBRICATION AS AUTOMATIC AS YOUR SPEEDOMETER

THE ideal toward which great engineers work is not only for mechanical perfection, but the automatic maintenance of such perfection. Every great mechanical advance in motor car construction has led us toward a freer enjoyment of motor car convenience.

You will be enjoying, before long, another great betterment in automobile performance and automatic maintenance — Alemite Automatic Chassis Lubrication. For leading automotive designers will incorporate this system in their cars as a natural part of their endless research to provide you with finer transportation.

Lubrication According to Road Surface and Speed

Alemite Automatic Chassis Lubrication lubricates each vital bearing of a car's chassis according to its particular need for lubrication. Rough roads demand more lubrication. Alemite Automatic provides more on rough roads. High speeds demand more lubrication. Alemite Automatic provides more at high speeds.

These chassis bearings, of course, need lubrication only when the car is in motion. Alemite Automatic Lubrication provides lubrication only when the car is actually being driven. It stops when the car stops.

No Waste — Neither Dryness Nor Overflow

So ingeniously is the Alemite Automatic Chassis Lubrication System designed that each chassis bearing receives only the amount of oil it needs at any given speed or ruggedness of road. There can be no alternate periods of dryness or overflow.

*Note the copper lubrication lines that lead from the supply tank to the vital points of chassis lubrication, as indicated in red on the motor car shown above. The correct amount of pressure is automatically developed in the tank mechanism itself, insuring at all times and under all conditions the exact amount of lubrication necessary to maintain the fullest operating efficiency.

Every drop of Alemite Special Chassis Oil is utilized — none wasted. The regulation of oil flow is entirely automatic. The supply of fresh oil is accurately measured out for every driving condition without thought or effort on the part of the driver.

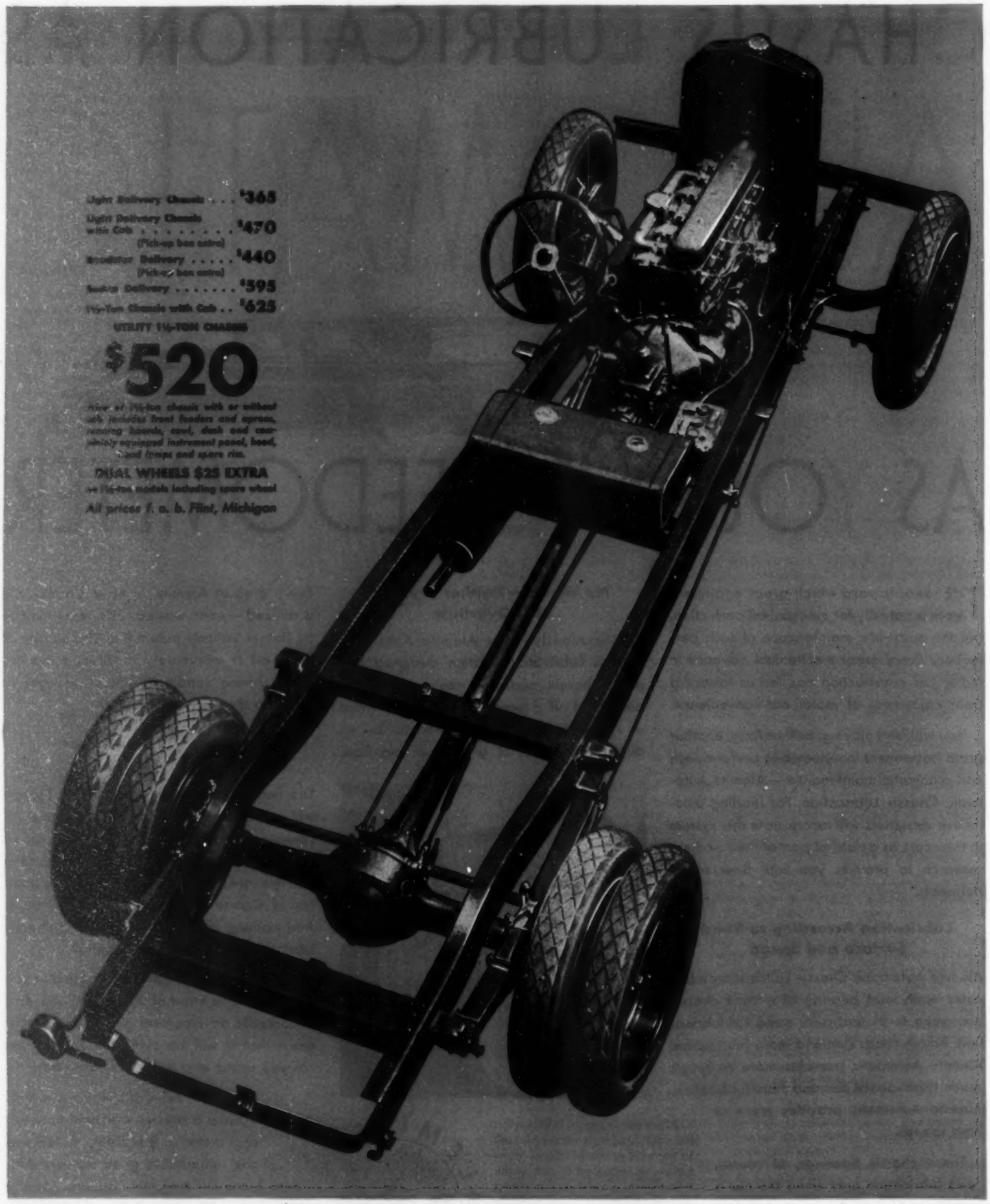
Once Every 2000 Miles — Only This

The heart of the Alemite Automatic System will be out of the way, under your dash. It consists of a small glass tank, in the top of which is the automatic control mechanism. Into this tank, once every 2000 miles, a small can of Alemite Special Chassis Oil is poured. And nothing more to think about in chassis lubrication for another 2000 miles!

It is Alemite Corporation's thought that you will be glad to know of this newest and most remarkable development in chassis lubrication — that it will be available on the new car you select at a not far distant date.

Good news of finer car performance is always welcome to every real motorist. It is solely to tell you of the remarkable good news of Alemite Automatic that this appears. Alemite Corporation (Division of Stewart-Warner), 2668-a N. Crawford Ave., Chicago. Canadian address, Stewart-Warner-Alemite Corp., of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ont.

ALEMITE PRODUCTS


Light Delivery Chassis . . . $365
Light Delivery Chassis with Cab $470
(Pick-up box extra)
Roadster Delivery $440
(Pick-up box extra)
Sedan Delivery $595
1½-Ton Chassis with Cab . . $625
UTILITY 1½-TON CHASSIS
$520
Price of 1½-ton chassis with or without cab includes front fenders and aprons, running boards, cowl, dash and completely equipped instrument panel, hood, hood irons and spare rim.
DUAL WHEELS $25 EXTRA
on 1½-ton models including spare wheel
All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan
CHEVROLET

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

A NEW 6-CYLINDER CHEVROLET TRUCK

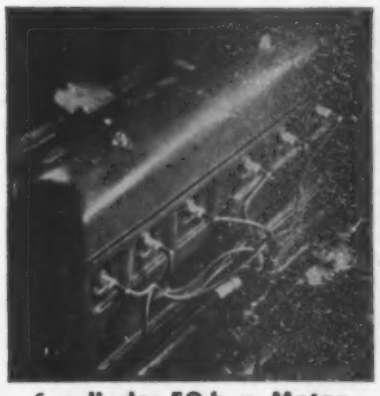
WITH DUAL WHEELS

■

A new six-cylinder 1½-ton Chevrolet truck—with dual wheels—is now available at Chevrolet dealers everywhere. It is big and powerful, rugged and dependable. It offers many new features of outstanding value to the modern truck user. And no other truck of equal capacity costs less to operate and maintain. Your nearest Chevrolet dealer will gladly give you a trial load demonstration—any time.

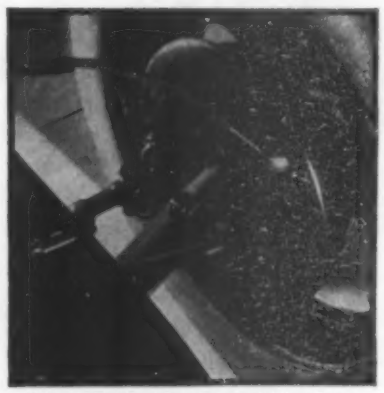
■

New Dual Wheels



6-cylinder 50 h. p. Motor

New Rugged Rear Axle



New Fully Enclosed Brakes

IMPORTANT FEATURES OF THE NEW CHEVROLET TRUCK

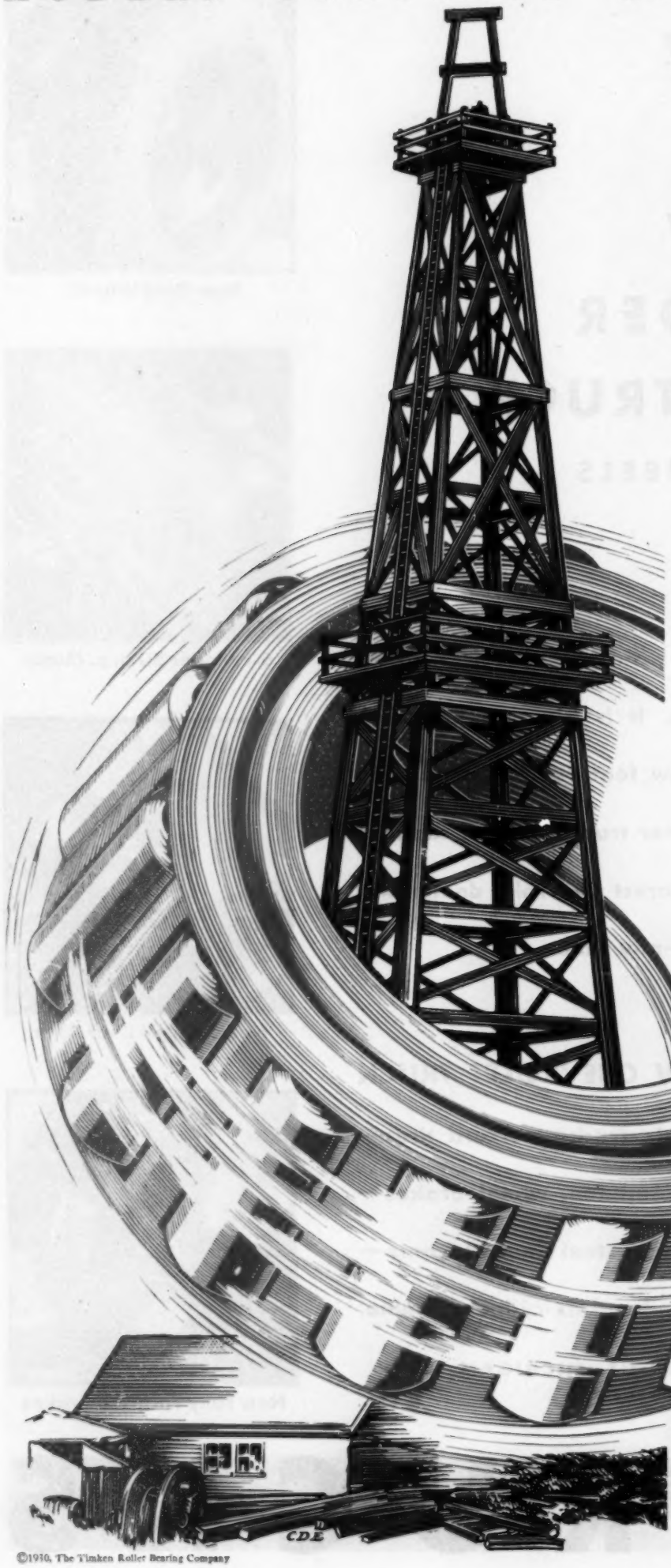
Dual wheels at slight additional cost, with six truck-type cord tires—bigger, heavier rear axle—completely enclosed four-wheel brakes—new heavy-duty truck-type clutch—new, stronger steel channel frame—4-speed transmission—50-horsepower valve-in-head six-cylinder engine.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

SIX-CYLINDER TRUCKS

MODERN INDUSTRY ROLLS ON TIMKENS



Tapping the depths of the earth, lending a hand in pipe laying machinery, traveling billions of miles by train and truck, preserving the alignment in fast flying lathe spindles, everywhere on the face of the earth where machinery is in motion, Timkens are revolutionizing old standards of production and production costs.

The oil industry is just one example of Timken superiority. In the oil fields where men and equipment are *punished* with 24 hour service week after week and month after month, there are more Timken Bearings in use than all other makes and types of anti-friction bearings combined. The reason —the extra endurance and the thrust-radial load capacity made possible *only* by the exclusive Timken combination of Timken tapered construction, Timken positively aligned rolls and Timken-made steel.

The Timken Roller Bearing Company, Canton, Ohio.

Tapered Roller
TIMKEN BEARING
EQUIPPED

©1930, The Timken Roller Bearing Company

(Continued from Page 38)

steadily at the belligerent duo before him. Willa had taken Bruce's arm and was plainly on his side.

"You'll have to be more definite, father," she said calmly. "We are not a couple of children to be lightly put off and chased from the room by the parent."

"That's exactly what you are—a couple of babies, hunting for trouble of a kind you know nothing about. But I'll be definite. I shall be extremely definite, Mr. Williams. You can marry Willa the day you beat me playing golf."

Bruce had been toying nervously with a cigar lighter prior to this astounding offer, and the instrument fell from his fingers and rolled beneath a plush chair.

"Mr. Newgate," he said, coming up from the floor, "that isn't fair. That is not being definite. I don't play golf."

"I know you don't."

"I never desire to play golf."

"You'd be healthier if you did."

"I never had a golf club in my hand."

"So much the better."

"And you are a first-class player."

"I certainly am. Look in tonight's paper and you will see where I shot a sweet 79 in the tournament."

"It's out of the question. A man who doesn't play golf could never beat a man who shoots 79's and who has been at it for years."

"Not unless he has determination, like Abraham Lincoln and George Washington. Not unless he loves the girl enough to tackle anything. What sort of love is it that falls over dead at the first obstacle? Anyhow, you ought to learn how to play golf. Might do your cartoons some good, and any time you want to play me in the next ten years, I'll play you. All you have to do is challenge me, and the day your score is better than mine, Willa can marry you."

Willa's eyes were now filled with unwept tears and she clung tightly to her hero, looking up at him and trying to be brave. Bruce patted her hand.

"And now, if you please, will you kindly go on down to the movies?" Mr. Newgate asked. "There is no more to be said. We understand each other."

Bruce picked up his hat without a word, Willa disappeared gloomily for her wraps, and Mr. Newgate turned decisively to his newspaper. While he lingered at the door the cartoonist thought of several good arguments he had totally forgotten, but it seemed too late; so he stood in dismal silence, waiting for his unhappy wife-to-be, who would be a doddering, aged person before the wedding bells clanged. They passed sulkily out of the large house, scarcely saying good night to the cruel monster in his red chair by the fire. This snub the monster failed to notice, for he was already deep in the tournament and annoyed to see that the newspaper had given Henry Kent a 78, when everyone knew Henry had a woozy 88.

In the secondhand automobile, the saddened ones discussed life and how full it seems to be of failure, disaster and woe.

"If he doesn't change his mind," Willa declared, "we'll never be married. And someone else will have the lovely bungalow."

"I don't know about that," Bruce answered. "He isn't the first father that ever said no. And stop crying. That doesn't do any good."

"You could never beat him. He's a terribly good golfer and he's been playing since I was a baby."

Bruce admitted that it had the look of a hard job. Willa mourned all the way down to the Gem, where there was a zippy Western talkie in full blast. Bruce drove in grim silence, but at the theater his manner was more cheerful.

"Listen, Willa," he said as he purchased two tickets, "we are not yet licked. We may not have to wait all these thousands of years. You leave it to me and let's see what happens."

"Last aisle to your left," the theater man directed, and the sad young lovers wandered in to behold the manifold miseries of other sad young lovers on a Western ranch.

Now in all the countryside there is scarcely to be found a more serious, a more somber, a more exclusive, prosperous and generally snooty country club than Vine Hills, which was the main interest in the life affairs of Mr. Perry Newgate. Almost any evening in the week you can see persons dining in evening clothes. Vine Hills is a golf club where rich men sport and every appointment is serenely perfect. They even have Turkish rugs in the locker room, if you can imagine such a thing, with scores of men walking about in spiked shoes and tearing the gizzards out of rugs from Smyrna and elsewhere.

The waiters are clad in spotless white uniforms, and the manager of the club wears a beard and looks like a grand duke. No one ever raises his voice in bawdy argument or calls another golfer harsh names, a custom almost universal in ordinary clubs. The tables are of solid mahogany, and roast chicken is served from the buffet virtually every day in the year. There is no use trying for membership in Vine Hills. The waiting list is a mile long and never diminishes, and if you are invited to play with a member your social status is instantly improved.

There are no poor golfers at Vine Hills, and none who take the game lightly. Matches are arranged in quiet conversations, much like the low-toned conferences where business men order three dozen locomotives. The members have played together for years, and if you were apprised of the sums of money that change hands upon an ordinary golf afternoon, you would be astounded.

At eight o'clock on the morning following his ukase on the subject of matrimony in the home, Perry Newgate stood upon the practice green at Vine Hills and tapped ball after ball toward the waiting cup. His putting had been foggy for some days and he was striving to get back to form, for this was Labor Day at Vine Hills, as elsewhere in America, and Labor Day always means two rounds for the golfer—morning and afternoon. It was Mr. Newgate's determination to putt better than he had recently been putting.

George Rotan of Rotan, Rotan and Weeks, investment bankers, called from the club veranda: "Where's Doc?"

"He'll be here soon," Perry replied, spearing a long putt. "He telephoned me this morning."

"All right. Higbee's here"—and Mr. Rotan disappeared. Thus was made certain the day's foursome, a veteran combination, wherein Perry Newgate and Banker Rotan played Messrs. Higbee and Doctor Dawson, the ear specialist. Perry continued to putt with grave concentration, but presently he joined the members of Vine Hills, who were preparing for a heavy day in the field.

Doctor Dawson hurried in shortly before nine o'clock, and while he dressed beside his locker the other three gathered and discussed terms for the day. These were of a fiscal character and required some going over, for Newgate and Rotan announced they would demand one up, and would get it if they were dealing with fair-minded men.

"You'll play us even," Doctor Dawson proclaimed—the doctor being one who rarely loses any wagers on the first tee. There was argument, the matter being finally adjusted to the contentment of all four, and they clanked through the locker room, their spikes taking toll, clanked down the stone steps toward the caddy house, and observed that many gentlemen were playing golf this lovely Labor Day morning. The caddy master informed them respectfully that they could start off within fifteen minutes, and as Perry lingered to examine what appeared to be a slight crack in the shaft of his spoon, a pair of white trousers came to a halt and Bruce Williams stood before the father of Willa.

"Good morning, Mr. Newgate," Bruce said politely.

Perry stared at the white trousers, feeling certain they meant something, for he had never before seen Bruce in white trousers.

"What are you doing over here?" he asked uneasily.

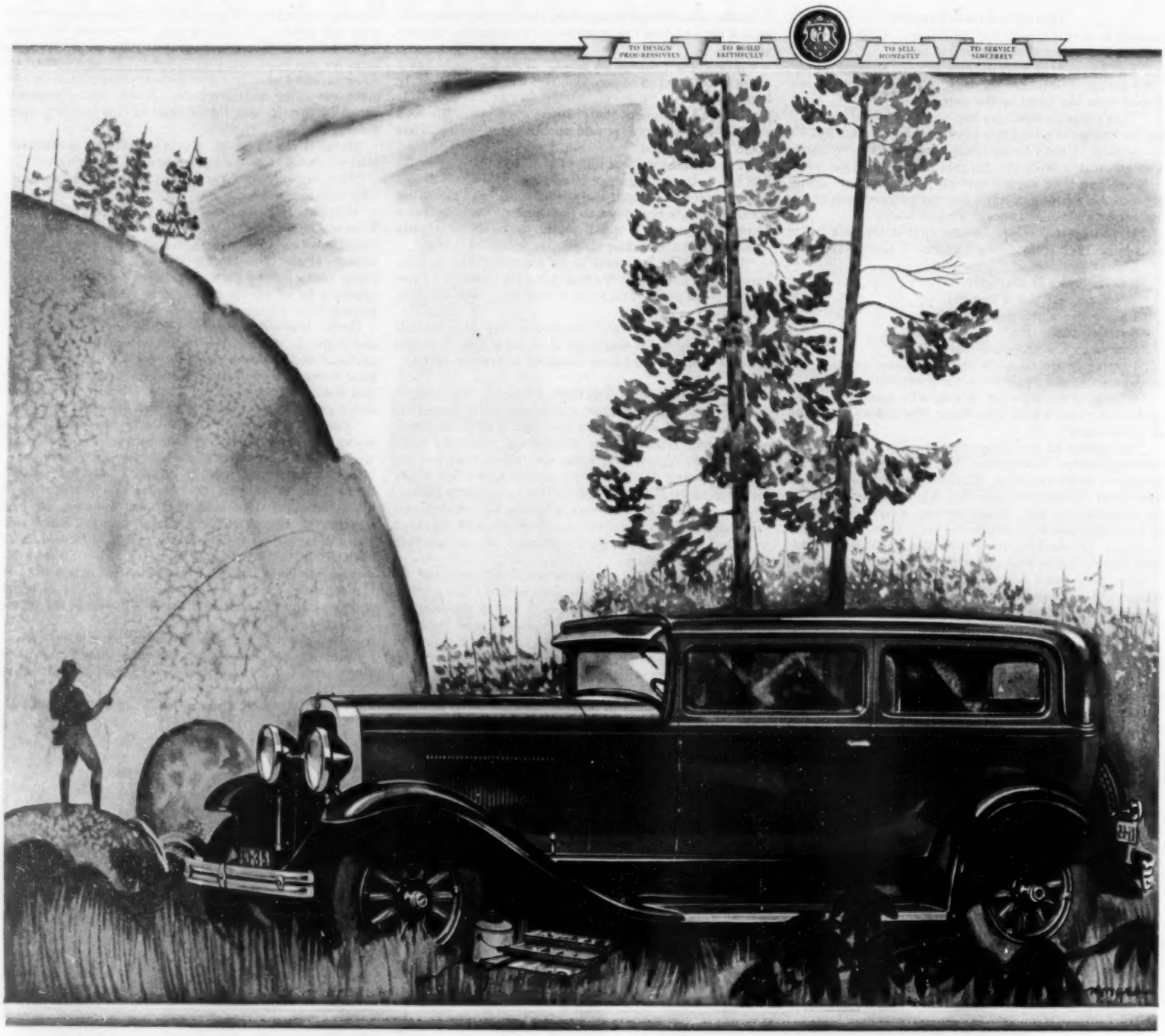
"I'm ready."

"For what?"

"To play you."

(Continued on Page 45)

"You're Twenty," He Roared. "I Know How Old You Are. And You're Not Going to Take on a Lot of Trouble at Your Age if I Can Prevent It"



UP TO THE MINUTE IN EVERY RESPECT

When you hear Oldsmobile owners talking about the thorough satisfaction Oldsmobile delivers day after day, you will also learn many reasons why this is true.

You will hear about Oldsmobile's smart style and brilliant performance—its restful comfort and ease of control. You will hear enthusiastic approval of the many specific features of comfort, convenience, and dependability which Oldsmobile provides . . . its staunch and powerful engine—its fine, dependable chassis—its easy-acting clutch, steering, and gear-shift—its smooth, internal-expanding, four-wheel brakes.

You will hear, too, a full measure of praise for Oldsmobile's beautiful *Body by Fisher*—with its generous head room and leg room . . . its deep, restful seat-cushions . . . and its many unusual features, such as the adjustable front seat and steering wheel and the VV non-glare windshield.

It is natural that owners should express enthusiasm for these things—as you will agree when you examine and drive the car yourself. For the more thoroughly you test Oldsmobile, and the more carefully you compare it with other cars, the more surely you will be convinced that Oldsmobile is not only a fine all-round performer, but that it is a truly modern motor car, up to the minute in every respect.

OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 43)

Mr. Newgate shoved his spoon carefully into his bag and handed it to his caddy.

"Today?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes, indeed. I can't afford to waste time about this. I have to play you, don't I, to find out how much better you are than I am?"

"To be sure, but you can't play me today, Bruce. Today is Labor Day. Look around you."

"Sure, it's Labor Day, a holiday, and so, being off duty, I have this fine opportunity to play you. This is a very serious matter with me, Mr. Newgate, and I wish to get right at it. You put up a pretty stiff proposition last night, and I'm going to try to make good."

"Yes, but some other day."

"Listen, Mr. Newgate; an agreement is an agreement, especially concerning such a vital matter. You said you'd play me any time I challenged you, and you certainly are a man who keeps his word."

"Come on, Perry," a voice interrupted, the same being the voice of Doctor Dawson. "We're up in a few minutes."

Mr. Newgate glanced unhappily about him, and Banker Rotan approached.

"George," said the father who opposed marriage, "I'll have to make a little change. This is Mr. Williams, a friend of the family. I shall have to take him this morning, instead of you. Hope you won't mind too much, George."

"You mean you're dropping me out of the foursome and breaking up our match?" the banker asked, in stony disbelief that such a thing could be in this world.

"Have to take young Bruce along with me," Perry answered. "Forgot all about him. You can get another game this morning, George. Very sorry, George."

"Well, I must say this is extraordinary," Mr. Rotan commented, and if glances could shatter rising young cartoonists, Bruce Williams would have died on Labor Day. Mr. Rotan walked off, making murky sounds, and informed Judge Higbee and Doctor Dawson that Perry had begun to drag his family affairs into his golf, which is always the beginning of the end.

"Who is he?" Doctor Dawson demanded.

"Perry's daughter's young man," the banker snorted. "I'm out and the kid is in."

"Unusual," said the doctor. "Very unusual. Perry never did anything like that before."

The potential father-in-law of a cartoonist scowled but preserved his thin veneer of civility.

"Where are your clubs?" he asked. "I'll get you a caddy."

"I have no clubs," said Bruce. "First time I ever set foot on a golf course."

"Going to play me with your naked hands, are you? Walk over here and I'll have Joe throw a set together."

There being nothing else to do, Messrs. Higbee and Dawson joined Perry and were gloomily introduced to the young contender. News began to seep through the golfing assemblage that a family pest had turned up, and this was later supplemented by the additional rumor that the pest had no clubs of his own, couldn't play golf and was making his first appearance as an athlete. Vine Hills said it was not only odd but incomprehensible, considering the sort of meticulous golfer Perry Newgate was.

With three irons belonging to his host of the day, several others from the idle bag of Alan Wales, the importer, a brassie from this, a driver from that, and so on down the line, the caddy master tossed together a mess of golfing tools and handed an old bag to Mr. Williams, who bowed politely. All his bets canceled and his morning destroyed, Perry led his remade foursome toward Number 1 Tee, and with quick, businesslike accuracy, Higbee, Newgate and Doctor Dawson drove off, sending their perfect shots down the center. Perry explained that this was the fulfillment of a promise made concerning serious matters, and Dawson pretended to understand.

But in the main, Vine Hills did not comprehend that a gallant youth was up there striving for the hand of a lady fair. All the members could observe was a pair of soiled tennis or boating pants, containing a slim, serious-faced lad, who took four slashes at his starting shot before even budging the ball. The starting tee at Vine Hills is a delightful spot, pretty and smooth and lovely, the grass being mowed, clipped and patted down neatly. Bruce changed all that. Passing onward, he left behind him scallops, hollows and dents in which one could bury the shin bone of a zebra, and the golfers stood aghast.

"His name is Attila," remarked Mr. Wickersham, who was waiting to drive off.

"Why Attila?"

"Because," said Mr. Wickersham, "wherever he passes, the grass never grows again."

In due time the foursome played out the first hole and Bruce came forward eagerly, carrying a score card.

"How do you do it?"

"How do you do what?"

"Keep score?"

"Sweet heavens, don't you know how to keep score?"

Bruce replied that every part of the enterprise was new to him.

"You put down five for me, and eighteen for you, which shows I beat you on the first hole. You can see that, can't you?"

"Yes, sir," Bruce replied amiably.

On Hole Number 2 the lad immediately lost his ball, and the three elders paused, leaned upon their clubs and surveyed the world murkily.

A foursome went through.

Judge Higbee, who was slightly hard of hearing and who had been watching Bruce with incredulous consternation, took Doctor Dawson aside under a tree.

"Who did he say this is?" the judge asked, with a deaf man's reticence, pointing with his mashie.

"Young fellow wants to marry Perry's daughter."

"Yes, but why is he out here?"

The physician answered that the whole thing was beyond him, and together they watched Bruce while he took twenty-three strokes, counting swishes.

"It's quite a difficult game, isn't it?" he asked amiably, directing his conversation at the medical gentleman; but the latter made no reply. He looked coldly at Bruce; and said to himself that he might have to play golf with such a young fellow, but he certainly did not have to be chatty.

Another foursome went through.

"I can easily see," Bruce told his host, "where a person might get to like this game. There's more to it than you think, isn't there?"

He threshed about vigorously, mowing down the tender grasses, but not disturbing his ball, and as the morning wore along he became steadily more articulate. He required from fifteen to twenty-five strokes on each hole, and he counted them all—counted them scrupulously and in a loud voice. He disappeared into sand traps, which, at Vine Hills, are deep and smooth, with fine, white sand especially imported from Pebble Beach, and when he emerged into sight again, he left each bunker a slough of despond, as if a herd of buffaloes had stampeded therein.

Whenever he swung, three Vine Hills members winced, for the earth flew hither and yon, and behind Bruce there sprang up a trail of irregular depressions in the fair face of Nature, holes which following foursomes discovered and surveyed with words of impotent blasphemy.

In the picturesque brown river bed, now nothing but sand and rocks, Mr. Williams cracked up two expensive midirons belonging to Alan Wales, who was out of the city and would also be out of his mind later on when he looked into his own bag. Perry moved forward in grim silence, suffering from the calamity he had created. He steadily avoided Higbee and Dawson, who followed him with an evident desire to take him to one side and talk. He likewise ignored Bruce, whose optimism did not abate with repeated failure. Knowing little of the fine-spun etiquette, he unwittingly offended.

"Mr. Williams," said Dawson, missing a short putt on 7 green, "one of the rules of this game is perfect silence. A man cannot putt if there is talking."

"Oh," said Bruce, "I'm sorry."

He was sorry, but being young and eager and having a mind full of Willa and her father and his golf, he speedily forgot, and two holes later the doctor swung a lusty blow at a tee shot. As he did so, Bruce inquired of Perry why it is they call a birdie a birdie. Dawson drove out of bounds, high over the humble cottage of Mrs. Hodge, who lives near Number 9 and helps in the club kitchen. This time the doctor said nothing, but on the green he picked up his ball.

"I'm through," he announced.

"What?" Bruce asked.

"I'm going to quit."

"You're going to stop playing?" the lad inquired.

"That is what I am going to do. I am now walking to the clubhouse."

"Anything the matter?" Bruce asked.

"I feel sick," the doctor told him. "I don't feel well at all, and I am rapidly getting worse."

"That's too bad," Bruce said. "I'm sorry you're sick."

"I am too," Dawson stated. "And if I keep on playing I'm likely to die."

With a malevolent glare at Perry, the departing athlete moved in toward the clubhouse. Judge Higbee continued to play, for the judge is the sort who would finish if his entire family died beside him on the seventh fairway. Bruce completed the first nine holes with a score of one hundred and seven, which is the all-time record at Vine Hills.

Three men moved forward to the second nine, during which Bruce lost ball after ball. The caddies sniggered. Higbee talked to himself, and Willa's father sank deeper and deeper into the disgrace he had brought upon his beloved golf club.

"Of course," Bruce said to Judge Higbee toward the close of the affair, "I'm pretty poor at it, as I would naturally be, not knowing anything of the game. I'm very sorry to have delayed you, Mr. Higbee."

"That's all right, my boy," answered the judge, who deals constantly with reprehensible persons. "Don't apologize. You're doing very nicely for a beginner."

It was after midday when the threesome, consisting of two golfers and a cartoonist, finished up. Mr. Williams' score card indicated that he had stroked 198 times, counting false starts, whiffs and broken clubs, and that Perry Newgate, despite the painful circumstances, had come over the route with a respectable 84. Bruce and his elders paused briefly beside the eighteenth green, and they shook hands with him, smiled and even wished him well in future.

"Thanks," he murmured. "Now I know definitely what I can do, and what I have to do. I am 114 strokes worse than you are, Mr. Newgate. That is a long way to go."

"You did well enough, Bruce," the father announced. "And I'm glad you came out. Now I've got to hurry along. If I were you I'd see a good professional and take half a dozen lessons to start off."

(Continued on Page 56)

DRAWN BY MARGE

"Oh, I Think it's Simply Marvelous, Mr. Smith, the Way Bozo's Taken Such a Liking to You!"

PONTIAC BIG SIX

The 2-Door Sedan • Body by Fisher

Product of General Motors

$665 AND UP

Dependability—a basic quality in every feature of Pontiac design

EVEN if you know the Pontiac Big Six just casually, you know it offers performance, safety and style far in advance of what you ordinarily expect at Pontiac's low price. But when you know the car better, you will realize that, in addition, Pontiac provides unusual dependability in every feature of its design. . . . The power plant, for instance, has the largest piston displacement in any six of Pontiac's price. As a result, it develops maximum power and top road speed at the moderate engine speed which assures dependability. . . . Throughout the car, dependability is a basic quality. The clutch, transmission, rear axle and frame are all exceptionally sturdy. The brakes are large, powerful, fully protected. And Pontiac's composite wood-and-steel bodies by Fisher are the most durable type known to the industry. . . . Pontiac's thorough dependability saves you time and expense. And it adds thousands of miles to the life of the car, which means a saving when you decide to trade. Briefly, it means that you get far more value for the price you pay when you choose the Pontiac Big Six.

Seven body types. Prices f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan, plus delivery charges. For an interesting booklet illustrating and describing the design of the Pontiac Big Six, write to the Oakland Motor Car Co.

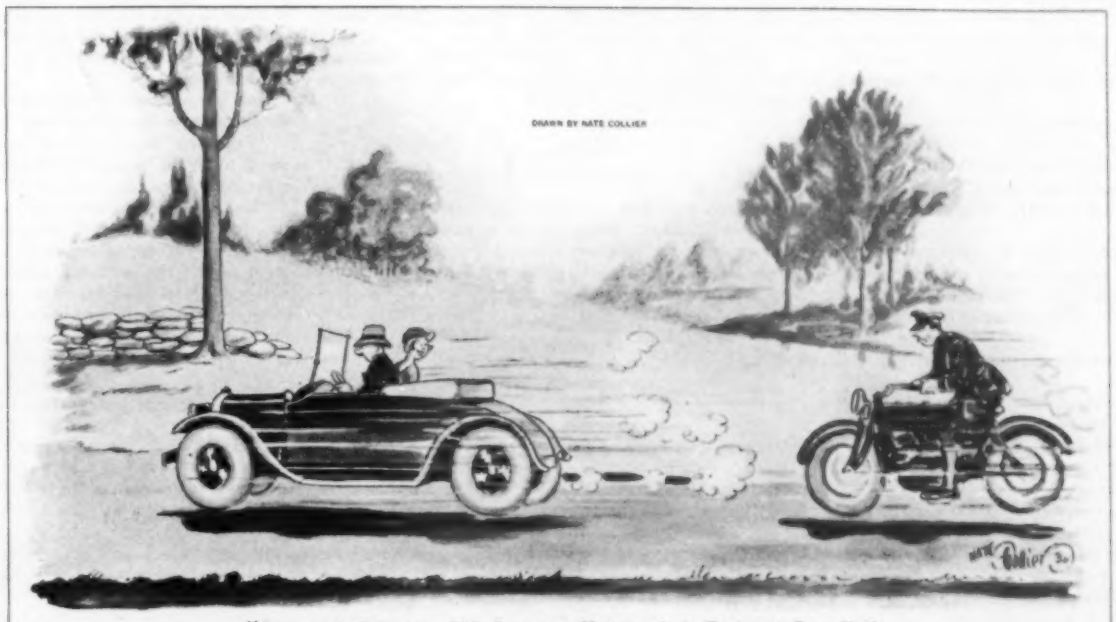
A Famous Name . . . A Finer Car

RUBBER TRAMPS

By ED. FERRY and GUY WILLIAMS

YOU can find them in an auto camp along the Boston Post Road, sleeping in their car on Pike's Peak, or sprawled under it on the edge of the Salton Sea. They may have just come in from Paw Paw, Michigan, or Walla Walla, Washington; but the chances are that dawn will see them packed and ready for the road, for a true rubber tramp hates to tarry as long as there is an odor of gas in the tank or a shred of rubber on the rims.

They have as little in common with the de luxe motor traveler who spends every night in a hotel as a boy scout has with a gypsy.



"Step on it, George, a Silly Cop on a Motorcycle is Trying to Pass Us"

They are gypsies—modern gypsies—expatriates of home towns and home ties. They may be in a 1915 Whatnot, a one-ton truck or a two-thousand-dollar sedan, but their spirit is the same. They are not merely on a trip; they are on the tramp.

Their motto is Keep Moving; their objective, More Mileage; their means of transportation and livelihood many, varied and oftentimes mysterious. And the worn-out tire casings, rusted bodies and broken-down engines of their mounts, scattered along the highways, byways and in back of remote service stations

". . . from Frisco Bay to the rock-bound coast of Maine,
From Canada to Mexico and halfway back again,"

testify, as did the bleached skulls and broken wagon wheels of the pioneers, to their struggles and the extent of their perambulations.

They come from all walks of life, this floating population on rubber. They defy the census taker and the home builder—unless he be a builder of auto-camp bungalows. They have cut loose from the apron strings of a static existence to wander over the concrete and graveled network that cobwebs the greater part of North America.

They are the offspring of Cheap Transportation and Good Roads, lured on by the mesmerism of motion, the call of hidden horizons, greener pastures, cheaper gasoline, bigger and better scenery and the great universal desire to "get away from it all." They have signpost fever, road rabies, the eternal fidgets.

While their range, as we have suggested, is limited only by continental barriers, the Gulf States and the Pacific Coast are their Mecca.

Setting Out from Here to There

BUT it is next to impossible to get an accurate estimate of their number. A survey of state registrations of out-of-state cars would not be comprehensive, because not all states require this formality of their transient motorists; in those states that do require it, over half these transients escape the check, and not all the motorists are dyed-in-the-wool rubber tramps. A look at auto-camp registries would be inconclusive for the same reasons, and also because many rubber tramps carry their own camping outfits. Travelers'-aid bureaus do not list them, nor do automobile clubs.

But we feel safe in venturing the assertion that of the twenty-five million or more automobile owners in these United States there is a vast and growing army whose only address is the license plates of their cars.

Two predominant characteristics of a rubber tramp, aside from his or her overpowering restlessness, are persistence and ingenuity.

There are cases on record of rubber tramps traveling distances of thirty or forty miles on three wheels after propping up the injured member with a lashed pole. Some, after losing their battery or having it go dead on them, have defied the laws of ignition by hooking their battery cable to the generator. There are any number who have bummed their way from town to town by pulling alongside the road and borrowing enough gas to get them to the next service station.

Then there is that famous patron saint of all rubber tramps—probably a legendary figure—who traveled from New York to Los Angeles in a motorless chassis by begging tows.

But the ordinary rubber tramps stoop to no such subterfuge. They set out from here to there, and they'll make it in spite of hell and high water, in spite of clogged gas lines, cracked plugs, sticking valves, jimmied distributor gears, burned-out bearings, broken crank shafts and all the other ills their gas wagons are heir to.

They often pretend to be searching for a home; they talk longingly of places they have been; they usually profess a craving for domesticity; but the road has them as the sea had Chris Christoferson. They are a people obsessed, and carefree vagabonds. Children, though seldom actually born there, do have their being in the cluttered tonneaus; the back seats are their schoolrooms and their playgrounds.

But to understand rubber tramps as a class, we must see them as individuals; and to do that best we must join in their hegiras.

"Listen to that motor! Sounds like a Hispany-Franchinny, don't it? You could drive this job to Europe if they was a bridge across!"

We voiced the opinion that if Old Saggy got us out of town we'd be defying the laws of gravitation.

"Step in an' drive 'er round the block!" invited the dispenser of secondhand motor merchandise.

We pressed the starter and shuddered. Old Saggy's cylinders finally settled into some semblance of firing order. She took the hills with only a faint hint of bronchitis in her pipes; and the pounding of her con rods was drowned out by our cheers as she reached the crest under her own power. Coming downhill the brakes acted a little bored, the front wheels got into a disagreement, the fenders became air-minded and the body and top were not in accord.

"But she agitates!"

"You and me both!"

When we pulled up in front of the used-car lot, the proprietor was at the curb, perturbation on his face, sweat on his upper lip and a stop watch in his hand.

"I thought somepin'd happened to you guys, you was so long," he tactfully explained. But in the next breath he was his old loyal self again. "She's a give-away for sixty bucks, ain't she?"

Though we didn't share the full measure of his enthusiasm, we parted with the stipulated sum; and after bolstering up the spirits and the body of Old Saggy with wrench, grease and hay wire, we drove hopefully if a bit skeptically away in the bright but uncertain sunshine of a March morning.

With the winds of chance for our pilot and the meandering mass of machinery that was Old Saggy for our power, we emerged from the hinterland and swooped down on a little clump of wind-blown pines on a sandy stretch of beach bordering the Pacific Ocean, somewhere south of Santa Barbara, our eyes peeled for the quarry.

Ernie was patching an inner tube as we pulled into the little grove. Ernie and Esther were true disciples of roadside love, with their pup tent, pennants, theme song and all.

While we were getting acquainted with Ernie, Esther came out of the pup tent and tripped lightly waterward in her sun-back special.

Ernie had been successively a soda clerk, a tobacco salesman and a certified public accountant. Right up the ladder he had gone. But somewhere deep down in his manly bosom he felt the same stirrings that put Marco Polo, Magellan and the Notre Dame football team on the tramp. Had Ernie stilled these stirrings he might never have met Esther. But one summer he decided the almighty dollar was not the only thing worth chasing, quit his job and went out after stickers to paste on his windshield.

Seeing America First and Last

HIS tires paused on the edge of the Grand Canyon, in front of the Carlsbad Caves in New Mexico, crunched the gravel of the Yosemite, followed the rim of Crater Lake, Oregon, rolled up the Columbia River Highway and through Yellowstone Park. He gorged himself on scenery; his car ate up many thousands of miles and gallons of gas and his windshield looked like the side of a globe-trotter's trunk; but the front seat was a lonely place, and he yearned for a kindred spirit to enjoy all this grandeur with him.

He was cooling his heels in a drive-in auto park outside of Ogden, Utah, before barging on to Bryce Canyon and the Kaibab National Forest, when Esther drove in from Manitoba with her mother.

It was love at first sight. Esther had a badly missing motor. Ernie cleaned the plugs and breaker points for her, tightened up the body bolts and filled the grease cups. This made a hit with Esther. She and her mother had ensconced themselves in one of the numerous small cabins on the place, so Esther invited Ernie over to supper and plied him with waffles. After supper Esther got out her ukulele and Ernie dusted off his drug-store barytone. After that it was smooth sailing.

They made plans. Visions of a little cottage with dimity curtains filled their waking moments and their dreams—until Ernie began to describe the places he had visited and how lonesome he had been without someone along to enjoy them too. Esther was enthralled. The little cottage with the dimity curtains could wait. It did.

Ernie told us they had averaged four thousand miles a month and covered seven or eight states, including the territory Ernie had been over alone. He explained to us that they were on their way to see Esther's mother, whom they had parked with some relatives in San Francisco after their marriage.

"Esther will want to stop over there a few days, but we're both anxious to go on up the Coast. We haven't seen the redwoods yet, and I was talking to a fellow the other day from Washington and he says not to miss Mt. Rainier."

Esther came out of the surf and stood on the wet sand looking somewhat wistfully back across the sparkling

Pacific; and we wondered if her dreams were still of the little cottage with the dimity curtains, or a motor bridge to Asia, sometime in the not too distant future.

Having plumbed the depths of Ernie and Esther's romance, grabbed a quick swim for ourselves in the invigorating waves and filled Old Saggy's fuel reservoirs with Montecito's best, we gave her the spurs for points north.

A day or so later, her old bones creaking in the early-morning fog, Saggy rolled us onto the dock at San Francisco, where a line of cars waited to be ferried across the bay.

From the battered hack in front of us issued a scream hideously like that of a dry fan-belt pulley. Again and again it knifed the thick fog. It was more than our humanitarian instincts or eardrums could stand.

"Is the child sick?" we asked, on approaching the equipage.

"Naw," answered a lanky figure in faded overalls who sat twined around the steering wheel of automotive engineering's gift to the world in '23. "Them kids o' mine always gets cross and starts yelling if we're held up on the road."

Joe Haskins' progeny were a squirming, kicking, yelling tonneauful.

Joe's helpmate, dusty-faced but mild-eyed in much-washed gingham, calmly reached in the back seat and lovingly fetched the oldest offspring a smart crack.

It was a half-hour wait for the Sausalito ferry; so to kill time, Joe told us his story.

The spring Gerald was two years old Joe was the prosperous tenant of a dairy farm in Washington. He milked a herd of thirty-two Holsteins night and morning with the aid of Mrs. Haskins and a nephew. Unless we had milked a herd of thirty-two Holsteins twice a day, said Joe, we had no idea how it tied you down. Not only that, but at certain seasons of the year you couldn't get a night's sleep without some bossy cow's letting out a series of low crooning obbligato notes. Which meant jumping into your overalls and hurrying to the barn to welcome a little black-and-white stranger into the world. Sometimes the calf was a veal, which wasn't so bad, but just as often it was a heifer that grew up and had to be milked. On a dairy farm like that, Joe explained, you're nothing more than a slave.

One night Joe threw down his pail, kicked his best milk mill on her prominent and sparsely cushioned stern sheets and turned the ranch over to the nephew.

"Pack up, maw!" he told Mrs. Haskins. "We're going to visit the folks. They'll be tickled to see little Gerald."

They hit the road next day. That was seven years ago. Joe and maw and little Gerald saw Joe's folks in Tennessee; they visited Mrs. Haskins' family in Oklahoma; they paid calls on cousins in Minnesota, an uncle in Montana, and eventually came south to see Joe's sister who lived in California.

By this time they were short of cash. After a brief stay with Joe's sister, who had troubles of her own, they headed the travel-scarred touring car for Fresno, where Joe picked up intermittent employment on the fruit ranches and around the packing houses. It was here also that Muriel's arrival held them in abeyance for a time.

A Family En Route

WHEN Muriel was six months old they decided on another trek; east, this time. They went by the National Old Trails Road through Arizona and New Mexico, and then on through Texas and the Gulf States. One day the four travelers gazed on the blue waters of the Atlantic. For two years they shunted up and down the East Coast, Joe and his wife picking up work where they could find it.

Again the Pacific Slope called them, and the battered equipage headed west. They paused at Belle Plaine, Kansas, where Joe got a job on a hog ranch while Mrs. Haskins brought Eveline into the world.

Thence on to the West Coast. Joe's story here was a jumble of towns: Blaine, Washington; Moscow, Idaho; Grants Pass, Oregon; Crescent City, California; Reno, Nevada, Nephi, Utah; Ensenada, New Mexico.

Bobby, the youngest, was born in Hood River.

The line of cars began to move. Joe kicked over his motor and rolled aboard the ferry, the children gurgling their delight at being once more on the go.

"Think I'll find me a good gas station somewheres and settle down," Joe confided to us as the big carrier swung into the choppy midchannel currents.

Mrs. Haskins shifted Bobby on her lap. "I been hearin' that for the past five years," she said.

It had been raining ever since we left Eureka, California. Our top had long since given up its battle with the insidious drops. We were drenched.

Their sign attracted us:

THE HOME OF
SHARP KNIVES AND TOUGH STEAKS

Well, any port in a storm! Besides, here was truth in advertising, blatant, candid and unashamed.

As we entered, their menu, hanging over the counter, leered at us, a macabre jest to hungry appetites:

TRANSMISSION GRAVY
RADIATOR SOUP
CRANK-CASE COFFEE
INNER-TUBE SAUSAGE
RE-TREAD ROAST BEEF
PUNCTUREPROOF PIE

"What is this?" we asked. "A restaurant for robots?"

But the only mechanical thing about that meal was the machinelike regularity with which we plied our knives and forks. Three kinds of meat, served country style—which is to say, heaping platters of it; potatoes, mashed, hashed brown and sweet; giblet gravy the flavor of a nut; great bowls of golden apple sauce, richly spiced with cinnamon; a few simple side dishes of stewed tomatoes, corn and string beans, the last swimming in melted butter; piping-hot baking-powder biscuits that almost floated out of your hands; great gobs of butter, honey, jam and currant jelly; with pie, cake and chocolate pudding to top it off; and steaming coffee, black tea and rich yellow milk to wash it down. All for the phenomenal fee of four bits, f. o. b. the counter.

One has only to browse around on the pick-me-ups the average highway eating joint offers to reach the peaks of enthusiasm we achieved at a single sitting in the Samuel Schmitzes' roadside rôtisserie.

Papa Schmitz emerged impressively from the small kitchen, leaned his great weight on the counter and emitted a sigh that sounded as if it came from the bottom of his socks. We expressed our appreciation of his culinary art. And after the usual preliminaries as to the weather, the roads, Amos 'n' Andy and the number of tourists who couldn't pay for a meal, the papa broke down and admitted to a past as a chef in a big New York hotel.

But he had grown tired of riding herd on a kitchen range and had shipped out with the mamma to sniff the odor of burning brake bands, hot rubber and sun-baked concrete. As a change from the smell of cooking, this had been much to his liking.

But the mamma, juggling an armload of dishes and shoving the toothpicks our way, exposed his weakness.

"The papa, he gets the notion every so often that he wants to try his hand at cooking again, so we find us a nice quiet little place and stay a while."

"But the mamma, she puts on too much weight if we stay too long," countered the papa.

It seemed to us, taking in the papa's bay window, another case of the pot bawling out the kettle, but we said nothing. The Samuel Schmitzes had been at Gold Beach, Oregon, two months and were anxious—nay, eager—for further forays into the elsewhere. They thought they might give the big cactus country a play.

Chivalry and the Callow Male

IT DIDN'T take much coaxing to get the papa to show us their outfit. It was a bungalow on wheels, which they attached to the rear of their little car. The inside was fitted up like a yacht with a small gasoline range, a big double bunk, a radio stand with outside aerial, a folding table, camp stools and clean linoleum on the floor.

"When the mamma gets the rugs down," said the papa, "it's just like home."

As we looked at the window boxes and the white dimity curtains in the windows, we thought of Ernie and Esther dreaming away in a pup tent, and wondered if this wasn't an answer to their problem.

Since leaving Gold Beach, we had wandered over the terrain, hoping to encounter another meal like the one the Samuel Schmitzes offered the weary wanderer. But being unsuccessful—and perhaps it was just as well, considering the shock a second gastronomical orgy might have been to our hot-dog-and-pop-trained digestive tracts—we finally cast anchor in Jake's Shady-Rest Auto Camp, near Chehalis, Washington.

The enterprising Jake had named each of his cabins for a state in the Union. He was laying the foundation for Alaska and had drawn plans for Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands. We were quartered in Texas.

Sarah and Jane were stopping in the neighboring cabin, Oklahoma.

"This," gurgled Sarah, "is Jane standing on Inspiration Point in Yosemite. See—you're wearing that nice ranger's hat, Jane! Don't you boys think that's just too cute?"

We nodded.

Graduates of an Iowa teachers' college, they had both taught district school near Cedar Rapids for two years, saved up some money, bought a secondhand car and set out for a life on the bounding re-treads. From that time on, it was the nation's highroads with powder puff and camera.

As an obscure dramatist named Shaw has hinted, the sappy, chivalrous male is dead-easy game for even a hag if she hangs on his words, laughs at his witticisms and appeals for help from his great strength. Sarah and Jane knew this without ever having read Shaw. While somewhat this side of hags, the girls were well past the first flush of youth. Nevertheless, they rolled over the landscape, plucking the sturdy yeomanry and taking the pictures to prove it. We saw snaps of Arkansas ridge runners pulling Sarah and Jane's car out of the ditch with a plow team, a bewildered Key West fisherman adjusting their carburetor, an enchanted Maine farmer presenting them with wild flowers and green garden vegetables, an Oregon dairy farmer donating half a gallon of cream to the cause—and so on, *ad infinitum*.

"They were all such nice men, weren't they, Sarah?" Jane reminisced.

Coming over the Mallahat Drive on Vancouver Island, British Columbia,

(Continued on Page 50)

New York Tourist: "Say, Buddie, Where Can a Fella Park Round Here?"

CHRYSLER SIX

$795

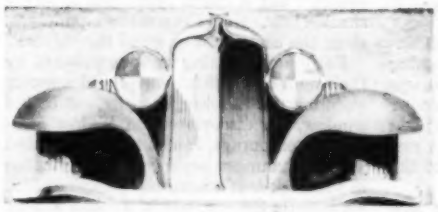
AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

CHRYSLER SIX COUPE, $795
(wire wheel equipment extra)

Summing up six years of six-cylinder leadership

TODAY'S Chrysler Six came into the world with a remarkable birthright. It has as its heritage the accumulated advancements and advantages of six brilliant years of Chrysler progress in six-cylinder engineering — *and its price is less than half the price* of the Chrysler Six that was so sensational six years ago. Six years of general advancement — six years of artistic refinement — six years of engineering discovery — six years of improved performance — all capitalized to the fullest in a new Chrysler Six at the lowest price at which a Chrysler Six could ever be bought. In these six years, records show that Chrysler has pioneered and developed far more six-cylinder advancements than have emanated from any other source in the same period — and today's Chrysler Six bears out this fact by the brilliance of its superior performance. Here is value that challenges all value — value based on everything that six great years have meant to Chrysler in engineering knowledge, in manufacturing efficiency and in a huge year-to-year growth in volume.

CHRYSLER SIX PRICES: *Coupe, $795; Touring, $835; Roadster, $835; Royal Coupe, $835; 4-Door, 3-Window Royal Sedan, $845. All prices f. o. b. factory (wire wheel equipment extra).*



NEW CHRYSLER EIGHTS

Two new Chrysler Straight Eights have won among eights that same leadership that Chrysler has so long possessed among sixes.

CHRYSLER EIGHT—*Standard Models—Roadster $1495; Coupe $1495; Sedan $1525—Special Coupe $1535; Special Sedan $1565; Special Convertible Coupe $1665; Sport Roadster (6 wire wheels and trunk rack) $1595.* CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT—*5-pass. Sedan $2495; Close-Coupled Sedan $2595; 7-pass. Sedan $2695; Sedan Limousine $2895. Imperial prices include choice of six wire or demountable wood wheels, trunk rack and bumpers. F. O. B. Factory.*

* * *

Chrysler Eight and Chrysler Imperial Eight closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Chrysler Six models will be equipped on order. Ask for a demonstration.

(Continued from Page 48)

Old Saggy did her stuff in grand style, stimulated, no doubt, by the beautiful bayous and inlets that ate into the fir-clad slopes below her, and by the long, cool, grassy vistas that ran back among the big trees above her.

Two hours out from Nanaimo we pulled her up at the offices of a lumber mill at the head of Nanoose Bay; and noticing near by an immaculate figure in spotless whipcord dusting off the flawless surface of a big sedan, we asked him how to get to Qualicum Beach.

He told us. He also told us that if we stuck around awhile we could get a corking-good lunch at the cookhouse, and we promptly shut off the motor.

"Long way from home, aren't you?" we said, noticing his Indiana license plates.

George P. Severyns admitted he was. Before lunch was over he had told us why. George had been a big shot in the real-estate game; and having resided in Indianapolis all his life, where he had successfully culminated several own-your-own-home campaigns, he was in the way of being somewhat of a home body, when the serpent entered his garden of placid permanence in the guise of an old friend.

But we will let George tell it.

"The way it was with me," he said, "I'd lived in Indianapolis all my life. I'd made money there, and I liked the town fine—none better. But one day Dan Swezea, an old school chum of mine whom I hadn't seen in years, dropped into the office. After we'd talked of this and that for a while, Dan looked at his watch. 'Well, George,' he said, 'I've enjoyed our little chat ever so much, but I'll have to be running along now, as I have an appointment with a man in Los Angeles, Saturday morning, and I'm driving out—taking the wife with me. Drop me a line at the U. S. Grant in San Diego. I'll be there all next week.'

"The farthest I'd ever been away from Indianapolis," explained George, "was to Chicago for a convention; and that line Dan pulled made me feel like an old stick-in-the-mud. But I don't feel like one now! I've seen over a hundred thousand miles of the good old U. S. A., and I haven't begun to travel yet!"

After lunch George asked us if we would like to see his outfit. We would.

The Complete Equipment

He had taken the road with the same characteristic thoroughness and efficiency that had brought him success in the business world. A place for everything and everything in its place. There was his bedding in a neat compact roll covered with dustproof rubberized cloth. Here was his grub box, though commissary would be a more appropriate word, mounted on the right running board. You pulled down the lid—this way, see—brought out this collapsible leg, and there was your table. You put ice here, in this little drawer. That little tank was your water cooler. Over here was your gasoline stove. On the left running board was strapped a rack containing three gallon tanks, painted red, green and yellow and holding gas, oil and water. The tool box was also on the running board, where you could get a wrench or a tire jack without unpacking suitcases, folding cot and balloon-silk tent.

"—— and say, listen," said George, settling himself behind the wheel, "when I meet Dan Swezea in Vancouver, I'm saying to him, 'Well, Dan, it's been good to see you again, but I've got to run along now if I'm going to make it to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras.' That'll open his eyes!"

Having cruised almost the length, if not the breadth, of Captain Vancouver's Island, ferried to Vancouver, skimmed down through Sedro Woolley and Seattle, where process servers and old friends waited, but in vain, we found ourselves, one dark and sultry night, roaring over the alleged three hundred and three miles from The Dalles to Klamath Falls in Central Oregon. Catlike, Old Saggy ran better after the sun set. But by dawn little spots danced before our eyes and our nerves were as jumpy as the jack rabbits that bounded across our bow, for we had been on the road for forty-eight hours, hand running—and motor, too, for which we were duly thankful.

At Klamath Falls, in the heart of the pelican belt, we paused for java and sinkers; then, after giving Old Saggy her stimulants, the mania for motion holding our heavy lids rigid above burning eyeballs, we pressed on.

Somewhere between Alturas and Susanville in Northern California an evil thought occurred to Old Saggy and she quit cold. There were no two ways about it; so after a cursory and profane examination of the various points of propulsion, we gave up and lay down among the cacti to catch a little snooze.

Birds of Passage

We were awakened by a sound as of a shooting gallery playing to a full house, accompanied by a great rattle and creaking. Thinking it was at least a Modoc Indian uprising, we leaped to our feet to see a vehicle of parts—evidently all loose ones—approaching from the direction we had come. It was about to stagger on by in a cloud of dust, when one of us, with a flash of genius, grabbed a can of tuna fish out of the tonneau and waved it in the air. Thus moved, the two hungry-looking hombres at the helm applied their worn-out brakes, and with an agonized screech, their rattletrap came to a stop.

But our introduction to Snowbound Shorty and Santa Fé Slim might have come sooner had we glanced at the following message on the railing of the viaduct over the Southern Pacific tracks back at Klamath Falls:

SNOWBOUND SHORTY AND SANTA FÉ SLIM
GOING SOUTH WITH THE BIRDS
NOV. 7, 1928

Snowbound claims to have chalked up that inscription with a frostbitten hand when he and Slim were seeing the country as uninvited guests of the railroad.

Not a soft life, that of a hobo. He's shagged by yard bulls, slugged by tough head shacks, run in or out by the town constabulary, scorned and rebuffed by the citizenry, beaten by the elements. Even the big coal-burning locomotives pelt him with red-hot cinders as he clings to the top of swaying box cars.

Snowbound and Slim told us, as they wolfed our canned tuna fish, crackers and cheese, that it was a rigorous twenty years they had put in on the rods, blinds, gondolas and side-door Pullmans.

Snow was spitting from the north the November morning they caught an S. P. drag out of the Falls for Redding, California. They were two weeks on the road before they made Los Angeles. L. A. was tough; big bums were eating little ones, so they forged on down to the Gulf States.

Came a certain warm afternoon behind a barn in Biloxi, Mississippi, with the ivory marbles rolling high, and Snowbound and Slim at the big end of the horn. Slim faded a swamp cat an even twenty bucks against four uncertain cylinders in an age-bent body.

"Railroad dice, she's seven miles to town! Haugh—an' I reads a seven!"

And Snowbound and Slim became the proud possessors of a flimsy four.

In their peregrinations around the South that winter they annexed a new set of rubber, an ornamental radiator cap, a cigarette lighter for the dash, a bed roll, a coffeepot, two skillets and a set of license plates for each state they visited. They put across most of these deals with Slim waiting at the wheel for Shorty, with the motor running.

With the spring came the call of the North. It was a long, hard trail back to Oregon; but by this time both Snowbound and Slim were fair roadside mechanics—to which we will gladly bear testimony.

Up near Kalispell, Montana, they burned out a bearing. Slim relined the bearing with bacon rind and they chugged into Lewiston, Idaho. In Lewiston a trusting mechanic put them on the cuff for a new bearing. That night Slim and Shorty drove over the line into Clarkston, Washington.

A week later they showed up in Wenatchee with a five days' growth of hair on their faces and their front tires stuffed with rags. The police were hostile in Wenatchee, so Snowbound and Slim were forced into four days' work picking apples. That netted them sixteen dollars apiece, and they cast off for Portland with some good secondhand rubber, a tankful of gas, a side of bacon, a bag of potatoes and six cans of beans.

They rolled into Portland with the flimsy barking like a fox. They sailed through the Oregon metropolis and out over the Columbia River Highway to The Dalles.

In The Dalles they went flat broke in a pool-hall rummy game. No oil, no gas, no grub, no money and that alleged three hundred and three miles to Klamath Falls.

They bummed some crank-case drainage from a small garage on the plea that they were ranchers and needed the oil to spread on a mosquito pond. Then Snowbound took a carefully coiled rubber-hose siphon and a five-gallon can out of the back seat and went in search of parked cars on the darker streets. Three forays and they had a full tank of gas and five gallons in reserve.

They were on The Dalles-California highway headed for the Falls by midnight. Three days later Shorty pointed to a chalked inscription faintly discernible on the viaduct at Klamath.

"Look a here, Slim! There's where I put our monickers once! 'Member?"

"Sure enough!" said Slim.

"Stop this here crate while I get out!" ordered Shorty.

He walked over to the railing, took out a piece of chalk, and wrote:

SNOWBOUND SHORTY AND SANTA FÉ SLIM
MOTORING THROUGH
MAY 9, 1930

Snowbound and Slim left us with a smile, the above saga and a depleted larder. But under their ministrations Old Saggy was able to percolate once more, and we soon took them in stride, with uneven but virile explosions from our exhaust.

Our next jump was a triple play—Reno to Carson City to Sacramento. Our next port of call was Bakersfield, where we did not call at all, but merely turned to the left, went up over the Tehachapi Pass and then dropped down to the little town of Mojave.

They Know Their Geography

At Mojave, Old Saggy, who had developed a bad case of mal de mountain coming over the tortuous Tehachapi grades, was violently ill, so we sat up all night nursing her under the portico of a gas station; and only by waking up all the important mechanics in town were we able to take the road in the morning.

Crossing the Mojave Desert we saw rubber-tramp tracks galore. We passed the critters and they passed us, sometimes going in the opposite direction, sometimes overtaking Old Saggy, who was in ill-favor and sulking, their conveyances slumped down to the axles with impedimenta, their motors scorching under the noonday heat. Down through the Imperial Valley we saw them on the road again and among the sage and mesquite, their various modes of shelter a blot on the landscape. But before we established any contacts we reached El Centro, near the Mexican border, where Barbara Worth was won to the tune of five editions and the foreign rights, not to mention a hotel named after her erected on the spot.

"Mother!" exclaimed little Sidney, aged twelve, bursting through the open doorway of Mrs. Mallarkey's one-room cabin in the El Centro auto camp. "A guy just come in from Florida an' he says the roads are good all the way! Let's go!" Two younger brothers who had followed closely on his heels piped up their agreement to Sidney's plan.

It was through little Sidney that we had made the Widow Mallarkey's acquaintance by the simple but unintentional expedient of almost running over him as we had lurched into the inclosure. For a while our relations with his mother had been more or less strained, but the camaraderie of the road had soon dispelled all this, and before long we were exchanging ideas with her on everything from razor blades to rattlesnakes.

"Don't say 'guy,' Sidney; and it's 'came,' not 'come'!" Mrs. Mallarkey turned to us. "That's the only trouble with living as we do; the boys pick up some awful grammar!" Then, as if rallying to their defense, and hers, she pointed to an apple crate in the corner of the cabin that was doing duty as a book shelf. It contained a dozen or so of standard textbooks.

"At night I make them get their lessons just as if they were in school," she said. "In the daytime, when we're on the road, we have oral examinations to see what we all know, and I tell you it keeps me boning up all the time to keep up with them. My lands, they can name the capital of every state in the Union! In fact, we've been in most of them."

The Resourceful Widow

"Last summer I took them through the Shenandoah Valley and showed them where part of the Civil War was fought, then we drove over to the Coast and visited Mount Vernon. When the boys see these historical spots with their own eyes it makes more of an impression than if they had just read about them in books.

"Of course, if we stay any place more than a month I put them in school. But most of the time the truant officer would have to have a motorcycle to find us."

The Widow Mallarkey's life, up to the time her husband died, had been bounded on the north by Monday's wash, on the south by Saturday's baking, and on the east and west by the mending and housework. With Mr. Mallarkey under the sod, Madam Mallarkey had collected the insurance, gathered her little brood together, backed the family car out of the garage and set out for a better climate. To date the swift swish of rubber on concrete has been the only climate that has attracted her for long.

"Before my husband passed away," said Mrs. Mallarkey, "I was familiar enough with the workings of a washing machine, a vacuum cleaner and a gas range, but I couldn't tell a spark plug from a spring shackle bolt. Now I can mend a puncture, clean the carburetor or grind the valves!"

Early next morning we were wakened by the sound of youthful voices and a motor warming up. Looking sleepily out of the window, we discovered the Widow Mallarkey's entourage, loaded to the gunwales. The two younger boys were barely visible in the back seat among the paraphernalia, while little Sidney, whom we had almost inadvertently cut down in his youth, occupied the front seat with his mother. Waving cheerfully as she caught sight of us from beneath her sun visor, the Widow Mallarkey let in her clutch and rolled out of the camp grounds to turn south by east on the highway, Florida-bound!

Desiring to sample the sunshine of Old Mexico, we crossed the border at Calexico for a brief sortie, then returned to our native soil to head eastward over an undulating ribbon of road that ran through an endless expanse of beige and brown desert weed, with a naked range of peaks burned a fire-brick gray in the distance. Above us a ball of fire flamed in the sky, while under the heat waves the concrete path simmered in a molten outline.

Then without any warning, the road swung us up over the murky gurgling waters of the Colorado, and two official-looking men in Sam Browne belts held up their hands. The car in front of us, a foreign

(Continued on Page 98)

We have created a new STANDARD OF QUALITY *in radio*

We do not say this boastfully. We sincerely believe that the resources and experience and talent of General Motors have established a new criterion of value in radio—that they have enabled us to build into our product the margin of greater worth which the world has come to identify with General Motors products in other fields. ¶ You will find the new General Motors Radio to be an exceptional product—distinctive both in the appearance of its fine period cabinets and in the general excellence of its performance. Distinctive, too, in its new mastery of tone—for the Visual Tone Selector adds to splendid tone quality the ability to emphasize bass or treble at will. ¶ The organization behind the new General Motors Radio is as unusual as the product itself. All General Motors Radio dealers are exclusive dealers, appointed for their integrity, capability and responsibility. They are the type of business men whose policies and principles merit your confidence and respect. And we have established a national service organization—expertly trained, thoroughly equipped and readily available wherever General Motors Radios are sold. ¶ We have created a new Standard of Quality in radio—in the value exemplified by our product, in the character of our dealers, in the security afforded by our service . . . Five models, all available on the GMAC plan of convenient payment. Prices, without tubes: the Hepplewhite, $136; the Sheraton, $152; the Late Italian, $172; the Queen Anne radio-phonograph, $198; and the Georgian radio-phonograph, $270.

GENERAL MOTORS RADIO CORPORATION, DAYTON, OHIO

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
RADIO

2 for 25¢ perfecto
NOW
10¢

individually cased in
CELLOPHANE

The best MURIEL ever made. Finer tobaccos. Better workmanship. And individual Cellophane wrappers. *But 10¢ instead of "Two-for-twenty-five."*

Marvelous new high speed machines cutting out old waste motions. Huge contracts, at favorable prices, for the world's finest leaf. The saving is handed to you *in cash*. Ask for the 1930 MURIEL . . . perfecto size . . . Cellophane wrapped . . . 10¢.

THE 1930
MURIEL
CIGAR

MADE BY MACHINE . . 100% CLEAN

If dealer can't supply you, send $2.25 for trial package of 25 cigars to P. Lorillard Co., 119 W. 40th St., New York.
© P. Lorillard Co.

LILLIPUT PUTTERS

(Continued from Page 12)

because I was genuinely interested in the thing, I looked further into the matter of miniature golf.

One of the first men I got hold of who could give me the whole picture was a landscape engineer. He had been laying out miniature courses for one of the biggest equipment companies in the business.

"It's still too new to tell much about how long the craze is going to last," he said, "but it's certainly going strong right now. I think it's due to the simultaneous fermentation of three different developments that have been brewing for several years.

"Indoor golf is one. As golf captivated larger and larger numbers of devotees, players demanded some place to play or learn that they could drop in on at noon or after five. A little putting green fifteen by four, say, and a driving cage. So hotels, gyms, men's clubs, and the like, began to install small-space equipment in lofts, under office buildings, on roofs.

"Meanwhile, back in 1922, a British cotton planter named Fairbarin, near Tlahualilo, Mexico, was struggling with a different problem. He wanted to make a real golf course on his plantation, but down there he just couldn't make grass grow, nor could he find a good substitute. He couldn't persuade himself to be satisfied with the oiled and sanded greens of the Southwest. One day he noticed how smooth the constant tramping of peons' feet was making a pile of cottonseed hulls near his gin, and it gave him an idea."

Start of a New Industry

"He ground those still rather woolly hulls, mixed the mass with an oil binder, and rolled it onto a leveled sandy foundation. The result was a surface that had grasslike friction because it was fibrous, would take green dye because of the cotton sticking to the hulls, resisted moisture pretty successfully, and cost very little.

"Half a dozen years later a hotel proprietor took the third step by experimenting, for his own children and his guests' children, with what was possibly the first successful outdoor miniature golf course ever laid. To his disgust, his adult guests immediately deserted his full-sized course and crowded the children off the sma'l one. Worse still, many of them insisted he help them lay out identical courses on vacant lots in their home cities.

"After that, the outdoor miniature-golf idea caught and spread like a forest fire. It became America's latest craze. California made miniature courses of real grass, later of a cement base covered with fine felt. Florida built them of real turf and of tanbark. Small boys here and there built backyard imitations by planting tin cans for holes and anything they could lay their hands on for hazards. But wherever there was much wear and tear on a course, a substantial, weather-resisting, inexpensive surfacing material was essential.

"That surprised hotel proprietor and originator, finally convinced adults were serious about this thing, organized a company and bought the original cottonseed-hull, ground-woolly-material patents, and began to distribute miniature golf equipment on a big scale. Another company produced a surfacing material made of ground sponge and a binder, and laid like cement. Still another thought of a mineral-aggregate, asphalt-emulsion synthetic turf. There is one surfacing material made of sawdust composition, and another based on wood pulp.

"Even with identical equipment," he went on, "hazards are as varied and interesting as the ingenuity of manufacturer, installation engineer or proprietor can make them, and no two courses are alike. I've laid them out all over the country. In California managers are paying $6000 and $8000 for installation alone, elaborating the equipment with real stucco, bungalow-type caddie houses with red-tile roofs, or Chinese-pagoda caddie houses, or 'dobe-hut caddie houses. They put drinking fountains in the center of the course, or Spanish-tile fountains on the fairways to be used as hazards. They have pieces of garden statuary here and there, gayly painted outdoor furniture, refreshment stands, real cement pools for water hazards, and fancy brick outlining the fairways.

In the Middle West they're spending only about half as much on a course as on the Pacific Coast—$3000 or $3500 on installation, and in the East it runs usually to still less—$1800 to $2000.

"The courses vary in size all the way from a lot 300 feet square to one on a New York apartment-house development that I had to puzzle onto a strip 100 feet long and 30 feet wide. Down on the Jersey coast they're putting in stone-paved walks on the fairways. One of the prettiest of all in the East is in Massachusetts, on an acre of fine turf with several big shade trees and a tiny brook. We put a Cape Cod fence around that one, and rigged up the caddie house to match."

It was a week after talking to him that I woke up one morning and realized I'd decided to gamble on a miniature course. Back home I cruised around till I found a corner lot, near plenty of houses and apartments, that had three good-sized trees on it, and that I could have for $100 a month on a straight lease. If I had been willing to rent month by month subject to one month's notice in case of sale, I could have had it for less. It wasn't much of a lot, at that. In the center was a sort of general dump, with decayed baby carriages, pieces of iron beds, and even the skeleton of a car. When the installation engineer came, he dug it out, leveled it for drainage, and marked off the holes, lining them with red piping. Inside each he laid a cinder base and then rolled in the synthetic turf. Next the green wood fence went up around the lot. In one corner I had them plant a group of young spruce trees and rhododendrons. Along one side was a row of geraniums and begonias, with boxes of ivy behind them where it could climb the fence. There were three other beds of begonias and geraniums on the course. Under the central tree we put two rustic benches, with two more by the spruces, and more ivy on the caddie house. Then, with the hodgepodge of little wooden windmills, and chalets, and bridges, and tunnels, metal lakes, hollow logs, arches, holes and number flags in place on the fairways, and six dozen putters, a thousand score cards, plenty of balls, and three dozen coat hangers in the caddie house, we were ready.

The equipment cost me $2000 delivered, and installation $3300. Besides that, I bought a $300 electric refrigerator for cold drinks and laid in a stock of cigarettes.

My First Customer

The work brought us to the middle of June, and I planned to open the Saturday after we were through. I hadn't needed to advertise; all week we'd had a row of faces outside the fence interestedly watching us work. Friday night it rained, and I had visions of a dismal opening day, but Saturday gave me a fine break, with cool, clear weather. We were all on hand—my wife, the boy I'd hired to help me, and I—when our first customer bought his ticket. He was an earnest young chap, who gave the ball a swat on the first tee that sent it clear across the course into the begonia bed.

"Hey!" I shouted at him. "Not like that! Here, bring me the ball. I'll show you."

I tried to put a little gentleness into his heart, and pretty soon he got the idea, and was putting carefully and pretty accurately, his eyes shining with pleasure. We went around twice, and then he said, "Gee, you know, I'm going to try real golf!"

"Fine!" I said. Then I remembered I owed myself money, and had to earn it back. "But you better practice here a lot first," I added. So we went around a third time. When he left, my wife said:

"Listen! Are you going to spend the summer playing around on this course yourself, or are you maybe going to sell a few tickets?"

I said, "Oh, well, all right."

By this time there were four people starting out on the first tee, two young fellows and two girls. The girls evidently didn't know a golf club from a divining rod, but the boys were right there with plenty of instruction. There was so much instruction they managed to take thirty-seven strokes to get off the first hole, on which, as on every other hole, each player is limited to five strokes in reaching the green.

From then on there was a scattering of players on the course all through the day, until suppertime. Then, by eight or after, a good crowd again. They were almost all novices at any kind of golf, and the noise they made laughing at themselves and at one another was grand advertising. Along about half-past eleven, when the after-theater and bridge or poker party crowds came by, we began to get still another sort of trade—well-to-do people, attracted by a novelty, who played in full evening dress or tuxedos.

Trouble on the Eighteenth

The first evening slipper that went around dug up a good-sized divot with its high pointed heel. Its wearer tried to replace the turf surreptitiously—I could see her from the ticket office—but the little piece wouldn't stay put. Finally I went out to where she was.

"Never mind it," I said. "The roller gets it back in place all right. Only next time don't wear those heels if you can help it."

Some course proprietors make people wear straw sandals over heels like those.

A few minutes after midnight I noticed that a stout, elderly gentleman, who had been playing alone, was in trouble at the last hole. He stood looking down into it with an expression of complete bewilderment. It was evidently the end of a beautiful evening for him, and he looked as though he couldn't tell a golf ball from a highball. As I started toward him, he bent down, plunged his hand into the hole, and felt around in it with the anxious look of a deep-sea diver. Two seconds later the old knees gave way, and down he plumped, still feeling around in the hole.

I realized by that time, of course, what his trouble was. Novices never see that the eighteenth hole leads to a chute that leads in turn to the caddie house, thus bringing the little white ball right home to papa. It is a neat arrangement that does away with temptation for players and enlargement of the overhead for managers.

The next day, Sunday, it rained persistently all day. On Saturday we had taken in, all told, exactly $83.50, $21 during the day at 35 cents a round, and $62.50 in the evening at 50. So far as I could figure ahead, my expenses would average around $15 a day, figuring rent, assistant's salary, and lights, and without counting either my own time or interest on the investment.

Trade the whole first week was rather slow. During the seven days up to and including Friday we took in just under $200, but the second Saturday and Sunday netted almost as much more. Then I decided to make a change in lighting. The 500-watt flood lights with diffusing lenses we had were not, I discovered, as good as overhead lighting would be, for the latter would give even illumination without casting shadows that distract strokes, and would be cheaper. So I spent another $500 to change the system. I was still watching my venture

(Continued on Page 54)

This Fresh Food *actually tones up* "lazy" Intestinal Muscles

—finds the Chief Physician of the Hospitals of Rome

PROF. DR. PAOLO ALESSANDRINI of the University of Rome—noted medical teacher, author, physician—is probably the greatest intestinal specialist in Italy today. He is a Chevalier of the Order of the Italian Crown.

JUST think how much better you would feel if you could only conquer that annoying trouble, intestinal sluggishness. Conquer it without "dosing" . . . by a simple means that actually removes its cause!

The cause, you know, in most cases is merely a lowered "tone" of the intestines. A gradual weakening of sensitive muscles and nerves. A condition that is aggravated each time you take a violent cathartic or habit-forming laxative pill.

Intestines that have grown "tired" or "lazy" through such abuse are now found to respond quickly to the stimulating action of a simple *food!* The world's foremost doctors have made this discovery. Here is what one of them, the noted Italian specialist and hospital authority, Dr. Alessandrini, says:

"The laxative action of fresh yeast is stimulating—not irritating. It keeps intestines active, healthy and clean. Constipation and indigestion are corrected and the appetite improves."

Act on the advice of famous physicians! Eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly for at least two months. You will be richly repaid in greater freedom from headaches and colds, in added energy . . . in greater enjoyment of all life's good things!

Why not start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today?

LOOK AT this X-ray photograph (slightly retouched) of the intestines. When they lose "tone," poisons collect. Fresh yeast keeps the intestines active and clean.

© 1930, Standard Brands Incorporated

Thousands keep well this sensible way!

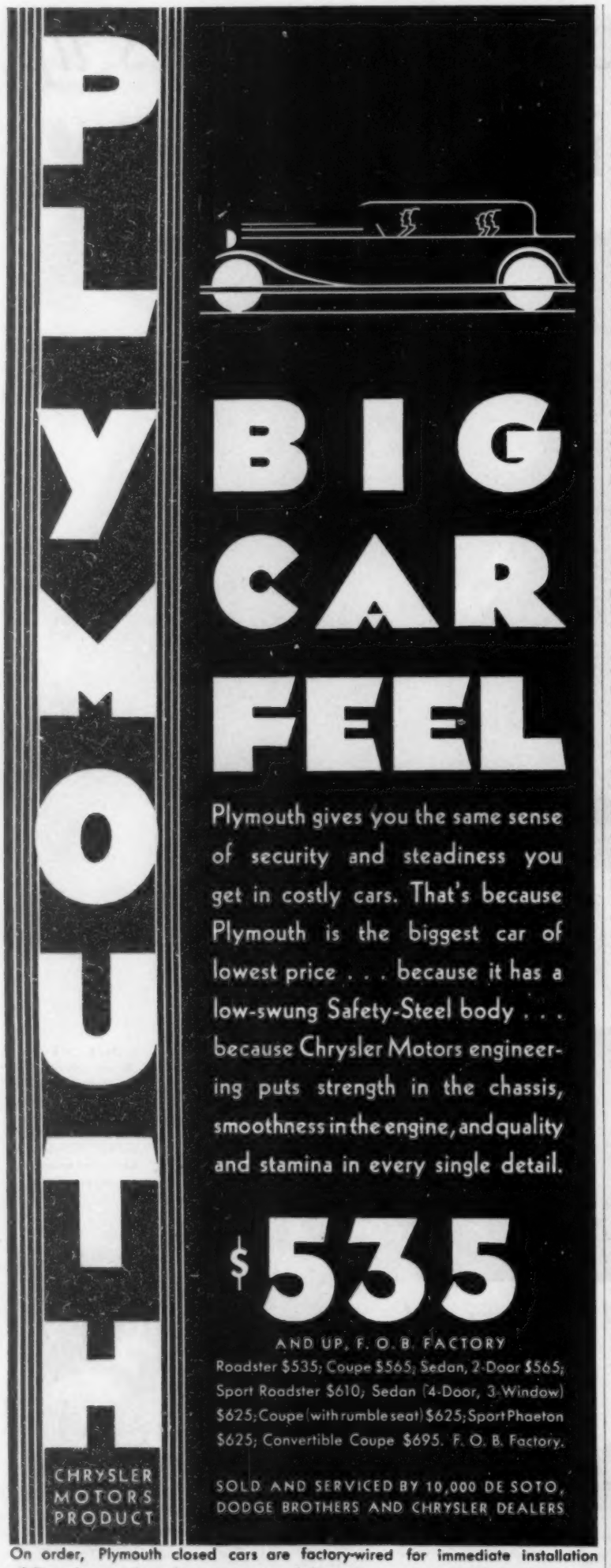
Just eat 3 cakes of *Fleischmann's* fresh Yeast every day—before or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (hot or cold) or any way you like. Each cake is rich in vitamins B, G and D. At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. Write for booklet. Standard Brands Incorporated, 595 Madison Ave., New York.

LEFT

"Fleischmann's Yeast certainly helped me," *writes* Donald Martinson, *of St. Paul, Minn.* "My sluggishness is gone . . . indigestion and skin troubles, too."

RIGHT

"I really enjoy my work again," *writes* Miss Helen Andres *of Columbus, O.* "All because I am no longer troubled with constipation, thanks to yeast."


PLYMOUTH
BIG CAR FEEL
Plymouth gives you the same sense of security and steadiness you get in costly cars. That's because Plymouth is the biggest car of lowest price . . . because it has a low-swung Safety-Steel body . . . because Chrysler Motors engineering puts strength in the chassis, smoothness in the engine, and quality and stamina in every single detail.
$535
AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY
Roadster $535; Coupe $565; Sedan, 2-Door $565; Sport Roadster $610; Sedan (4-Door, 3-Window) $625; Coupe (with rumble seat) $625; Sport Phaeton $625; Convertible Coupe $695. F. O. B. Factory.
SOLD AND SERVICED BY 10,000 DE SOTO, DODGE BROTHERS AND CHRYSLER DEALERS
CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT
On order, Plymouth closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Ask for a demonstration.

(Continued from Page 52)

closely, to see whether or not it would go. Many a sport or recreation packs them in, in one section of the city, and for absolutely no apparent reason, fails completely in another. But it looked as though I had hit it right.

During the second week the children caught on. Here was the first chance most of them had had to try their skill at a game their biggers and betters talked about by the hour. Here were clubs and balls furnished without extra charge and a course to fit their size. They whacked their balls with a violence that made me shiver for near-by windows. The course resounded with, "My father says ——" and the superior instruction of an occasional real-golf caddie who'd been persuaded by his companions to come and show them how.

The children went home and talked, and more and more of the mothers and fathers came around to see what it was all about. The third week we had to keep open until one and two o'clock at night, and our gate receipts took on real weight. Golf novices, who'd never had time or money to play a full-size links, seemed to be very glad to find even a synthetic course so near and cheap, not demanding special equipment, and open at night. Nearly 75 per cent of my business came after eight.

Within two months my little course paid for itself, running up from that first $200 to more than $750 for the ninth week. The soft drinks and cigarettes didn't bring in much, but they were only intended for an accommodation anyway.

Lucky? I'll say I was. Managed to catch it right on the crest of the first big wave. There won't be a chance like that again, at least in our town.

What I have enjoyed most about managing the course is that it is healthy, legitimate public entertainment—which has always been my work and my fun. Some of my regulars have already come to be champs, able to go around the whole eighteen in 42, which is par. There have been birdies made, and even an occasional eagle on one of the six par 3 holes. In the three months since the course opened I have had about thirteen people who have done it in par, and 1300 who say they have. Men average around 60 strokes for the course, and women 70, but there are twice as many women in proportion to men on my course as there are on any regular courses.

Hardest of all is to keep people moving. They are just as apt to stop on a small as on a large green to count strokes. Even a five-stroke limit, too, doesn't keep them from staying right where they are till they get that blank ball in that blank hole.

A Nation-Wide Craze

One of the most lovable traits of my course is its ability to dry off after rain in thirty minutes. One night about ten it rained half an hour, but the course was dry enough to play on when the after-theater crowds came by.

Since I got into the miniature-golf business myself, I've watched the idea develop with the quick, characteristic intensity of American enthusiasm. It's impossible to say just how many of these little courses of one kind or another there are now, but the figure is already well up in the thousands. Los Angeles is said to have 300. In a thirty-mile radius around New York there are more than 1000. A Chicago course regularly played by Amos and Andy and their wives took in $1500 a week its best six weeks, with running expenses of $175 a week. A Milwaukee sanitarium has bought a course. Another has been purchased for a well-known European ocean liner. There is one for airplane passengers at an airport near Chicago, and they say William Hodge built himself a miniature course under the Bijou Theater in New York when he played there last.

The chairman of the amateur status and conduct committee of the U. S. G. A., has ruled to recognize miniature golf as golf, and players receiving cash prizes lose amateur standing. Miniature-golf tournaments are being conducted by advertisement-seekers in the West and East. At least one American miniature-golf company is negotiating with England and the Continent, and the Prince of Wales is said to have played a miniature course with the Queen of Belgium at Brussels.

Several country clubs in the East and several private estates have half-size miniature courses—nine holes—which cost a little more than half as much as an eighteen-hole course. There are three eighteen-holers on rooftops—one next to a Park Avenue penthouse in New York City; one in Newark, New Jersey; and one in White Plains, New York. There is an all-Negro course in the South where, I hear, plus fours are exclusively the evening fashion. And, speaking of clothes, one of the country's leading department stores is advertising a line of "tiny clothes for tiny golf" for adults.

In Active Retirement

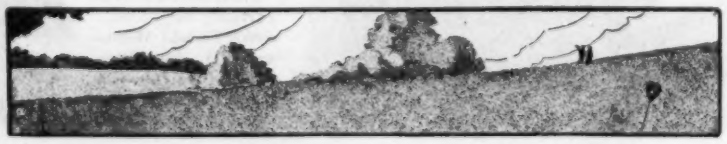
The new amusement has had its growing pains. Proprietors have been haled into courts and besought by their neighbors either to close at midnight or gag their players. Miniature golf-course language sometimes sears the ears of the uninitiated just as painfully as real-golf language.

As my landscape-engineer friend said, there's no telling where the novelty will end. That it's a nation-wide enthusiasm at the moment is obvious, but whether there's still room for still more courses to operate at a profit next year is impossible to predict. Some sections of the country have been hesitant to succumb to the virus, and there are, of course, failures even in territory that isn't overcrowded. I have heard of several managers who failed with courses they'd gambled on in bad locations—one in a sparsely settled New York City suburb too far away from the city, and another in a community that was accustomed, almost down to the last man, to shut its houses and move northward for the summer. Many courses have been developed so slowly, during the past few months, that they lost their main chance for vacation profits. On others, the patronage has been shy, stepping up only a little, week after week. A single season of steady rain is sure to melt the gate receipts rapidly. In the main, though, the success of the thing has ballooned far above what its more or less accidental originators expected.

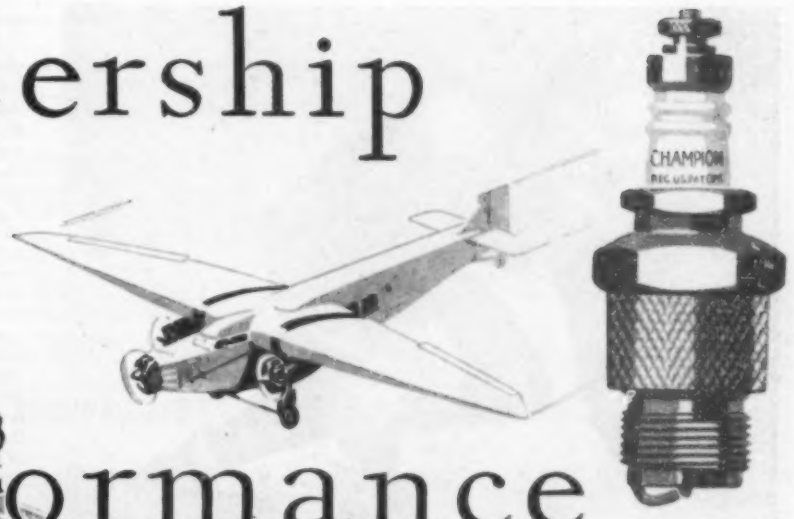
Real sufferers under the invasion of demi-golf have been the theaters. On the opening night of a course in Chicago, four near-by motion-picture houses found that their box-office receipts had fallen to less than half the figure of the night before. As the germ took bigger and better bites of the country, a Los Angeles theater hastily installed a course in its mezzanine. That's a phase of the situation that's got my son, Fred, all cut up. He spoke about it the other night at dinner.

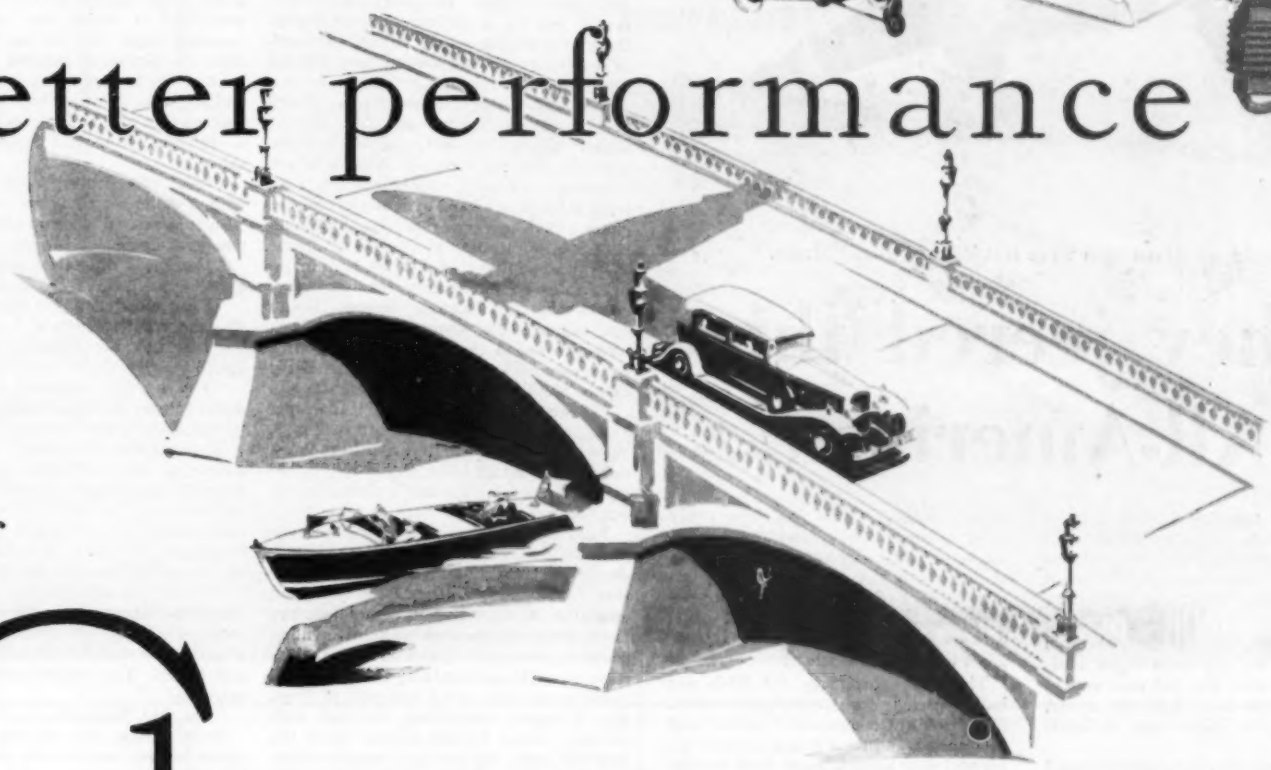
"You're a nice one, dad," he said. "Here you hand me a good proposition in this movie house. And then you turn around and open a competitive amusement that's taking away half my customers. And I thought you'd be glad to get out of business, and settle down for a good rest!"

"Some folks, Fred," I said, "haven't got sense enough to know they've retired."



world leadership due to better performance





of

Champion

the better spark plug

Champion Spark Plugs have for years enjoyed the proud privilege of world leadership. This is evidenced by the fact that they excel and outsell wherever spark plugs are used.

A universal preference for any product can only be built upon unmistakable superiority. The universal acceptance accorded Champions is due to one thing, and *one thing only*—the better performance which Champions bring to every engine.

This better performance, in turn, is the result of superiorities in materials, design and construction that cannot be duplicated, and which Champion maintains by keeping always in advance of engineering demands.

Every day in the year, Champion engineers and scientists are devoting their knowledge and skill, in laboratory and shop, to the betterment of Champion Spark Plugs.

Every facility of the Champion plants, and the entire energies of its personnel, have always been wholly given to producing the finest spark plugs that ingenuity and money can build.

Once you have enjoyed Champions' better performance, nothing less will satisfy you. To install a new set every 10,000 miles—though they will function indefinitely—is the economic way to better engine performance. All motor car manufacturers recommend this. Millions of motorists also have learned its efficacy, for they know that the new Champions more than save their cost in less gas and oil alone.

You can rely on the better performance of Champions, because by that superiority they have attained world leadership. More than 100,000 dealers to serve you.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Stories of Stars who were not "Born" but "Made."

They jeered this All-American!

We saw an interesting football game a few years ago, between two famous prep schools. It was interesting—not because of the score. That stood at 30-0 when the game ended. What *was* interesting was this:

In the final quarter of the game, the coach of the winning team began sending in substitutes. The last man sent in was his fourth-string fullback, a big, gawky youngster who seemed all hands and feet.

When he went into the game the crowd jeered. They didn't think he deserved even this chance. He looked "terrible." In fact, he was "terrible."

And yet, four years later this same boy was playing fullback on one of the finest college teams in the country! That year nobody jeered. His savage line plunging and fine defensive work made him an all-American choice.

He *made* himself a star. You have the same chance he had, no matter what sport you're interested in. He learned to *handle himself well*. Every athlete must learn this.

The secret of it is *footwork*. Watch the feet of any star athlete. They move like lightning. They are never in his way. They are the motor and steering wheel of his athletic machine.

Learn to handle your feet. The really great players in any sport train themselves in footwork. You'll find them in the gym or out of doors, taking any one of a number of kinds of exercise to develop fast, sure foot action. And for this sort of work-out, more of them wear Keds than any other shoe!

This isn't surprising, for Keds are built especially for developing footwork. Keds' soles of compounded rubber grip the ground, and their strong canvas tops support your ankles. In all Keds are the famous "Feltex" insoles that keep your feet cool and comfortable.

You can get Keds at the best shoe dealers in town. Be sure to ask for Keds by name. Only genuine Keds have the name "Keds" on the shoe.

United States Rubber Company

Keds sell for $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, and up to $4.00. The more you pay, the more you get—but full value whatever you spend.

Keds

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Shoe of Champions

Keds "Big Leaguer"—A medium priced, molded sole Keds. The uppers come in either white or brown with black athletic trimmings. As the name implies, a big leaguer in every respect.

Keds "Conquest"—Made with the popular crepe sole, famous for wear. A special toe-strip reinforcement gives added protection at the point of hardest service. "Feltex" insole.

FOOTWORK BUILDS STARS

FAMILY AFFAIRS

(Continued from Page 45)

"Thank you, sir," the youngster said, shaking hands all over, and in another instant Mr. Newgate hastened down the walk after Judge Higbee, knowing full well the luncheon hour would be a period of explanation and apology. He was aware that Tom Kellogg, chairman of the greens committee, would have speech with him. Members playing the course had come across certain strange marks on the greens, where someone apparently had been putting with a can opener.

Mr. Newgate entered the crowded grill and joined Rotan, Higbee and Doctor Dawson, who was in a temper. They were telling one another that the morning contretemps was no doubt unavoidable, something that will happen every hundred years or so; and despite his recent illness, Doctor Dawson was eating with great enjoyment a large plate of spaghetti and livers. Perry dropped into a chair and one of the perfect waiters approached and covered the table with the supreme forms of food for which the club is notable—curried chicken, ham from Virginia, lobsters, liver and bacon, hot cakes, fried oysters, roast duckling and edibles of undisputed excellence.

In passing Perry's table the club members glanced at him coldly, for now everyone knew the scandal. George Rotan maintained a sulky demeanor, having been forced to spend the morning golfing with three persons he secretly detested. Perry finally lifted his coffee and spoke:

"George, just forget about this morning. I couldn't avoid it. Just one of those things. We'll have the usual match this afternoon—same as we would have played this morning. After all, boys, I don't often gum up our foursome."

The banker seemed inclined to forgive the offender, ate heartily, and his good humor slowly returned. Judge Higbee, filling slowly with chicken, began likewise to look upon life with a kindlier glance, and George Rotan presently announced he was willing to let bygones be bygones and set the experience aside as something likely to come crashing into the most innocent of lives. Mr. Newgate, completely fortified with pie and broiled lobster, moved about the crowded room, explaining to various members that Bruce Williams was a nice lad, and a friend of his daughter Willa, though in no way related to him, and before the luncheon hour was ended at Vine Hills the episode was fading into history. Mr. Kellogg laughed, slapped Perry on the back and promised he would have men out early next day to repair damage. The dove of peace fluttered in.

Messrs. Newgate, Rotan, Higbee and Dawson lighted special Vine Hills Country Club cigars, seventy cents apiece, and commenced jotting down the financial terms of the afternoon match. In due time, refreshed and eager, they arose and passed out-of-doors into Nature's sublime sunshine, and observed it was indeed a splendid afternoon, a glorious afternoon. It continued to be a magnificent specimen of Nature at its best until the reunited foursome zoomed around a corner of the caddie house abaft the first tee, looked up with a startled expression and perceived a pair of legs dangling from a fence rail. The legs were incased in white pants and seemed vaguely familiar. They contained Mr. Bruce Williams, who did cartooning for the Star when not occupied with his athletic enterprises. He was smoking a cigarette, and a red-headed caddie was demonstrating how to hold a spoon to obtain a lofted shot. Seeing his friends, Bruce leaped down.

"There they are now," he said to the caddie, and the little man moved respectfully off.

Bruce was smiling and wore an interested air as he waited. Mr. Newgate continued to steam forward under his own momentum, but it was plain that his mind was motionless for the instant. Three other near-by minds were likewise becalmed.

"Well, hello," Bruce greeted, as though he had been away in China, Italy and New South Wales, and had arrived that very minute. "You've been gone quite awhile, Mr. Newgate."

The foursome stared as though refusing to believe eyesight.

"Is that the boy who wants to marry Perry's daughter?" Judge Higbee inquired.

"It is no other," Rotan answered. "He's back again."

This was not a fact at all, not remotely. Bruce was not back again, for he had never been away. It is true he had joined a couple of the larger caddies at their simple repast, consisting of coffee and sinkers—Bruce standing treat—but he had not departed from the sacrosanct confines of Vine Hills. He had chatted agreeably with the caddies and they had informed him, while dunking sinkers, that in their opinion Vine Hills was a club that consisted largely of stuffed shirts.

"Well, well, Bruce," Willa's father said, with a calmness that was plainly forced. "Back again? What's up now? I thought you went home."

"No, sir, I didn't go home. I stayed here."

"I can see that. You stayed here; and why did you stay here, if I might ask?"

"Why, so's I'd be ready. I'm all ready again."

"You're ready, are you? You mean you desire to play more golf today?"

"Of course, Mr. Newgate. Certainly."

The lad spoke so earnestly and with such wide-eyed and innocent ignorance that Perry Newgate was inclined to laugh aloud, but refrained for fear his motionless companions might misinterpret the merriment, leap upon him where he stood and stuff a No. 13 niblick down his throat.

"Bruce," he said, keeping his voice even and speaking gently, as one speaks to a moron who is not yet a full-fledged moron, "there is no need for you to play any more golf today. You played enough golf this morning."

"But, Mr. Newgate ——"

Willa's father, who did not anticipate or desire further contest with the young man for one year at least, and possibly two years, put aside his pretense at politeness and scowled. He announced that the day was Labor Day, and that he faced now an important, serious match with three old friends, a match which already had been postponed once, and by the living lights of Lazarus, he intended to play golf with Highbee, Dawson and Rotan.

"You go home, Bruce. You can't play golf. Go up to the house and take Willa for a long ride somewhere. She's probably waiting for you right now."

A note of pleading crept edgewise into Bruce's tone.

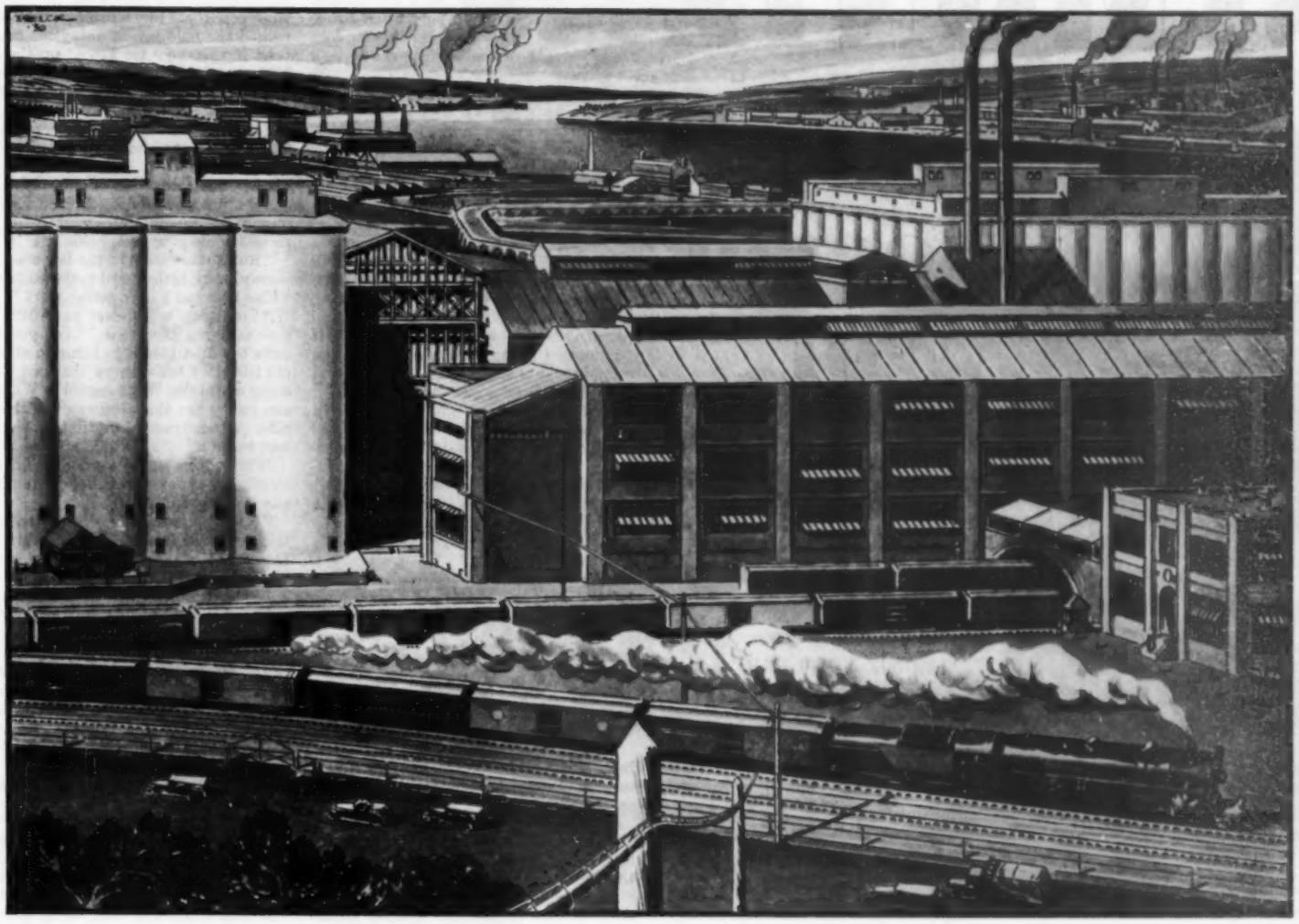
"Mr. Newgate," the lad said solemnly, "I don't wish to be a bother, but Willa means a great deal to me, as you know, and I must do this. It is my duty to Willa and myself. I found out a few little things about golf this morning, and no doubt I shall show great improvement this afternoon. You can't learn to play the game in one effort, Mr. Newgate."

"It will probably take you at least two efforts," said the stricken father, staring at his three silent fellow members and realizing he was rapidly becoming a pariah to all decent men, and that presently everybody would pass him on the street with averted gaze.

"I wish to take advantage of my morning golf while it is still fresh in my memory," the glowing lad explained. "And the agreement was, as you said, that you'd play me when I asked you to. I don't really wish to be a nuisance, but I must think of Willa and the future."

Mr. Newgate realized that truth was being spoken, realized he had imposed upon

(Continued on Page 58)



Giants out of the earth

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

No AGE but ours has seen so swift and complete an application of natural forces to the doing of daily tasks. Man's leaping knowledge . . . embodied in industrial plants and laboratories, airplanes and electric locomotives . . . has won new power and freedom. Machines are the symbols of a new relationship with nature. They are the servants of this civilization . . . helping men to extend the limits of their opportunities, to change the character of their life.

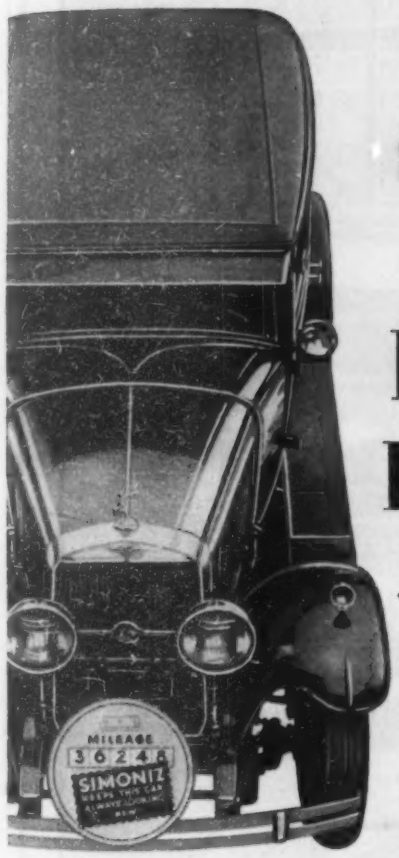
Americans have been pre-eminent in this change, for in whatever they do they seek to utilize nature to the utmost. They have taken the power out of the earth and from the running streams. They have made it turn the wheels of their industry and move their products by rail and road. They have made color and variety out of chemistry. They have spun metal in slim wires to carry their voices anywhere with the speed of light . . . and make neighbors of the scattered millions of America.

Joining homes and work places, towns and distant cities, the Bell Telephone System has furnished a new communication for this new age. Forwarding the growth of the nation, giving better and more complete service in advance of the demand, its function has become the indispensable one of furnishing the means of social and business contacts in crowded cities and scattered villages over the length and breadth of a continent.

The Bell System is constantly improving the scope, speed and accuracy of its service. Its work of contributing to the welfare and prosperity of American life goes on with increasing purpose and pace.

BELL SYSTEM
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

SIMONIZ



The secret of lasting beauty

"SIMONIZ YOUR CAR" is the advice of all those having anything to do with automobiles because Simonizing has proved the secret of keeping cars looking new and beautiful for years.

Truly there is nothing that guards the beauty of a car like Simoniz. Mile after mile in all kinds of weather Simoniz protects the finish from injury, makes it last longer and keeps the colors from fading. So, every new car should be Simonized before driven very far, but the sooner any car is Simonized the better.

EXCLUSIVE ADVANTAGES OF SIMONIZING

- Makes and keeps cars beautiful.
- Renews and restores the lustre.
- Makes the finish last longer.
- Keeps the colors from fading.

Don't delay Simonizing your car . . . for dullness and discoloration are signs of decay and warnings that the finish is in trouble and needs Simoniz to save it from destruction.

Anyone can Simoniz a car. If your car is dulled and discolored the wonderful Simoniz Kleener safely cleans and quickly restores the lustre to the finish. And, Simoniz gives that long, lasting protection every car needs to keep the finish sparkling and beautiful.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener—and drive a car that always looks bright and new.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
2101 Indiana Ave., Chicago, U.S.A.

Easily applied with a cloth

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 56)

the youth a task almost impossible of accomplishment and that, as a fair-minded man, it was his part to play when Bruce desired. He set aside his inner distress, concealed his agitation and tried even to be a bit jolly.

"Boys," he said, with pseudo gayety, "I guess I'll have to play around again with young Bruce. We couldn't include him in our foursome, could we?"

Three voices said no so rapidly, so instantaneously, it sounded like a Chinese cannon cracker in a tin can.

"Listen, Perry," remarked Judge Higbee in the quiet manner he uses on the bench before sentencing a wife beater or child stealer, "you can't play fivesomes on a holiday, and you know it. Furthermore, you snarled up the morning game, fiddling around with this—with this young man. If you desire to play with him again, you certainly play without me."

"And me," said a cold voice.

"And me," added another and even colder voice.

"I would suggest," the judge stated caustically, "that you take your young companion to another golf course—one more suitable for beginners, preferably with granite fairways and iron greens."

"Boys," said Perry in a sad voice, "I gave him my word."

They walked off. They strode away from their old companion as if he had come down with the new parrot disease and was coughing green feathers. The father of an only female child turned dejectedly upon his guest.

"You'll have to use my clubs this afternoon. You practically destroyed the other set."

"Any clubs will do me, Mr. Newgate," Bruce said, "and I shall be more careful. I imagine the clubs won't make much difference."

All about the first tee dignified gentlemen lounged, ready for the afternoon battle of Labor Day, and the Messrs. Higbee, Rotan and Dawson prowled, hunting for a fill-in man to take Perry's place. This father steeled himself for another three-hour agony round with the sod buster who loved an only child. The caddie master appeared with a new caddie for Bruce, and the cluster of golfers thinned out as foursomes departed. Perry and Bruce stood slightly to one side, like a couple of suspected immigrants.

"Go ahead," Perry finally commanded. "We may as well have this over."

He handed Bruce a driver and the cheerful fellow took it, trotted up to the tee, set his ball upon a pinch of sand, spread his feet wide, and swung with noisy violence. He struck the ground a dull, thumping clomp, and bits of desiccated grass flew hither and yon in the autumn sunshine. Undaunted, he whaled away once more, and the innocent ball moved neither jot nor tittle. On the fourth essay, he smashed the club, the head flying off and dropping at Perry's feet.

It was a seventeen-dollar club. It was a Bob Green club, special job. It was a highly prized and pet club of Mr. Newgate, who gazed at the wreckage and slowly turned the pale hue of an oyster that has been in the sun. He picked up the head, took the shaft from Bruce and examined it.

"I'm so sorry," Bruce said, flushing with mortification.

"I am, too," Mr. Newgate responded. "You don't need to play any more golf, Bruce."

"Oh, but I do."

"Oh, but you do not. You're done. Go and climb rapidly into your little automobile while your luck holds out."

"But I must learn!" the lad cried stubbornly, and a little crowd gathered to listen. "Else how can I ever defeat you?"

"You never will defeat me," Mr. Newgate said in a calm tone. "And you won't have to. Just please go home to oblige an old friend. I believe now that last night I made a mistake. With regard to Willa, you can marry her this afternoon, or this evening or tomorrow or anytime at all. Now trot hastily."

Without one single word of reply, Bruce frantically shook hands and instantly began running.

"Now," snorted Mr. Newgate, hurling the club head into his bag and turning to Dawson, Higbee and Rotan, "let us play some golf."

In the distance could be heard the faint noises of an eager fellow starting a middle-aged motor car, and the hum of old tires as they tore along the drive. It was one o'clock in the afternoon when Mr. Williams concluded his labors of Labor Day in the field and headed for the home of earth's fairest. The distance is four miles, counting red lights, and Bruce covered it in eight minutes, a fair speed in holiday traffic.

Willa did not expect to see her young cartoonist, knowing he was jousting at Vine Hills, and she was therefore sitting earnestly in the porch hammock, wondering what becomes of young girls who defy their fathers. Bruce leaped over the railing and seized her.

"I did it!" he cried, and Willa knew he had done something fine, for he was grinning like a Chezzy cat.

"You defeated father!"

"Heck, no! MacDonald Smith couldn't do that, for your father is a shark. But this is what happened, Willa darling. Sit perfectly still in the hammock and I shall tell you all."

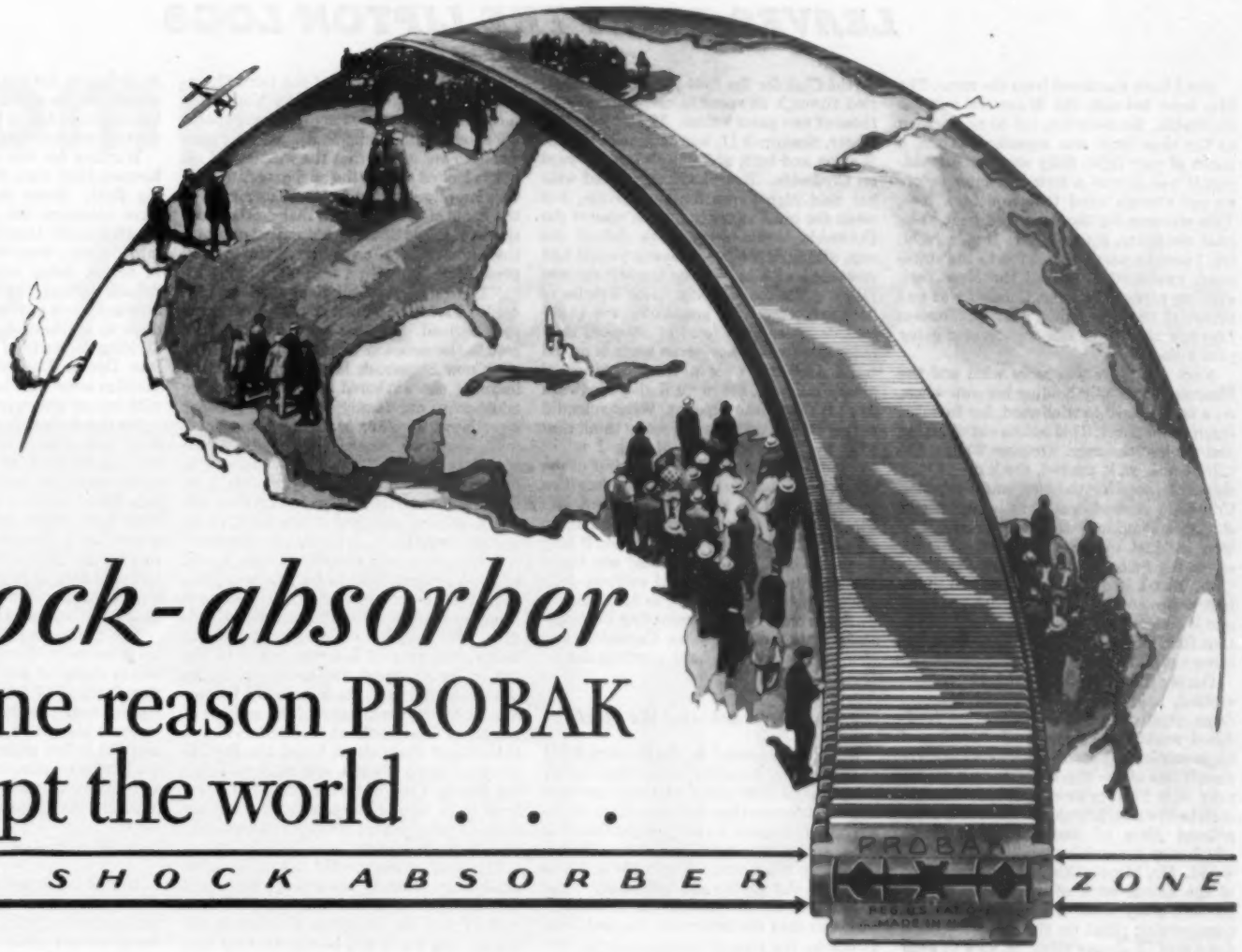
Holding her hand tightly and gazing into her blue, lamblike eyes, which were brighter than ever with pride, adoration and wondering astonishment, he skimmed hastily over the stirring events of the day.

"And maybe I didn't have a tough time cracking up his seventeen-dollar driver," Bruce concluded. "Those clubs are strong."

They arose in haste, piled into the car and dashed across town to Mr. Sinsbaugh's bungalow, which was still basking in the sun, looking very friendly indeed, with its skittery stepping-stones and the white wall with the frivolous yellow gate.

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

"Why, Father, I Didn't Know You'd Gone in for Athletics"



The *shock-absorber* is one reason PROBAK swept the world . . .

HERE is an amazing example of swift and eager acceptance accorded a better product. Millions of men tried Probak and were convinced that this revolutionary blade with the built-in shock-absorber is the finest double-edge razor blade ever built. Carried on this overwhelming wave of public approval, Probak has literally swept the world—in a single year.

Shock-absorbing construction—assuring faster, smoother, cleaner shaves—is one reason for Probak's remarkable record. Butterfly channeling in duo-tempered steel absorbs all bending shock when you slip this blade in your double-edge razor and screw the handle down tightly. These two patented features—scientifically designed perforations and the specially tempered middle section of the blade—disperse all strain and positively prevent distortion of Probak's finely honed edges.

Examine these shock-absorbing features that mean unmatched shaving comfort. Learn why Probak is as keen and true when tightly clamped in your razor as it is in its original wrapping—the distinctive red-green-blue package.

Here's a blade that glides over your face with surpassing ease and smoothness. Light, caressing strokes wipe off wiry stubble as smoothly as though it were boyish down—leaving your skin clean, cool, refreshed.

Buy a package of guaranteed Probaks now. Put them to the test that won world-wide preference for Probak. Use two of these blades in your double-edge razor (old or new model). Compare them with your present blades. If every Probak shave isn't far quicker, cooler, smoother—return the package and your dealer will refund every cent—$1 for 10, 50c for 5.

Protected by Patents
Nos. 1,633,739; 1,639,335
Reissue No. 17,567
Other patents pending

Guaranteed by

PROBAK CORPORATION

Division of

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., INC.
656 First Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Also, Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

THERE IS ONLY ONE PROBAK QUALITY — THE BEST

PROBAK BLADES

Probak blades are for Probak razor and other razors of this type

Special Introductory Offer

PROBAK RAZOR and 8 BLADES for $1

Now you can have a Probak *razor*. Many years were spent perfecting this revolutionary shaving instrument. It's lighter, counter-balanced. You scarcely feel it in your hand or on your face. Positive seven-point blade registration makes both edges shave alike. An extended safety cap protects your fingers. Modern chromium finish. The Probak razor is designed solely for the super-keen Probak blade. Discover how amazingly quick and comfortable a shave can be. Mail the coupon below.

If your dealer cannot yet supply you—

MAIL THIS COUPON

PROBAK CORPORATION, Dept. P-44
656 First Avenue, New York City.

Send me a MATCHED SHAVING SET, containing one PROBAK RAZOR and 8 PROBAK shock-absorbing BLADES, for which I enclose $1.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

LEAVES FROM THE LIPTON LOGS

(Continued from Page 37)

But I have wandered from the races. The first bout between the Shamrock and the Columbia, the defender, led to no decision as the time limit was exceeded. Then, a patch of very light, fluky weather succeeding, it was almost a fortnight later before we got enough wind to complete a race. This was won by the American boat. She beat me fairly, squarely and conclusively, but I could scarcely subscribe to the statement published in one of the New York evening papers, that the Columbia at one period of the race "shot past Sir Thomas Lipton's challenger like an elevator going past a floor!"

Next day there was more wind and the Shamrock was fully holding her own when, on a hard thrash to windward, her topmast snapped off short. This put us out of action and we lost the race. October 20 saw the third—and, as it proved, the last—of that series of races for the cup, and again the Columbia showed herself to be the better ship in a spanking, whole-sail breeze. She won by just over six minutes. So that ended my first challenge for the America's Cup. But I had enjoyed myself so much in America and had met with such good will and kindness that almost before the gun in that final race I had resolved to have another cut for the cup.

During the '99 races of which I have been writing, a young Italian named Marconi demonstrated to an astonished and fascinated world the complete effectiveness of his inventions by sending wireless messages descriptive of the cup contests to a prominent New York morning paper and its associate evening journal. This was a magnificent piece of journalistic enterprise, which won favorable plaudits all over the world. Mr. Marconi himself took command of the actual work of wirelessing the reporter's story from a specially fitted up transmitting plant on the steamer Grand Duchesse. I always think, in view of what radio has come to mean in our lives today, that this was one of the most interesting features of my first yacht racing in American waters.

A Hard Combination to Beat

While the races were proceeding in this and later years, I was fortunate enough to have the pleasure of receiving on board the Erin many of America's most famous and distinguished citizens. It would be quite impossible for me to mention them all by name, much as I should like to do so, but it was my pride and joy to have on board with me from time to time men like President Roosevelt, Pierpont Morgan, Mark Twain, Thomas Alva Edison, Henry Ford, and Gen. Nelson A. Miles. There are hundreds of other names in my Erin guest books and sometimes, when I wish to recall pleasant days and well-loved faces, I take these books up and con their pages.

Before I returned to England on the completion of the races against the Columbia, I had the honor of being elected an honorary member of the New York Yacht Club, a very exceptional compliment which I highly appreciated. Other clubs to do me a similar honor were the Atlantic Yacht Club, the Larchmont Yacht Club and the Chicago Yacht Club. I was also presented by the American people with a gold loving cup, and this splendid gift is amongst my most cherished possessions at Osidge, my London home. In after years I received the freedom of Chicago and the key of that city, while the New York police made me an honorary chief, presenting me with the police flag in Central Park before a crowd of 60,000 people. Many other honors and privileges have been conferred upon me by my American friends, including honorary membership of the New York Athletic Club, the most wonderful organization of its kind in the world.

The negotiations between the Royal Ulster Yacht Club and the New York Yacht Club for the 1901 contests were carried through as speedily and amicably as those of two years before. My second challenger, Shamrock II, was designed by G. L. Watson and built at Denny's famous yard on Clydeside. Everybody associated with her held high hopes for her success, but when she came to try her paces against the Columbia—again selected to defend the cup, although other and newer yachts had competed with her for the honor—she was just a shade too slow, for, over a series of hard-sailed races, my boat lost to the American defender by a total of no more than three minutes twenty-seven seconds actual time. And this over a total distance of ninety miles—a bit more if the windward work is taken into account. What splendid racing we had that year; I really think that with the slightest shade of luck I might have pulled off a victory. In the last of the series, the Shamrock crossed the line two seconds ahead of the Columbia, but lost because of the time allowance we had to give her. That was a sporting finish, if ever there was one. The British boat was freely admitted to be the best and swiftest challenger ever sent over. But, as Mr. Herbert L. Stone says in his fascinating book describing the races, "The Columbia and Charlie Barr were a hard combination to beat!"

The Shamrock and the Stork

Mr. Fife produced in the Shamrock III an exceedingly beautiful boat judged by the standards of these days; she was narrower and much longer than her immediate predecessor. Once more we all thought that this time, surely, our turn had come. In her trials with the Shamrock I in the south of England she performed splendidly. The reason we tried her out with the first Shamrock was that the latter was the best boat available, the second challenger being still in America where I had left her after the races in 1901.

We had not been long in America on this trip when it was borne in on us that while we had a good ship in the third Shamrock, the genius of Nat Herreshoff had built a bigger and a better one in the Reliance. The defender was certainly a freakish yacht in many ways and spread a tremendous amount of canvas—something like 16,000 feet, or fully 2000 more than my ship. But that she could travel some through the water she demonstrated conclusively by beating my Shamrock pointless in all the races of the series. It was not a case of Mr. Fife's yacht being a bad boat, but of Mr. Herreshoff's being a phenomenally good and powerful one.

I think that even the Americans themselves were beginning at this time to wish that I might win the precious cup and thus let them have an opportunity of showing what they could do with a yacht sent over to our side in the character of challenger. At all events, every time I went over I was the recipient of thousands of mascots; the Erin's decks and staterooms were littered with them. At different times I received no fewer than seventeen Irish terriers; but I had less difficulty with them than with one genuine American eagle which a well-wisher insisted upon my accepting for luck!

A colored lady wrote to me saying she had a son, fifteen years of age, jet black, but with the reddest head of hair in all America. Wherever this unique lad went he took great good luck with him; please, would I take him as a regular mascot? I wrote back explaining that I would be very glad to have the boy, but that I had already a lot of animals on board and I feared that if I lost the race and let them loose they would devour the reddest head in all America first!

So far as I know, there is only one man in America who did not view my first three attempts to win the treasured cup with what one might term an unbiased sporting interest. On the arrival of the third Shamrock at Tompkinsville in New York Harbor, which was always my anchorage point on reaching the American side, this man wrote to me saying that the windows of his house looked out on the anchorage, that he was happily married to an Irishwoman of the name of Murphy, and that on the occasion of the first Shamrock's arrival opposite their house his wife celebrated the fact by presenting him with a nice baby boy.

"Things went on all right for us," proceeded the letter, "until your second Shamrock arrived. On that very day my wife rose to the occasion with a baby girl. Now your new Shamrock has arrived, and the morning she anchored there was another addition to our family—this time another boy. Now, Sir Thomas Lipton, I am not a millionaire. There are over 100,000,000 people in America and there is no more loyal citizen among them than I am, but I do hope from the bottom of my heart that you win that darn cup. But if you don't, on no account come back, or I am a busted man!"

I was so much amused at this letter, which I at first took to be purely a joke, that I sent for the writer. He came—bringing with him his wife and three children. Not only did he bring with him the living evidences of his statements in the letter; he produced the birth certificates of the children and these actually harmonized with the exact dates of the arrivals of the three Shamrocks at Tompkinsville. I entertained them all on board the Erin to the best of my ability, and many a laugh my friends have had over what I still believe to be one of the most extraordinary series of coincidences that ever came within my direct experience.

My next challenge did not materialize until 1920. Actually all arrangements had been made for a contest between the Shamrock IV and the American Resolute in the fall of 1914, but it will be remembered that my ship was crossing the Atlantic when war was declared and the thoughts of all British subjects were turned to much sterner things than international yachting. As a matter of fact, my men aboard the Shamrock IV and her convoy, the Erin, received their first intimation of the declaration of war while they were actually at sea, and a very remarkable circumstance was that they picked up the news by wireless from a German cruiser. The new Shamrock was laid up immediately she arrived, and the same course was adopted with the Resolute. Nobody associated with the two yachts thought that several years would elapse ere we were to resume our pleasant, carefree fights for the dear old mug won by the America in the long, long ago. Yet such was to be the case.

The Erin Goes to War

As I noted the warlike preparations going on in Britain and saw the first flower of our young British manhood setting out to fight the enemy, my only feeling was one of regret that I could not put back the years, don the khaki and march with them to our seaports en route to Flanders. As it was, it seemed that the only useful thing I could do was to bring the Erin back from America and convert her into a hospital ship for the Allies. I did so, and as early as September, 1914, I was busy conveying parties of doctors, nurses and orderlies to France under the auspices of the British Red Cross.

A few months later the Erin was transferred to service in the Mediterranean. I went with her, of course. Our duty was to carry similar medical parties between Marseilles and Salonica. From the latter base I frequently made journeys by train into the heart of Serbia, where I saw at first hand the unspeakable agonies of the typhus epidemic which worked such havoc among the Allied troops in that country. I also went through many adventures which, for a man of my age, were rather hair-raising. At Belgrade, for instance, I happened to be caught in the thick of an Austrian bombardment, and as to how I escaped injury or death I am not very clear to this day.

Working for the Serbs appealed to me because they were the little fellows in the big fight. Some such reason must also have animated the American people, for, long before the United States came officially into the war, they had representatives out in Serbia doing valiant service on their behalf. Indeed, the very first man to come forward when our special Red Cross train drew up at Ghevgeli, a town on the frontier dividing Serbia from Greece, was the American Doctor Donnelly, whose heroic self-sacrifice some time later will always remain with me an unforgettable memory.

On the declaration of war, Doctor Donnelly had at once relinquished his post as medical officer of the port of New York and volunteered for work in Serbia. The last time I had met him was in the Lotus Club, New York, some years before, and as we greeted each other delightedly at this wayside station in the Far East neither of us had any idea of how tragic was to be the sequel to our second meeting under such changed circumstances.

The genial and brave doctor explained his presence in Ghevgeli by the fact that he was in charge of 2000 patients, all of whom were lying ill of typhus in a large tobacco factory near the station, and he asked me to come along and inspect his improvised hospital before going farther upcountry in the Lipton hospital train. I agreed to do so, and took with me as many medical comforts as I could spare.

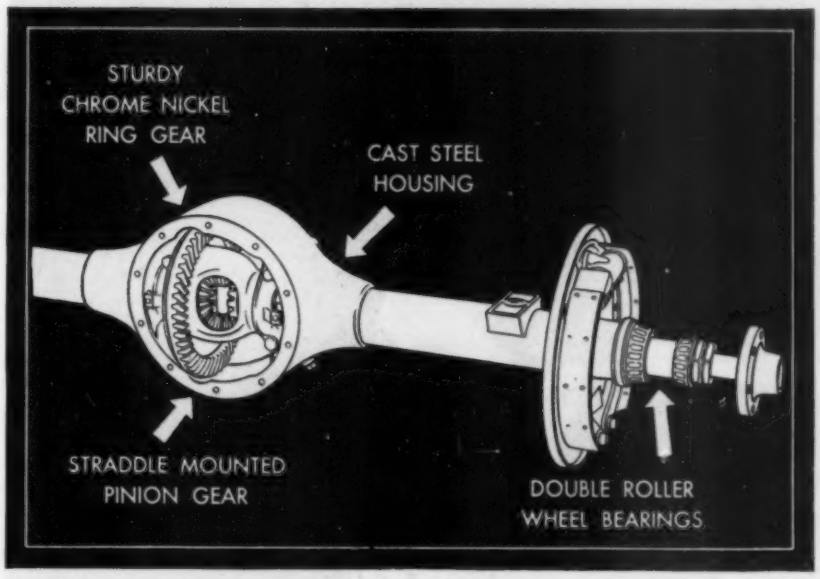
The Dread Typhus Rages

Almost too dreadful to describe were the scenes I saw that day. The bedding accommodation being wholly inadequate, many of the patients had to be placed two, three and more in one bed. Here and there the dead were stretched alongside the living. Many of the patients were lying on the ground with straw their only mattress. Doctor Donnelly's difficulties were further increased through the fact that, of the twelve American nurses he had brought with him to this hospital, no fewer than nine had contracted typhus and he had consequently to rely upon Austrian prisoners for practically the whole of his nursing help. I could not resist the temptation to visit the brave sick nurses and to talk with them in their miserable quarters. Thoughts of possible infection never occurred to me; it was an honor to mix with American girls of such high courage and lofty devotion to the cause of sick and suffering humanity.

As a prelude to the work which lay ahead of our own Red Cross in Serbia, we could hardly have viewed a sorrier scene than that at Ghevgeli, and it was with heavy hearts that we retraced our steps to the little station. Doctor Donnelly and two of his nursing sisters, Miss Tetrault and Miss Fry, took half an hour off from their incessant all-day and all-night toil to see us on our journey. Before bidding me farewell, the doctor explained that Ghevgeli, being near the Bulgarian frontier, was occasionally shelled by the Bulgars in spite of the fact that the latter had not yet entered the war officially. For the protection, as far as possible, of his hospital Doctor Donnelly had found it wise to fly an American flag. Unfortunately, the only flag he had was a very small one; did I happen to have such a thing on my yacht as a large American Stars and Stripes? I knew of course that we had such a flag on the Erin, and there and then I telegraphed to my captain at Salonica to have the flag sent up at once. This seemed a very slight service to do for my friend Doctor Donnelly, and I did it gladly, never dreaming, at the time, of the part my American flag would be fated to play in the last chapter of the brave doctor's life story.

(Continued on Page 64)

Compare .. *the full-floating axle of the new* 1½ ton



For proof of the superiority of this modern full-floating rear axle, compare it with other types. Know that such costly design insures greater dependability . . . Weight of truck and load is carried on housings . . . Axle shafts are free to transmit power solely—and may be quickly replaced on the road without removal of wheels or use of jack. » » » See your Dodge Brothers dealer. See, inspect and compare the full-floating axle in the new 1½ ton Dodge Truck. Compare, too, the 48-horsepower motor, internal hydraulic brakes, 4-speed transmission and many other noteworthy features.

DODGE TRUCK

$595

F. O. B. DETROIT . . . DUAL REAR WHEELS AT SLIGHT EXTRA COST

THE COMPLETE LINE OF DODGE TRUCKS RANGES IN CAPACITIES FROM 1000 POUNDS TO 11,800 POUNDS

Famous Husbands for choosing this DATED

New Treat in Flavor–
Your grocer gets Two Deliveries a Week–Fresh from the Roasting Ovens–*Full Strength*

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., First National star, pronounces Joan Crawford a marvelous housekeeper. *"We always serve Chase & Sanborn's Coffee,"* says young Doug. *"It's the one coffee that's dependably fresh."*

ALFRED LUNT and LYNN FONTANNE, beloved co-stars of the New York stage, at *run smoothly in a one hundred percent theatrical household like ours,"* they say, *"but one thing*

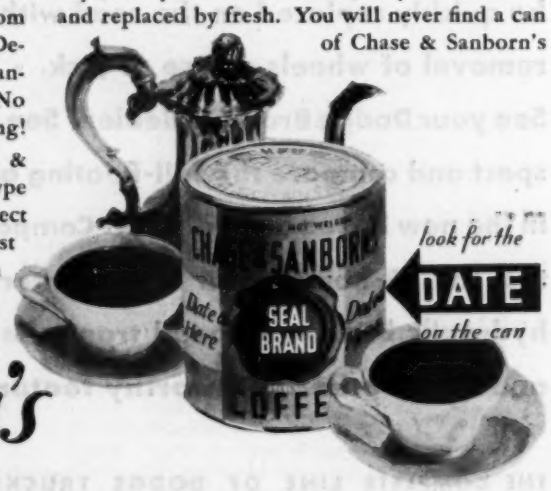
EVERY can of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is dated! This means the same thing as the date on the cap of "this morning's milk" bottle . . . *freshness.* Chase & Sanborn's *dated* Coffee is distributed exactly like a fresh food.

• • •

Delicious, full flavor in coffee is in direct proportion to its freshness. The aromatic oils which give coffee body and satisfying richness are volatile. They are at their peak when it is freshly roasted. Time steals their aroma away.

That is why Chase & Sanborn's Coffee tastes so good. It goes to your grocer straight from the roasting ovens by the modern "Daily Delivery" system of Standard Brands Inc., organized for the swift distribution of fresh foods. No storage stop-overs! No delays for re-handling!

The date when your grocer gets Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is plainly marked in large type on the label of every can. He receives two direct deliveries a week—just enough at a time to last until the next delivery. At the end of every ten days, if any cans are left over, they are collected and replaced by fresh. You will never find a can of Chase & Sanborn's



Chase and Sanborn's

Copyright, 1930, by Standard Brands Inc.

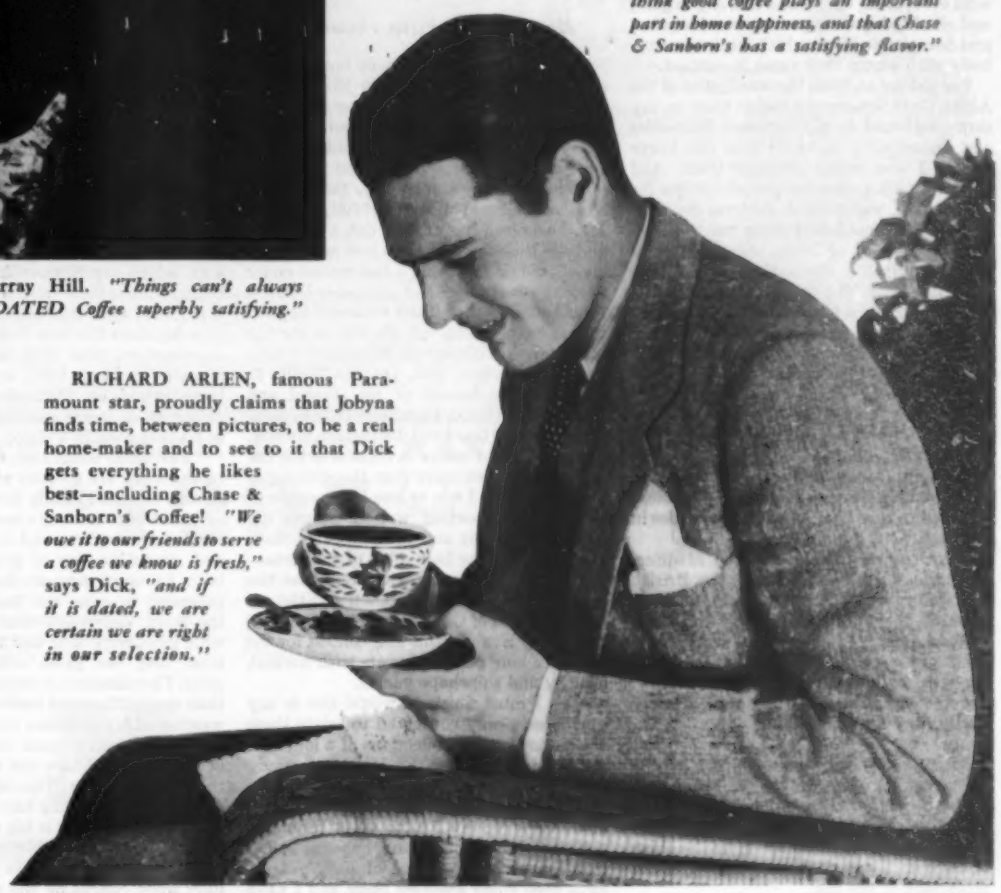
praise their Wives

COFFEE . . .

breakfast in the sun-room of their apartment in Murray Hill. *"Things can't always is always right: the coffee! We find Chase & Sanborn's DATED Coffee superbly satisfying."*

This year in "Ripples," FRED STONE, supported by two talented young daughters, again delighted doting audiences. *"As you probably know, we have never let theatrical careers interfere with our home life,"* he laughs. *"We fixed that by bringing all the family to the stage!*

"Mrs. Stone and I usually agree off stage as well as on. We both think good coffee plays an important part in home happiness, and that Chase & Sanborn's has a satisfying flavor."



Coffee that is more than ten days old. It is the first coffee ever to be handled like a fresh food . . . so that not a whiff of its superb, freshly roasted flavor can be lost.

However long your can of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee lasts, it tastes better because it is weeks fresher at the start. Get a can from your grocer at once and enjoy this delectable, real coffee taste tomorrow in your own cup. You will find its extra richness . . . its fresh, full-strength flavor a magnificent satisfaction!

RICHARD ARLEN, famous Paramount star, proudly claims that Jobyna finds time, between pictures, to be a real home-maker and to see to it that Dick gets everything he likes best—including Chase & Sanborn's Coffee! *"We owe it to our friends to serve a coffee we know is fresh,"* says Dick, *"and if it is dated, we are certain we are right in our selection."*

DATED *Coffee*

(Continued from Page 60)

Two or three weeks later, when my first relief expedition to Serbia was drawing to a close, I wired to the doctor stating the hour my train would be passing through Ghevgeli on its way to the coast and expressing the hope that he and the same nurses who had seen me off would again be at the station to give me a handshake and let me know how they were faring. But when the train reached Ghevgeli there were no nurses and no Doctor Donnelly. My heart sank within me as I looked eagerly in every direction for the gallant souls I had been expecting to see. I had a premonition of tragedy. Why, I know not. But my worst fears were realized when Doctor Hodge, an assistant doctor from the hospital, stepped forward and said:

"We had your telegram, Sir Thomas, but Sisters Tetrault and Fry are down with typhus. And Doctor Donnelly ——"

He turned away for a moment and then added, "Doctor Donnelly died of typhus yesterday, Sir Thomas."

Red Cross Work in Serbia

Nothing more was said between us at the time. We could only stand on the station platform and grip each other's hands. Later Doctor Hodge told me how Donnelly, when seized with the dread illness, dictated nine letters, including one for his wife in the United States. He said that if he recovered he would look after the letters himself, but if he died they were to be given to me for dispatch to his friends. And just before he died Doctor Donnelly left one more instruction. His last request was that his body might be wrapped in the American flag sent up from the Erin and that the dear emblem of his country should be consigned to the grave with his remains.

I have told you this story of a noble American gentleman who sacrificed his life in the Great War, far from home and kindred, because it made a very powerful impression on me. But many fine American doctors such as Doctor Donnelly, and many women like Sisters Tetrault and Fry, came over to Britain from America during those awful years. I met them everywhere in Europe—big, full-hearted men and women with everything to lose and nothing to gain, and all of them setting examples of heroism and devotion to ideals which inspired everybody with whom they came in contact.

For so long as, from the standpoint of the Allies, there remained a Serbia to go to, my ship continued to ply between Marseilles and Salonica. I came to love the brave Serbs. I was happy amongst them. And they were altogether too grateful to me for any work I was able to perform on their behalf. They conferred upon me the freedom of the city of Nish, then their temporary capital, a distinction given to no other foreigner. The present King of Serbia also created me a Knight of the Grand Order of St. Sava, and this decoration I am proud of. It will always remind me of intensely interesting times spent in the country of the Serbs. The Serbian people called me Chica Toma—Uncle Tom—and for many months that was my only appellation among them.

At length, when the enemy invasion of Serbia rendered my work there impossible, I returned to take part in other war duties in England.

But the Erin remained in the Mediterranean as a patrol ship under the British Admiralty, and it was while she was engaged in this duty that she was torpedoed by a submarine. My beautiful and historic yacht went to the bottom of the sea, carrying with her, alas, six members of my crew. For the life of any one of these I would gladly have given the ship.

* * * * * * * * *

My challenge with the Shamrock IV was deferred for exactly six years. Yachtsmen on both sides of the ocean were naturally keen to renew their friendly contests, and when I went over two years after the finish of the war, I was given one of the greatest receptions of my life.

Immediately I landed, my first concern was to see my challenger, and on going to City Island, where she had been laid up during the war years, I was delighted to find her little the worse for her long period of masterly inactivity.

In the actual races of 1920 we did better than we had ever done before. Of the five races sailed I won two. One of these victories was due, it is true, to an unfortunate mishap to the defender which I regretted as much as my opponents. Moreover, when the Resolute recorded the first of her three victories, the margin by which she won was no more than the time my ship had to allow her under the then existing measurement rule. So far as pure sailing was concerned it was virtually a dead heat. And in one at least of the defender's two other victories rather baffling weather seemed to like us less than it did our opponent. But I did not grumble. It is all in the game. We had had a series of splendid races and I had, at any rate, the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that in the final result the Americans had yet once more produced the better boat.

Now—and readers of the Post must bear in mind that this article is being written in the month of July—my challenge with the Shamrock V is within appreciable distance of being fought out. As all the world knows, this year's races will be sailed under considerably different conditions from those of former years. Not only will both challenger and defender have been built to the same universal rule but in the construction of the yachts the requirements of Lloyd's Register rules for yachts will have been fully complied with. The new rules will insure that both yachts are not extreme examples of types and that, broadly speaking, they will be fit for general service as yachts. In my humble opinion, this is a most happy outcome of the negotiations that have taken place from time to time, and always in the most friendly and genial spirit, since I became a challenger for the famous trophy. One pleasing result of the change will be that public interest is likely to be keener than ever in international yachting—and, indeed, in all branches of yachting. The development is one which was bound to come and, having come, it will be welcomed everywhere.

Hopes in the Fifth Shamrock

This summer I have spent many weeks on board my new steamship Erin—yes, I have another and a larger Erin—and it has been my joy to see my Shamrock V win many magnificent races all round the British coast against the best of the yachts on our side of the water. What, then, of my latest challenger? I can truthfully say that Mr. Nicholson has turned out a fine boat and one that has, as I have just mentioned, given evidence of being a fast mover under varying conditions. Her skipper is Edward Heard, of Tollesbury, and we are all hopeful that the real racing will see him at the top of his form. With my old friend and trusty yachting adviser, Col. Duncan Neill, to lend him the benefit of his shrewd and lengthy experience, I am more than hopeful that Captain Heard will distinguish himself.

Yet, as I said before in these articles, the race itself is even more than the winning of it, and whether I win or lose I am certain of this—a fine sporting welcome from my American friends and a series of contests carried out in the best spirit of sportsmanship. If I have one regret it is that the genius of Nathaniel Herreshoff and the exceptional skill of Charlie Barr are not available to my rivals in this first contest for the cup for a long period of years with normal, healthy and shipshape yachts.

Now I must finish. I would like to say that I have only consented to relate these impressions and recollections of a long and very happy life because I have so many dear and valued friends in America—friends who have always been good to me, in whose company I have spent innumerable delightful hours, and hope to spend many more. For upward of sixty years I have been going amongst them and I have learned to love them. And not only them, my intimate friends, but the whole American public—that vast, vivid, thrustful family drawn from all the corners of the earth and now happily welded together in the bonds of a great national pride and in the knowledge of stupendous accomplishments achieved and yet to be achieved.

I always say that you have to live in America, as I have done, boy and man, thoroughly to know and appreciate the people, just as we in Britain are only known and truly appreciated by those Americans who are continually coming amongst us. And if, during all the years that have gone since I first set foot on American soil, I have been helpful in the smallest degree in cementing the relationships between my own land and the citizens of the United States—well, I have had the gratification of seeing my fond desires become more and more realized. The differences between us are only superficial; the fundamentals are the same, in outlook and aspiration, in character and ideals, in business and in sport.

The Bond of Sportsmanship

You will see that I have mentioned sport last. But I am not sure that it shouldn't come a bit higher up the list. Your Bobby Jones comes over and lifts our golf championships every year and we love him for his lion-hearted pluck and his magical ability on the links. I am hoping to take back the America's Cup this year just to even things out a bit! And I know that if I do you Americans will cheer yourselves hoarse. That's the spirit I like and that is what is going to do more good to our mutual friendship than a thousand platform orations, be they never so spellbinding.

Perhaps I can best conclude these articles with a message of some kind or another to the youth of America—a fatherly word or two, as it were, from a man who has worked very hard at his own business and who, perchance, might have a few wrinkles to hand over to those at the threshold of their careers. The organizers of a Salesmanship Congress which met in one of your large towns many years ago asked me to address them, but I could not be in the States when it assembled. So I sent them a few ideas which I entitled Salesmanship and Sailsmanship. Here is an extract from what I wrote:

"The subject of salesmanship has been one of very special interest to me all through my business life. I suppose I can claim to be something of a salesman; anyhow, I have been selling both personally and by deputy since I was a youth, and in my early days I was supposed to be not without gifts as a salesman.

"I have also had some little experience of the other kind of sailsmanship—that with which my Shamrocks are more particularly identified—and while at first sight it may not seem that there is much in common between the two it will be found, on examination, that they are more or less related. To begin with, both depend to a large extent on atmosphere and air, or rather wind; in the one case, hot air is said to be occasionally utilized.

"The ideal conditions for the sailsman on the water are a sunny atmosphere and a strong, true and steady breeze, and for the salesman of commerce a sunny and cheerful mental atmosphere and a strong, reliable and attractive line of goods. They must both be sportsmen at heart, ready and prepared to take the bad weather with the good, depression and squalls equally with prosperity and fair winds, and both must play the game squarely and honestly. The salesman of commerce using other than straightforward methods may get the weather of his customer once and land him with a dud deal or soak him in the matter of price, but he dare not show his face in that quarter again. The only man who can do this with anything like impunity is the one whose territory is big enough to make his first round last a lifetime!

"So must the sailsman give way cheerfully when caught on the wrong tack, and at all times respect the rule of the road. Just as the sailsman must keep a constant lookout for changes of weather, so must the salesman keep his eyes skinned for changes of taste; as the one watches for puffs of wind, the other must watch for freaks of fashion; as the one, when he gets into the doldrums, puts up his helm and goes off to look for a favoring breeze, so must the other in times of slackness break new ground and hustle for fresh business. Then, if the winds are contrary, the sailsman must tack—t-a-c-k—to make progress and coax his boat over the winning line just as the salesman must use tact—t-a-c-t—to overcome the obstacles he may meet with and coax his customer into giving him the coveted order and thus make his the winning line.

"The first essential of success as a salesman is to make sure that he has a good article to sell, as unless he has faith in his own line he can hardly hope to persuade or enthuse his customer; and, having that faith, he should endeavor to impart it to those whose business he is out to get. He should also make himself well acquainted with the article he is selling so that he can talk about it as an expert if necessary. He should also make equally sure that his goods are what his customers require; it is no use trying to force an article nobody wants, and if he has not got the right goods to sell he should report accordingly to his house, giving them the exact particulars of what is wanted and urging them to manufacture the thing that will go.

"Much of the success of any commercial nation is due to the alert ability of its representatives in finding out what merchants all over the globe are wanting, and setting themselves to produce the right article."

No Sales Furled

"Another point I would suggest is—don't belittle your opponents' goods. Admit their merit—if they have any—but tactfully point out the advantages of your own and show in what way they are superior. Again, don't take offense readily. You may not always be received with open arms by your customer. Don't expect the fatted calf to be killed for you every time you call. Make allowances for the customer. You don't know his troubles or annoyances—he may have lost his collar stud or be wearing a pair of tight boots. Try to give the soft answer that turneth away wrath and he will probably find that he has done you an injustice and will strive to make amends to your ultimate advantage.

"Above all things be civil, polite and conciliatory. Whatever the station of life your customer may be in, whether he is proprietor, or manager, or head of a department, or only the owner of a one-horse show way back, make him feel that for you he is the one man in the universe, and that to obtain his order is the ambition of your life. Get close to your man; win his confidence and, having got it, make sure you keep it. It was my aim in my own early days in serving as many customers personally as I possibly could, to make each of them my friend, and I am proud to say that I mostly succeeded. Indeed, I frequently receive reminders from some of these good people that they knew me when I was behind the counter.

"In exactly the same way that the sailsman afloat should keep his craft trim and neat, his brasses burnished bright and his sails spotlessly clean, so should the salesman ashore be spruce and smart in his personal appearance, preserving at all times his own self-respect and the credit of his house and justifying to the full his claim to the title and position of an Ambassador of Commerce!"

This message was written many years ago, but, as an ex-business man about to engage once again in the great America's Cup contest—in other words, as a salesman turned sailsman—it strikes me as not inappropriate at the present moment.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Sir Thomas Lipton and Mr. Blackwood.

½ TON	¾ TON	1 TON	1½ TON	1½ TON SUPER-POWER	2 TON	2½ TON	3 TON	3½ TON	4 TON	5 TON 6-WHEELER	UP TO 15 TON
$625	$695	$745	$960	$1265	$1545	$1845	$2080	$3035	$3795	$5885	TRACTORS

THE 1930 "YARDSTICK" OF REAL TRUCK VALUES

THIS IS A REAL YARDSTICK OF MODERN TRUCK VALUES

1) A modern truck *exactly* suited to every truck-job from the ½-ton range up: 395 standard chassis-tire combinations; 118 types; 33 different chassis; 11 basic models; tractors up to the 15-ton range.

2) Modern six-cylinder efficiency: safe speed that widens operating-radius; power to take loads anywhere; with plenty of reserve-huskiness for years of low-cost operation.

3) Prices that give *extra* profit to every General Motors Truck owner—made possible only by the volume and special resources of the world's largest exclusive commercial vehicle manufacturer.

It is no longer necessary to handicap your business by use of trucks that waste time, or operating and maintenance costs.

It is no longer necessary to stand the drain of trucks too big, or too small, for your particular work.

It is no longer necessary to risk loss of public good will by trucks that are obsolete in any way.

Ask for a General Motors Truck man to study your haulage and to make practical suggestions. No obligation—but real possibility of more profit from your trucks, as tens of thousands *are finding out.*

Time payments financed *at lowest rates available anywhere,* through our own Y. M. A. C. List prices on General Motors Trucks contain no camouflaged "handling" or "freight" items. Low parts- and service-prices are standardized throughout the country. Competent service, when and if needed, everywhere available.

Investigate this opportunity for greater profit and economy in your use of trucks. Apply this real yardstick of modern truck *values. Maximum profit and growth today demand efficient haulage equipment.*

TO BAKERS

Important truck-study—free

Send for nation-wide analysis of truck costs, methods, and economies in bakery operations, just completed. If in another line, ask to receive similar studies—now completed or in process. Address: GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK CO., Pontiac, Mich. (*Subsidiary of* Yellow Truck & Coach Mfg. Co.) GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS, YELLOW CABS, COACHES.

Factory branches, distributors, dealers in 1500 cities and towns

SUPER-POWER 1½-TON RANGE

$1295 *(chassis only)*

Specially suited to BAKERY operations (and many others, of course) . . . the very peak of equipment in this capacity-range . . . Model T-25b; 8,500 lbs. "Straight Rating" (total gross weight, including load) . . . 76 actual horsepower—a six-cylinder engine famed for smoothness, flexibility, economy; rugged 6" pressed steel frame with special "shock absorber" reinforcement . . . Real 4-wheel truck brakes . . . 4 speed transmission . . . Illustration shows 141" wheelbase, with 9' insulated bread body. (Complete with body, $1792—f. o. b. factory; paint job extra.) 130" and 152" wheelbases (7'6" and 10'6" bodies) also available . . . Prices, unless otherwise stated, chassis only, f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

AMONG all the confusing claims being made by various tire manufacturers, one fact stands out beyond dispute:

For 36 years Kelly-Springfield has built the quality product of the tire industry.

When you buy a Kelly tire, whether it be the Kelly Balloon, the Kelly White Sidewall Balloon, the Kelly Registered Balloon, or the Kelly Lotta Miles, you can be absolutely assured as to two things:

One is that you will pay *no more* for a Kelly—in some cases actually *less*—than you would have to pay for a competitive make.

The other is that you will get a better tire.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO.

Builders of the world's finest tires

1775 Broadway New York

KELLY

Kelly-Springfield tires are sold exclusively by Independent dealers

THE SQUAW WOMAN

(Continued from Page 23)

value in the world, something to be sought out and confronted with service, not something to be ordered about like a Negress on a Cotton Belt plantation.

He was determined, it seemed, to break her will. But he had caught her a trifle too late for that sort of bullying.

"Perhaps I've been expecting too much from you," she finally informed him.

"Do you want me to get a guitar and come and sing under your window?" he mocked.

"I'm not asking for devotion," she parried. "All I want is decency."

"You'll get what you deserve," he announced, "and no more. And you may also learn that life is something sterner than a Lee Simonson set under a pink spotlight."

It struck her, for all her smile of cool unconcern, that he was less a backwoodsman than he pretended.

"But doesn't it occur to you that you may be cheating yourself—cheating yourself terribly—in trying to keep everything on this pound-of-flesh basis?"

"What difference does it make?" he asked with defensive coldness.

"All the difference in the world," she protested in the candor of desperation. "All the difference, I'd say, between heaven and hell. And the tragic part of it, to me, is the thought that you don't even know what you're losing."

"Thanks for the implication," was his rough and embittered retort.

That, for some reason, brought a sudden flame of color to her face. She knew, for once in her life, the shame of a woman scorned. But no anger burned from her eyes. Her gaze was thoughtful and touched with a delusive spirit of meekness as she studied her companion.

"I'm afraid we haven't got off to a very good beginning," she said, out of the silence that had lengthened between them. Then, as he essayed no answer to that, she added: "I suppose they'll be looking for me."

"Undoubtedly," acknowledged Darrow.

"And if they find me?" she ventured.

"They'll take you back with them, I assume," was his studiously quiet reply. Then he added, with a sudden frown: "But until they do, remember, I'm responsible for you!"

She ignored that proclamation, following, apparently, her own line of thought.

"They'll never know, of course, where I landed. They'll never even know I'm alive." And her frown deepened as she sat brooding over the fruits of that absurd flight of hers. "Isn't there any way," she asked as she turned back to Darrow, "that we can send out word to them?"

The man on the other side of the camp fire filled his pipe and lighted it.

"You seem to forget the kind of country you're in," he said with a note of impatience. "We're almost two weeks' travel, in summer, from the nearest white man. And he's three weeks, in turn, from the railhead. And even that wouldn't be taking you much nearer the Winiska."

She stared out over the evening lake from which the call of a loon sounded lonely and remote. Beyond the lake was a ghostly slope of white birch and beyond the birch grove stretched a thinning vista of pinelands, ridge by purpling ridge, as far as the eye could reach.

It impressed her, of a sudden, as a dishearteningly desolate country, a country in which a bewildered human being seemed a microscopically small unit. A shiver went through her body as she leaned closer to the fire. She had to fight back a foolish sense of betrayal, a wave of weakness that brought a tightness to her throat and a threat of tears to her eyes. But she was once more mistress of herself when she looked up from the coals.

"Why couldn't you take me out to them?" she asked, with an immediacy that brought his frowning glance about to her face.

"That could be done only after the freeze-up," he explained with achieved patience. "There are no open water routes between us and the Winiska."

She sat digesting that unsavory fact.

"But there are flying routes, they told me, right up to the mouth of the MacKenzie."

"We're off the track of the Churchill flyers here," he patiently explained.

"And there's no way out?"

"Not at the moment," he answered, his voice touched with ice.

She stared at him, wide-eyed, absorbing the truth. It was, after all, unexpectedly like being wrecked in mid-ocean, with nothing more than a cannibal king to take care of you.

"Then whatever happens, you must keep me until winter?" she asked with a sort of childlike helplessness that in no way added to her companion's happiness.

"I don't see any way out of it," he said as he turned to stack together the meager dishes from which they had eaten.

"I'm afraid you'll find me a good deal of a nuisance," she ventured, the ghost of a smile playing like heat lightning about her lip corners.

"Not always," he retorted. "But you'll learn, before long, that life isn't merely a row of Maxfield Parrish landscapes. You'll find out how to start over again without a good many of the fripperies. I did. And there's no reason you can't do the same. So you may as well begin by washing the skillet."

"What is a skillet?"

"It's a frying pan and it takes wood ashes and hot water to get it clean."

She looked at the skillet. Then she looked at the man who was attempting to master her.

"I'm afraid I'm rather tired," she said with a purely achieved languor.

"But I want you to wash those dishes," he proclaimed, his face darkening before her coolly insolent stare.

"Is that a command?" she finally asked.

"It is."

She moved her head slowly from side to side. "I don't propose to be bullied," she said with challenging quietness.

A flame of anger mounted to his face as he stepped toward her. But he stopped halfway, wondering at his hesitation. He stared, for a perilous moment or two, at the eyes so resolutely gazing into his own. Then he turned away, not so much with a gesture of defeat as an acknowledgment of an issue deferred. And if he heard Claire's audaciously mocking murmur of "Big Injin me!" he chose to disregard it.

VI

CLAIRE, for all her air of abstraction, kept a studious eye on the morosely silent Darrow. She was only vaguely conscious of the fact that he was reading a book still closed to her, that his somberly alert glance was deciphering where three caribou had taken to the water, where a brown bear, fishing at the river side, had slunk back into the bushes; where the hoofprints of a moose showed about the edge of a lily pond; where an eagle soared high overhead and a blue heron, seeing that drifting freckle in the upper ether, abruptly changed his course; where a swimming muskrat split the surface of a green-shadowed river and a marten slipped away between the shore rocks. She heard only the water gurgling along the canoe side. But he heard the sound of a mink dodging through the underbrush, and the warning slap of a beaver's tail, and the honk of the geese high over the pine hills, and the squeak of a deer mouse captured by a weasel. And before landing and making camp he knew just which island to visit for fresh wild-fowl eggs, and below which rapids to set his gill net, and along which deeper waterway to troll for the salmon trout which could be fried a golden brown for their evening meal. Sometimes, as she sat in the canoe bow, basking like a convalescent in the strengthening sunlight, she felt almost grateful for his reticence, even while she wondered what foolish and self-defeating passion to live his own life, aloof from the world, had brought him into that northern wilderness.

But his increasing air of expectancy, as he paddled on the next day under a robin's-egg-blue sky that paled to opal and amethyst along the saw-toothed horizon of spruce hills, more and more impressed itself on the watchful-eyed woman. He proffered no explanation of that change, but his movements as they debouched into an azure-tinted lake and he continued to look more alertly along the broken shore line persuaded Claire that they were nearing the end of their journey.

He gave the impression, as they forged steadily on, of a man listening for something. It might have been for a dog's bark, or a series of signal shots, or a shout of welcome from the thinly wooded shore. But whatever it was, it failed to come out to him.

Darrow's face darkened perceptibly as they swung about a rocky point and drifted into an ever-narrowing bay stippled with a scattering of small islands. In a hollow of the hills beyond these islands Claire caught sight of a sturdy log cabin with a chalet roof, backed by a cluster of outhouses. These outhouses, carefully whitewashed, stood clearly defined against the dark green of the hills behind them. A sodded clearing showed between the chalet-roofed cabin and a sun-bleached boat-landing at the water's edge. On one side of this clearing stood orderly rows of stove wood, on the other, a stockaded garden slope where hardy vegetables were obviously engaged in a valorous fight for life. It bore every evidence of a carefully plotted and well-kept camp, a man-made place of security in a wilderness of uncertainties. But to the woman who stared at it over her shoulder it looked lonely. It impressed her, like all the other buildings of that northern frontier, as crouching timorously close to the earth, as clinging desperately to some final anchorage from which it still defied the winds of winter to whip it. Yet it carried an inalienable air of valor, of fixed courage in the face of vicissitudes. That was why, Claire told herself as they drifted closer to the landing, she liked it more than she expected.

Her gaze, a moment later, swung back to Darrow. And on that lean and weathered face with its indefinable and animal-like aura of pathos she thought she detected the same forlorn note of valor. But Darrow's habitual small frown, as marked as the prairie squint of the southern cowboy, deepened even as she stared at him.

"There's something wrong here," he said, apparently to himself as he stepped out of the canoe, catching up his rifle as he went. He was, plainly, giving little thought to his companion as he waded ashore and went striding up the smooth-worn path. He stopped at the doorstep of squared spruce logs on which a dog lay sleeping. It struck Claire as strange that this dog made no effort to welcome his master, who leaned over him, oddly silent and arrested. And that isolated stooping figure, so clear-cut in the northern sunlight, took on an added pathos to the watching woman.

"What's wrong?" she called out, startled by the clearness with which her words were echoed back by that circling amphitheater of hills.

She waited for some answer from him. But none came down to her. So she clambered out of the canoe and walked slowly up the path, stopping beside Darrow as he still stooped over his sleeping dog.

She saw, then, for the first time, the blackened stains on the bleached timbers, the matted hair about the bullet holes that stippled the rigid carcass.

"He's dead," she gasped, depressed by a ghostly spirit of enmity that seemed brooding over that silent camp.

Darrow, instead of speaking, stepped over the dog's body and disappeared within the lodge. He came out a moment later, with a new look of grimness on his lean jaw.

"Lacasse is gone," he proclaimed, staring perplexedly about the camp.

"What does that mean?" asked the bewildered woman, watching Darrow as he carefully lifted the dog's body to one side of the doorsteps.

"It means he's finally run amuck. He's looted the camp of what he wanted and cleared out."

"But why should he do a thing like that?" demanded Claire, pointing toward the stiffened dog's carcass.

Darrow, before answering, stepped back into the lodge and returned with a couple of empty whisky bottles which he flung to one side of the clearing.

"Lacasse has been acting queerly for some time. He'd worried me considerably. But I put that down to his being so much alone."

Claire, with a look about the camp, nodded understandingly.

"Yes, that sort of life would make any man queer," she asserted, apparently oblivious of the quick flush that stained Darrow's already dark face. "It doesn't seem normal and natural."

"A few of us seem to survive it," answered Darrow, his voice sharpened with anger. "And you may as well get used to it."

She resented his curt gesture as he motioned her inside. But she realised, as she watched him striding back to the loaded canoe, that his own nerves were not entirely under control. Her face was thoughtful as she stepped into the main room of the lodge, where she sniffed a resinous aroma shot through with a thin smell of mustiness.

It was, however, much more orderly than she had expected. She had seen rooms enough like it, in different Adirondack camps, with the same stone fireplace at one end and the same animal skins across the floor boards. But she was surprised by the number of books about, at certain little extravagances unlooked for so far from civilization. Even the wall logs were scraped and carefully varnished. The chairs, roughly made as they seemed, were upholstered with buckskin and padded with dried moss. A table, built of two-inch pine boards stained a mahogany brown, held a brass student's lamp with a green shade, a pipe rack, a row of books bound in native deer skin, a bronze tobacco jar, a scattering of silver and china, an elaborately tooled writing pad of tanned leather on which lay an empty cartridge belt and the abraded sheath of a hunting knife. From above the fireplace a mounted moose head glowered across the room at an equally glowering musk-ox head set on a plaque of brown-stained pine. Above the bookshelves between the double-sashed window hung an incredibly large fish mounted on a highly varnished board.

On the side table between the two doors that opened into smaller rooms stood a carefully carved box of sewing utensils and four candlesticks holding four fat candles of tallow. A scattering of sporting prints decorated the wall, and above a couch in the far corner flamed the primitive colors of a Navajo blanket.

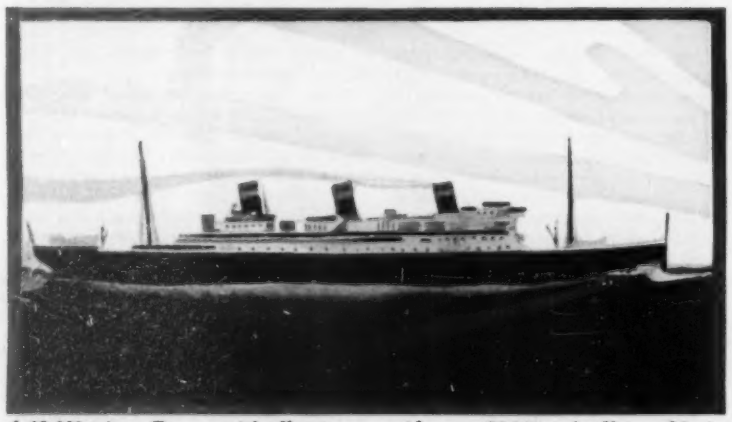
Claire was still staring about the room, conscious of its appeal even while she remarked the absence of all photographs and pictures and mementos of urban life, when Darrow returned to the lodge. He carried a spade and she attributed his look of taut gloom to the fact that he had been burying the dog. He stared at her irascibly, as she studied a roughly made writing desk on which stood a calendar in a small bronze

(Continued on Page 70)

Starting Today!

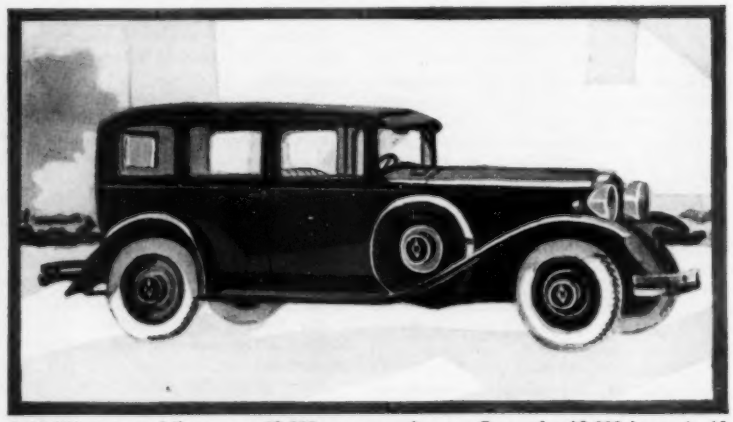
Westinghouse Radio

1st PRIZE—



A $5,000 trip to Europe with all expenses paid . . . or $5,000 cash. Your cabin is ready—on a palatial ocean liner . . . any ship you choose. All for one idea!

2nd PRIZE—



A $2,000 automobile . . . any $2,000 car you choose. Or . . . the $2,000 in cash, if you prefer. Just for giving Westinghouse a cabinet idea.

THIS is an age of beauty . . . charm . . . style . . . good design even in the most utilitarian things. In fountain pens and beds, stoves and skyscrapers, radiators . . . and radios.

For example...the new Westinghouse Radio. Outward beauty to match their inward mechanical fineness. The beauty of ageless period design casing the newest radio marvel of this modern age. Westinghouse, who pioneered in radio since radio's very beginning, pioneers again, and ushers in the era of beautification in radio cabinets. Once a pioneer, always a pioneer!

In addition to its own efforts, Westinghouse invites yours. Invites all America to join its cabinet designing staff—its "Idea Department." And opens a nation-wide suggestion box and a bulletin of rich prizes, $10,625 in cash to stimulate your ideas.

Have you ever, in a casual evening's conversation, said—"I wonder why some radio manufacturer hasn't done this thing or that?" Tell the idea to Westinghouse—it may be a prize winner! Perhaps you have some basic idea for a radio cabinet's entire design. Tell Westinghouse! You don't need to make a drawing of your idea—just describe it in your own words. Some perfectly simple idea may be simply perfect . . . and may win you a trip to Europe or a $2,000 automobile or a sweet and unexpected sum to swell the balance in your bank-book.

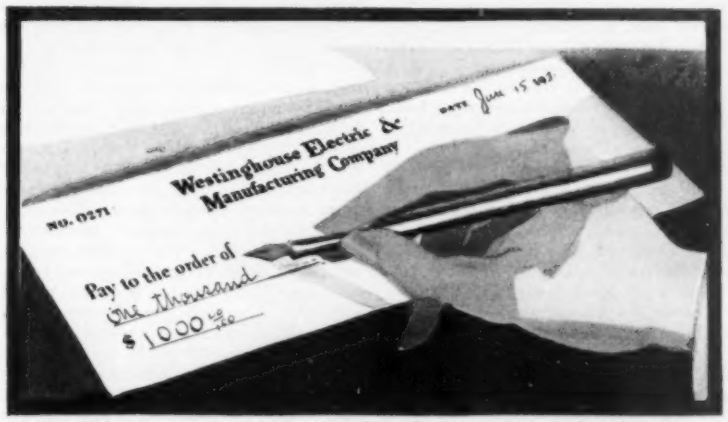
WHAT DO WE MEAN "IDEAS"? HERE'S A GOOD EXAMPLE

See these miniature models at your dealer's

One of the Westinghouse staff suggested this idea (it's not entered in the contest, of course, since Westinghouse employees are not eligible) but it furnishes a good example of the type of ideas we seek. These cabinets are lighted from within—and the light shines through the translucent panels at each side. In one cabinet the panels are rich, amber tone; in the other cabinet, the Gothic model, the panels are multi-colored and the effect suggests sunlight drifting through the stained glass windows of some mellow old cathedral. See them at your Westinghouse Radio dealer's because they might set your "thinking cap" buzzing with ideas of your own. Of course, these are only miniatures and have nothing to do with the new Westinghouse Radio sets now on sale at your dealer's.

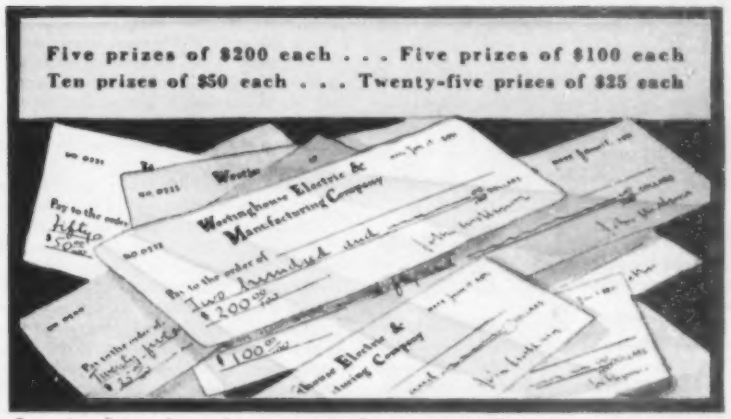
$10,000 Idea Contest

3rd PRIZE—



$1,000 will be presented to the person who submits the third best radio cabinet idea. This check is waiting for the winner of the third prize.

and 45 More Prizes


Five prizes of $200 each . . . Five prizes of $100 each
Ten prizes of $50 each . . . Twenty-five prizes of $25 each
Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company

One nice thing about this contest is that it isn't limited to just a few prizes. Even if you don't win a big prize you still have a chance for a check.

HOW TO ENTER THE CONTEST

1. Contest opens September 25th and closes December 24th. Ideas must be in the mails before midnight December 24th. Winners will be announced January 19th.
2. Anyone may compete except employees of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company or its associated companies.
3. Ideas may be submitted in writing. If sketches are submitted, explanatory letter must accompany them. You may submit as many ideas as you like, but each must be on a separate sheet of paper with your full name and address. No letters or sketches will be returned.
4. Prizes will be awarded to the best 48 original and acceptable ideas for beautifying radio cabinets. If a winning idea is submitted by more than one person the full prize will be awarded to each contestant.
5. All prize winning ideas become the property of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.
6. Leaflets giving helpful suggestions and Contest Entry Blanks can be had at any Westinghouse Radio dealer's store. Ideas must be mailed to Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Radio Department, 150 Broadway, New York City.

The judges of the contest are:

Miss Helen Koues, Director of Good Housekeeping Studio.
Miss Neysa McMein, famous artist.
Miss Rosamond Pinchot, prominent member of younger set.
Raymond Loewy, famed Parisian artist and designer.
E. B. Ingraham, Vice-President, Times Appliance Co., Inc., New York City.
A. W. Robertson, Chairman of the Board, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.

Q-117

Go to your Westinghouse Radio dealer today and enter the contest. See models of the miniature lighted cabinets . . . Get full information . . . Win a prize!

Westinghouse Radio

A NINE TUBE, SCREEN-GRID SUPER-HETERODYNE

Four sets, including a radio phonograph combination. Remote control (on larger models). Four screen-grid tubes . . . Tone control (on larger models) . . . Push-pull power amplifier . . . Improved power filter system no "hum" . . . New electro-dynamic power speaker . . . Local-distant switch. See and hear these new sets at your Westinghouse Radio dealer's and let him explain the convenient time payments.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
RADIO DEPARTMENT . . . 150 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

THE PIONEER OF RADIO IN THE HOME

© W. E. & M. Co. 1930

PROPOSE THIS TO THE LADY OF YOUR CHOICE

•

The Queen of your Household lends an attentive ear to suggestions that proceed from you!

She gets the food you like, shops for your socks and shirts, and buys 84% of all the tooth paste sold.

Perhaps she buys Ipana, perhaps she doesn't yet know its virtues. But, if the three simple statements below are convincing to you, please show them to her and ask her to give Ipana the trial it deserves.

1 Ipana does more than clean the teeth. It tones and stimulates the gums.

2 If your tooth brush ever "shows pink," massage and Ipana will remedy the condition; for Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used by dentists in treating gum disorders.

3 Ipana has a splendid taste. It gives an instant and lasting feeling of cleanliness!

•

Advanced in conception, scientific in formula, Ipana's rise to success is a tribute to its many benefits. It brings whiter teeth; it keeps gums firm, sound and healthy.

So, with the coupon below, please ask your wife to try Ipana.

Fair One . . .

The statements above sound reasonable to me. Will you order, on my behalf, when next you see the druggist, a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste? I'd like to give it a trial.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

*Signed*_____

(Continued from Page 67)

frame, with its first seven-dayed row carefully marked off, a barometer and a pair of binoculars, a first-aid kit, a nickel alarm clock, and a pewter candle mold. He observed her slightly satiric smile as her lifting gaze rested on a wall plaque hung above the table. It was an example of burned-wood work, a polished slab of pine on which had been patiently inscribed: "Let the noon find thee by other lakes, and the night overtake thee everywhere at home—Thoreau."

She shrugged condoningly, and he was quick to resent that shrug.

"Then you don't agree with Emerson that in the woods we can return to wisdom and faith?" he demanded, the spade still in his hand.

"I'm afraid there's about the same percentage of simpletons north of The Pas as there is on the other side of it," she said, with assumed unconcern. He stood, for a moment, studying her half-averted face. Then he turned on his heel and strode off to the dolorous task of burying his flock of hens, that had died of starvation in their tragically secure stockade.

When he returned to the lodge, half an hour later, he came carrying a heavy bundle of dunnage which he morosely lowered to the floor. Then he glanced impatiently toward the silent woman, who was wondering, at the moment, why a roof and four walls should make her so immoderately conscious of the soiled and shabby clothing she wore.

"This is the kitchen," said Darrow, curtly throwing open one of the rear doors.

Claire read the tacit challenge in that announcement. But she chose to disregard it as she stepped quietly through the narrow door of varnished rawhide. This was, after all, their home-coming. And it had proved anything but a happy event. She had failed, wretchedly, in every effort toward understanding and being understood by her companion. She hadn't even paid her way as she went. And it was time that she did what she could to make the intolerable more tolerable.

But the disorder of the small room, which Lacasse must have used as an eating place, startled her. Soiled dishes littered the table top; unwashed pots and pans crowded the sheet-iron cookstove; the supply shelves along the wall were in disorder. A half side of bacon, carelessly hacked at, lay on the floor; and in an opened meal chest had been flung a worn-out moccasin, defiant and filthy.

"It doesn't seem very clean here," she said as she glanced at the disordered sink made of painted wooden boards, lined with zinc. Her attention was held, at the moment, by a small pump at one end of the sink. Standing beside it was a bread mixer with a layer of green-molded dough still clinging to its bottom.

"Then supposing you clean it," was Darrow's curt retort. He was, she knew, distressed by the unexpected disorder of his camp, by the desertion of Lacasse. And he seemed equally distressed by the thought that he had brought a stranger into his home, a stranger who was neither helping nor making him happy. So she fought back the wave of opposition that surged through her body.

She could and would do her part, after all, if the man would only treat her fairly. She had lost about everything in life, but she could not and would not be driven about like a dog. He hated all women, apparently, for some reason she couldn't yet fathom. He even seemed to wring his morose satisfaction out of seeing her suffer. But she was still a woman, a white woman, even though she happened at the moment to be wearing the smoke-stained buckskin of a squaw.

So she turned and studied him with a lucid and level gaze that in no wise added to his happiness.

"I'll be glad to do anything," was her quiet response, "when you ask me properly."

"You mean I must beg you?" he challenged. She could see the same dark flame that had mounted to his face the night before, the same feral flash that left his eyes hard and his hands unsteady.

"You apparently don't know much about women," she replied, still cool before his mounting anger.

"I know all I want to know," was his foolishly impassioned retort.

"And you think you can force me into doing things I don't want to do?"

She realized, as she spoke, how fixed had been the tradition of chivalry in life as she had hitherto known it. She had never been threatened. She had never been confronted by force. A woman's body was inviolate, so long as she wished it, in that old world of hers. A man never struck a woman and never coerced her. He was rated socially, in fact, as he abstained from using such force. Even to touch her, unless encouraged to do so, was taboo. Always, on their busiest streets, she had been safe from violence, protected by that traditional rite of sex respect. She had traveled alone, in daylight and in darkness, with no thought of danger, strong in her very weakness. And it was accepted as a mark and measure of civilization, the degree to which men respected women. All her life, she recalled, she had been protected—protected from violence and tumult, from hunger and cold, from contact with the roughness of life. A secret army, expertly trained for that one end, had stood between her and any affront to her dignity as a daughter of wealth. They had made life safe for her.

She wondered for a moment if it had left her strong. But that disturbing thought was soon carried away on a rising tide of resentment.

"I'm afraid you can't bully me," she said as she confronted him.

"You're going to do what I say," Darrow proclaimed, his jaw set.

She looked for a silent moment into his face. It came home to her, as she did so, that they were enemies, incongruously tied together, two incompatibles tragically isolated, alone in a world of their own.

"And why am I going to do it?" she asked, exasperatingly cool. But she was secretly touched by her first tremor of fear. She was afraid of him, of extremes into which his absurd passion might drive him.

"Because I'll make you," was his ultimatum as he advanced toward her. And before she quite realized his intention he had seized her and swung her about. "I'll make you," he repeated as he pushed her roughly toward the disordered table.

It was loathsome to her in both essence and aspect. She resented the clutch of his hand on her arm. She resented such indignities to her body, such foolish treats of violence, such brutelike imposition of another's will on her own. She twisted sharply about and broke free of his grasp, backing slowly away from him even as some untamed part of her prompted her to hold her ground at any cost. But she continued to fall back, step by step, until she was in the outer room. And Darrow, his tanned face turning the color of saddle leather, followed her, step by step.

She saw, for the first time, the blind determination on that bloodless face. And her fear was no longer a secret one. She gasped, audibly, as he reached out for her, gasped and retreated again, with her intent eyes fixed on his eyes, until she stood with her back against the lodge wall. There her blindly groping hand fell against the cool metal barrel of the rifle that he had left leaning there.

She suddenly felt surer of herself. Her movement, as she caught up the firearm, was incredibly quick.

"Don't touch me!" she cried, in a voice thin with desperation. "If you do, I'll kill you!"

The weapon was leveled at his heart and her finger was on the trigger. But he advanced, abandonedly, until the barrel end was within an inch of his body.

"Put that down," he said, his own voice singularly thin.

"If you move an inch," she cried with an answering abandon, "I'll kill you."

He seemed to doubt her, for a smile, one-sided and mirthless, showed for a moment on his face.

"You wouldn't dare," he said, staring into the staring eyes that blazed with a fire all their own.

"If you so much as lift a hand," she began, "I'll ——"

But he cut her short by a deliberate sweep of the arm, even as the barrel end pressed against his clothing. It was his obvious intention to seize the rifle and wrench it from her grasp. But her lips tightened and even before his hand could close on the metal her waiting finger compressed on the waiting trigger.

There was the snap of steel against steel, but no louder detonation. Yet the startled man fell back a step or two, as though he had been shot. He fell back and stood motionless, staring still again into the hostilely blazing eyes where anger seemed slowly eclipsed by wonder. For it was then, and then only, that the panting woman realized the rifle had been emptied.

"So you'd go that far!" muttered Darrow, stunned by the hate that had blazed from her eyes. It seemed to leave him oddly humbled and perplexed, for he stood a full minute without moving, studying the narrowed eyes that still watched him.

It was not until he fell back a step or two, with a gesture of surrender, that the woman's intent stare relaxed. She turned then, ostensibly to lean the empty rifle against the wall again. But that movement, actually, was to hide a foolish gush of tears that had come to her eyes. She was more ashamed of those tears, apparently, than of the abrupt wave of violence that had preceded them. For she kept her face averted as she slowly groped her way to the open lodge door, through which she passed without another spoken word.

She walked away, with no sense of direction, conscious only of the fact that she wanted to be alone. She was no longer sobbing by the time she reached a birch grove that fringed the water front, but she was shaken and depressed. She knew, as she seated herself on a fallen birch bole and stared out over the wind-riffled lake, that there had been no triumph for either of them in that encounter. It had been only an ugly unbaring of those things which life, as she had hitherto lived it, kept sedulously covered. Nothing had been solved. And nothing, apparently, could be solved. But two human beings who hated each other as she and Darrow seemed to hate each other could never live long together under the same roof. She was his captive, in a way, but before all captives stood the final recourse of escape. And she, when the time was ripe, would escape. She would lay her plans and watch her chance, and when the right moment arrived she would beat her way back to a white man's world. She would fight her way out to freedom and a world where women were respected, no matter what hardships she had to face.

But her heart contracted, a moment later, as she stared out over the broken sprucelands that melted, blue-misted tier by tier, into the far-flung horizon. It was a wide and lonely country that lay between her and her lost civilization, a perilous country where life crept unprotected from sky line to sky line. She looked back at the lodge, touched by a sudden keen hunger for companionship. Darrow, apparently, was hard at work there, carrying up the last of his freight, setting the place to rights, stoically ignoring her as he passed from outhouse to outhouse. He had built a fire in the sheet-iron cook range, for she could see the blue-gray smoke coiling up from the squat kitchen chimney. In that smoke, strangely enough, she found something consoling and reassuring. It seemed a pennon of valor against the forces of desolation. It suggested shelter and warmth and food.

But Claire made no effort to return to the house, where Darrow was still busy carrying in wood and water, hanging out blankets, making his home once more habitable. She could hear the sound of a saw, followed

(Continued on Page 72)

Sound, Steady Development

Even its best and oldest friends have been surprised at the rapid rise of International Harvester in the automotive world. The gains in International Truck production and in International registrations throughout the United States have been outstanding.

There is nothing artificial or temporary in this success. It would, in fact, be hard to cite a better example of sound and steady development in American industry and business than this rise of International Trucks. The truck-building knowledge accumulated since 1904 is apparent in each succeeding year's output of Internationals. Constantly improving design, rigid quality standards, and a forward-looking service policy—all have contributed to the growing reputation.

Today the rising preference for Internationals forms as reliable a gauge as you can get of truck values. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the proof of the truck comes out on the job. It is impossible to do what International trucks are doing without being good.

Visit any Company-owned branch or any dealer and see the new line-up of Speed and Heavy-Duty Models. They fit all hauling needs. A demonstration will gladly be given.

The illustration shows the new International Model A-5, 3-ton, 6-cylinder Speed Truck. The chassis is adapted for an unusually wide range of service from high-speed transport to dump truck work.

INTERNATIONAL

International Trucks include the ¾-ton Special Delivery; the 1-ton Six-Speed Special; Speed Trucks, 1¼, 1½, 2 and 3-ton; and Heavy-Duty Trucks to 5-ton.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 So. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

"Business is Business"

Sketched from Bronze Plaque Awarded to

FIRST PRIZE WINNERS

in the Inter-Chamber Health Conservation Contest held under the auspices of

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN . . Cities more than 500,000	CLASS 1
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK . . . Cities 100,000 to 500,000	CLASS 2
EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY . Cities 50,000 to 100,000	CLASS 3
WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK . Cities 20,000 to 50,000	CLASS 4
SIDNEY, OHIO. . . . . Cities under 20,000	CLASS 5

SOME years ago it was thought that Big Business had to be hard-hearted in order to be successful. Today, people know better and employers have learned that they get more faithful service and are more successful if their employees are contented and healthy.

Today we take comfort in the assurance that medical and health scientists, philanthropists and humanitarians have the solid backing and support of the biggest business men in the country. And, modestly, Big Business gives as its reason for lending its powerful, invaluable support—"business is business".

Cities which have promoted and are promoting far-sighted health programs are reaping rich rewards. Their citizens are happier and their cities offer attractions to new industries and to people of wealth and leisure.

When the Chamber of Commerce of the United States offered prizes last year to cities which would do most to improve health and sanitary conditions, 140 cities entered the National Health Conservation Contest. This year it is expected that a larger number will compete for the Bronze Awards.

Statisticians estimate that there is an annual loss in the United States of billions of dollars due to the needless loss of lives. When these lives of valuable workers are sacrificed, their families suffer and the cities in which they live are made poorer.

If you live in a city which wants to reduce its deathrate, your city's business organization (Chamber of Commerce or Board of Trade) may obtain the active coöperation of America's greatest business organization, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

Last year health experts visited 80 of the cities which entered the National Health Conservation Contest. Your community may obtain the advice of such expert health counsel as may be needed, free of charge. A trained health expert will visit your city and search for danger spots. He will make recommendations for a constructive health improvement program which you can help to carry out.

For full information regarding health programs and the National Health Conservation Contest, the Secretary of your Chamber of Commerce or other similar body should address the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America at Washington, D. C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 70)

by the busy pound of a hammer. She could see him as he carried in supplies from the near-by storehouse and took the sun-warmed blankets down again from the line of plaited rawhide. And it seemed very lonely there, in the woodland quietness, with the late afternoon sun lowering in the high-arching sky that paled to a canary yellow above the ridges of pointed spruce. But still she sat looking out over the lake that took on steelier glints with the shifting light. She remained there, nursing her misery, even when an aroma of cooking food was wafted out to her, bringing a fresh pang to her unhappy body. She sat, desolate in spirit, watching a desolate sky line where the pointed spruce trees looked like teeth gnawing at a rind of orange.

She sat there until Darrow came slowly down the slope and stopped at the edge of her birch grove.

"You'd better come in to supper," he said in an unexpectedly humble voice.

She made an effort to say "Thank you," but the words, for some reason, failed to come. So she merely got up and followed him in silence to the lodge door, where he stepped aside and waited for her to pass inside. It was a trivial movement, in one way, and yet in another it seemed so momentous that she refused to meet his eye. She noticed the laid table, the white cloth with its serried silver and china, the waiting dishes of food. And she stood humbled by a sense of her own inadequacy.

But her heart hardened again at Darrow's curt gesture as he motioned her toward her chair. She remained standing, watching him as he sat down and addressed himself to the deer meat in front of him. He was intent, apparently, on doing away with what he called the fripperies of life.

"Am I to eat with you?" she asked.

He frowned angrily at that question, suspecting it to be less ingenuous than it promised. "Only if you wish," was his uncompromising reply.

Claire, still with an ache of desolation about her heart, hesitated for a moment. She was hungry. And hunger tamed a woman, she realized, just as it tamed an animal.

She seated herself in silence across the table from the man who hated her. She received in silence the piled plate which he so diffidently passed over to her. She ate without looking up at him. But she nursed a wild and momentary impulse, as she ate, to burst into song. She wasn't altogether sure of the words, but she knew they went to a familiar old tune. And if uttered they would proclaim that Claire Newcomb's pride lay smoldering in the grave, but her soul went marching on.

VII

IT WAS at the end of their dismally silent meal together that Claire looked up, conscious of Darrow's silent inspection of her person.

"May I speak to you?" he asked, not without a touch of mockery, which she resented.

"If the impulse has overtaken you," she said, with an answering show of indifference. And he sat for a moment, making an effort to regain control of himself.

"Something will have to be done, of course, about clothes for you," he proceeded to explain. "You've always depended, I suppose, on Fifth Avenue and the Rue de la Paix for such things. And I don't suppose you ever threaded a needle or sewed on a button in all your life?"

She could smile a little at that, both for the foolishness of the question and the equally foolish note of hostility in his voice.

"On the contrary," she told him, "I can sew quite well. That was something I learned at school."

"It couldn't possibly have been in America," he said, with a vast show of surprise.

"No, it happened to be in Switzerland," she explained, noting what was almost a frown of disappointment on his face. She was refusing, apparently, to adhere to his fixed ideal of incompetence.

"Then you'll probably find enough to keep you busy for a while," he said, with a brusqueness which impressed her as forced. But she was able to smile again, half ruefully, as she glanced down at her worn moosehide jacket and her skirt of smoke-stained buckskin.

"You have no idea," she said as she looked up again, "of the number of things I'll need."

"It will surprise you," retorted Darrow, "to find how few things you can get along with."

He was harping, she realized, on the familiar old string.

"But, you see, I've had no special training for this Robinson Crusoe sort of life."

"Well, neither did Robinson Crusoe," retorted her captor, "until after his wreck."

"Then you're going to put me in goatskins?" she asked, exulting waywardly in the discovery she could still cause his face to darken with anger. But by the time he had filled his pipe and lighted it he was once more himself.

"I've quite a number of pajamas and things," he hesitatingly explained, "that aren't of much use to me. You'll have to cut them down and make them up the best way you can." He sat silent a moment, with his eyes on the wolfskin along the floor boards. "I've also got quite a bit of factory cotton," he went on again, without lifting his eyes. "Or, if that's not fine enough, I could let you have some of my tablecloths and sheets."

"What could I do with tablecloths?" she asked, not following him.

He looked up with great deliberation and met her eye.

"They might do for underclothes, I suppose," he said with altogether unnecessary rancor, "if women are still addicted to such things."

She smiled cryptically as she glanced down at her sunburned ankles.

"They at least have a weakness for footwear," she casually acknowledged.

"Well, you can't have shoes. But you can have something incomparably better. You can have moccasins, made after the Ojibway pattern."

"Who'll make them?" she asked.

"I will," he answered, without meeting her eye. "And you'll have to knit your own stockings out of woolen yarn, unless you're going to be satisfied with rabbit-skin leggings. It may be a hardship, after so much silk, but your grandmother wore wool and got along with it all right. I've a good deal of tanned deerskin. Some of that ought to do for a windbreaker. I've some softer doeskin, in fact, which could be made up into a serviceable skirt and jacket of some sort."

"That's kind of you," she said, unexpectedly meek. Yet in that meekness he seemed to scent danger, for a moment later the old ironic smile was once more playing about his mouth.

"Being a woman," he proclaimed, "you'll want ornaments. But I haven't a bead about the place."

"Can squaws get along without beads?" she asked, with the utmost gravity. He was conscious of the renewed note of mockery in her voice, but he chose to disregard it. He remembered, for the first time, that for three days she had combed her hair with her finger ends. Her face, still swollen from the bruise in her crash, showed signs of sunburn. It was marked here and there by the scars of fly bites. He could not, on the whole, regard it as an attractive face. But disfigured as it was, he was compelled to admit that something inextinguishable and perplexing still burned behind its distorted lip line and abraded skin. He concluded it was her eyes, the brooding eyes that were a trifle darker than the silvery azure of a rain-swept lake, the eyes that could deepen to a violet-blue in their moments of tempest. She had been a fool, of course, and had suffered for her folly. She had flung herself into a sphere of life where she was as out of place as a butterfly in a gun factory. And she would, he surmised, continue

(Continued on Page 75)

DO YOU WANT A COLOR COPY OF THIS FOR FRAMING?

A beautiful full-color reprint of this picture, 11 by 14 inches, on heavy art paper, without any advertising on it, will be sent on receipt of 4¢ in stamps and one side of a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush box. Address Dept. L. O.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co.
Florence, Mass.

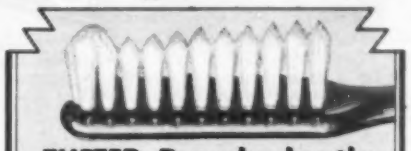
The *technique* of GUM MASSAGE is built into the longer bristles

DO you feel a tingling glow of health in your gums after brushing your teeth? If you don't, please try a new Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

You will agree that it was a stroke of genius to make the bristles longer, to design a brush with special emphasis on stimulation of sluggish gums.

As you flutter the brush from the base to the tips of the teeth (the method which dentists approve), the bristles s-p-r-e-a-d. Gently but firmly they massage the gum margins. You polish the teeth to gleaming whiteness, and automatically you do good to your gums. The blood supply is energized. The tissues are firmed. Oral resistance is strengthened.

Give credit for this massaging action to the length, shape, and spacing of the Pro-phy-lac-tic tufts. New England craftsmen make them in a town where brush-making has been an art for three generations. Each finished brush is flawless perfection. And the way the bristles stay in and last tells why these men are internationally known as bristle authorities. Our confidence in the quality of their work is expressed in the sweeping guarantee on the familiar yellow box: *If for any reason at all the service of this brush fails to satisfy, we will send you a new brush without charge or conversation.*



TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic

A world leader in sales for 42 years because the famous tuft cleans back of the molars; 50¢. Larger English type with four rows of bristles; 60¢.

MASSO
Pro-phy-lac-tic

The newest small-type brush. A busy little brush which in many mouths reaches places never before touched; 50¢. Youth's Pro-phy-lac-tic; 40¢. Baby size; 25¢.

HAIR BRUSH

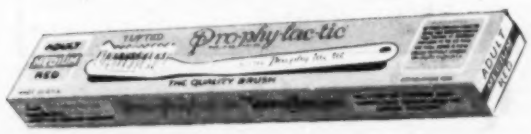
We make many kinds of hair brushes: Military, handled, the new narrow or Pullman type. But all have that clean, shining face that won't hold or hide dust. The price ranges from $1 up.

FALSE TEETH

This Dental Plate Brush was designed by the profession to do one job thoroughly: To keep plates and removable bridges sanitary. It is sturdy, full size, and big-bristled. A fine value; 50¢.

HAND BRUSH

Maybe this brush won't last a lifetime, but we have records of hundreds that are over 20 years old and are still in daily use. Honestly, it is not over-statement to call it a wonderful brush; $1.



Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes

For energy to conquer the morning

Quaker Oats...the breakfast that "stands by you"

provides steady fuel for the 4 hardest hours of the day

"There's nothing like a good Quaker Oats breakfast as the right start for a morning's flight," says Miss Margaret Gaden, shown here with Mr. H. Arentsen and porter L. J. Henson of the Universal Air Lines.

Miss Isabella F. Henderson, Secretary of the Railroad Cooperative Building Loan Association of New York City, believes that a proper hot breakfast is the first step to success. She is a Quaker Oats enthusiast.

70% of the day's work falls in the morning, say authorities. Don't try to do the bulk of your day's work on a breakfast that fails to give lasting energy.

DON'T start the day wrong with a poor breakfast, warn nutritionists. For statistics show that into the 4 hours which follow the first meal, 70% of the entire day's work is crowded. Thus breakfast has a vital contribution to make to your success. It is important that it be sustaining, invigorating ... that it furnish sufficient energy to last the morning through.

Why "Quaker" is superior

Nutritionists are agreed that *one* breakfast is unsurpassed for lasting food energy ... Quaker Oats. This is because the famous Quaker process retains every bit of the vital parts of the oat ... where nature stores her three great protective foods, proteins, vitamins and minerals.

Thus Quaker provides almost twice as much protein as ordinary highly milled cereals. It provides 65% pure energy food. It is rich in minerals that build good, rich blood, strong bodies. It contains abundant vitamin B, plus bran to make laxatives unnecessary.

And what a delicious flavor Quaker Oats has ... richer ... more zestful ... more satisfying than ordinary oats. For Quaker not only "heat seasons" the oats for 36 hours in closed containers, but, in addition, *and this is important,* the choice whole oats are roasted in open ovens to a succulent, flaky tenderness. This pre-cooks them so that they are the fastest cooking of all quick oats. 2½ minutes from the time the water boils, Quick Quaker Oats are deliciously done, ready to eat.

Quaker gives ⅓ more oats

Prepare for the four hardest hours of your day with this breakfast that is known as the most nutritious of all hot cereals. Your grocer has the regular and the Quick Quaker Oats. Both provide one-third more oats than most millers pack. Always look for the Quaker figure and the Quaker name on the package. They are your guarantee of finer flavor ... richer nutrition.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Unsurpassed in nutrition qualities

1 ***"Most nutritious"*** of all hot cereals," according to doctors, dieticians and practically every leading book on nutrition.

2 ***Fastest*** of all quick cooking oats. Done 2½ minutes after the water boils.

3 ***Health qualities unsurpassed*** —16% protein for growth—richer minerals for bone building—more abundant vitamin B to protect health.

4 ***Rich flavor.*** Quaker's exclusive roasting process gives a savory, zestful flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Just as Quaker Oats are superior, so all Quaker products are superior to others of their kind. If you do not agree, we shall gladly remit you the cost of the package. Try *Quaker Milk Macaroni.* It cooks tenderly done in 5 minutes. Saves pot watching.

Quaker Oats ... *two kinds* ... Quick Quaker Oats

(Continued from Page 72)

to suffer. She would suffer, not through his cruelty but through Nature's. She would have to learn, in the end, that no one can continuously cheat her way through life; that one survived, not because of what one was but because of what one did. Yet he remembered, as he gazed for the first time at her hands, that she and her kind were not made for conflict. Those hands of hers, he noticed, were scratched and marred and burned by the open sun. But they impressed him as inadequately small and slender-boned. They had been petted and manicured and made into tapering symbols of ineptitude. They had not been fashioned for the scraping of hides and the pounding of meal and the building of fires and the cooking of meat. They had done nothing to earn their way, nothing to help in that endless battle against hunger and cold which was the essence of life. And they had much to learn, he mordantly meditated, before they once more imperially signaled to a Park Avenue doorman.

Claire had waited, meekly defiant, for some answer to her question. But none was forthcoming. Darrow sat studying her with an abstracted stare that merely made her feel uncomfortable.

"I still don't seem to meet with your approval," she said out of the prolonging silence. "Perhaps you'd like me better with some war paint on."

He ignored her levity. But it seemed to remind him of something.

"You haven't seen your room yet," he said, getting up from his chair.

"Am I to have a room?" she asked with paraded incredulity.

"I'm giving you mine," he explained, stubbornly remote. "I'll bunk in the corner there by the fireplace. Or, if you prefer, I'll sleep out in Lacasse's shack."

"It's a matter of indifference to me," was Claire's reciprocally remote answer. He was, she could see, more ill at ease than he pretended. And she noticed, as he opened the bedroom door for her, that a heavy drawbar of unpainted wood had been freshly attached to the inside of that door.

"You, naturally, won't have city luxuries here," Darrow was pointing out to her, "but you should be passably comfortable, once you get used to it. And all women, I understand, demand a little privacy."

His tone, as he spoke, was protectively indifferent. But she harvested the impression, as she murmured a casual enough "Thank you!" that he was proud of his room.

And he had every reason to be, she felt as she stepped in through the door with the massive drawbolt on its inner side and gazed about a chamber little bigger than a ship's cabin. Beneath a casement window curtained with chintz stood a pallet bed of pine, painted white, with interlaced buckskin thongs supporting a mattress of wildfowl feathers, which in turn was covered by white sheets and blankets of unexpectedly soft wool. Attached to the head of the bed was a double-socketed candlestick, which could be swung from side to side. This, the wondering woman assumed, was for reading in bed; a surmise borne out by a thickly crowded shelf of books against the wall. Against the opposite wall, where the mellow tones of an Italian tapestry hung between two gray wolfskins, stood a low washstand holding a set of white porcelain wash dishes, with a three-panel folding mirror hanging above it.

Claire, womanlike, crossed at once to that mirror. A sound that was almost a gasp of horror broke from her lips as she studied herself in those over-revealing panels. Long and intently she studied the roughened and sun-reddened face, the tangled mat of hair, the bruise on the still-swollen temple.

"No wonder he hates me," she murmured as her gaze fell to the grease-stained neck of the ill-fitting moosehide jacket. Then a hungrier look came into her face as her glance wandered on to the soap and towels beside the washbasin, the new toothbrush still in its holder, the silver-backed brushes and combs, the tin of soothing talcum that must have originally been intended for shaving powder. These were the things she had been without for days and days. And she sighed luxuriously as she took them up and turned them over. Then she sank into an armchair, obviously homemade, but upholstered in buckskin well-padded with rock moss, and noticed for the first time the bearskin rugs on the floor, the white-painted clothes press across the inner corner, the interlaced snowshoes hanging from a wall peg.

It was a meager room, in a way, and yet it appealed to her, consoled her. It carried a suggestion of quietness and security. It made one forget, for the moment, that one had been flung into the heart of the wilderness. Yet it was so forlornly neat that she felt an intruder there, an impostor, with no right to its valorously achieved comforts. And even the things that were there for her comfort, she realized, had been surrendered by the man who hated her. He had even provided her with a bottle of olive oil for her sunburn. And he had tried, apparently, to make his gesture of generosity a still more sweeping one. For folded on the foot of the bed lay a suit of pajamas. They were made of silk, a pale blue in color, with edgings and frogs of a darker blue. Their softness and freshness filled her with a sense of shame.

That same sense of shame deepened when she went to the kitchen in search of hot water, for she found Darrow with his sleeves rolled up, washing the dishes. But he ignored her presence until she openly addressed him. And by that time her earlier impulse to offer him her help had died a-borning.

"Could I have a little hot water?" she asked. Casual as that question was, it seemed to puzzle him.

"What for?" he inquired, looking up from his work.

"To take a bath!" she cried with a wayward flash of resentment. And she was rewarded by an answering flush of embarrassment as he filled her pitcher from the kettle on the stove.

She stopped, on her way back through the living room, to take up the sewing kit she had seen there. A few minutes with scissors and needle and thread soon reduced the garments of sky-blue silk to wearable size. Then, having taken off the stained jacket of moosehide and the worn skirt of buckskin, she flung them out through the open window. Then, having bathed slowly and luxuriously, she put on the garments of sky-blue silk, standing before the paneled mirror as she toweled and combed and brushed and rebrushed her hair. She looked about in vain for cold cream. But that, she felt, was something that could be attended to later on. Olive oil and talcum, in the meantime, would be better than nothing.

She studied her face in the mirror, with solemnly appraising eyes. The result was not altogether what might be wished. But it was at least a deliverance from degradation. She felt less animal-like. A long-vanished self-respect came back to her. She need no longer shrink when a casual eye rested on her body. Even her movements, as she carefully put the room to rights again, were more assured and self-confident. She had thought of that room, she remembered, as a haven of refuge. But it impressed her, of a sudden, as small and confining.

She stepped to the closed door and listened for some sound from the outer room. She sniffed a faint aroma of tobacco smoke from imported English tobacco, at four dollars a pound, and found something consoling in the smell. If she hesitated, it was only for a moment. Her breathing may have quickened, but her manner was quiet as she stepped out into the living room.

There Darrow had lighted the fat tallow candles, although the long northern day had not yet reached its end. He sat in his high-backed armchair, his pipe in his mouth, placidly reading a book. His position, as he read on, ignoring her, made the nervously smiling woman think of an Oriental potentate on his throne.

She crossed to the end of the table, where the light was stronger.

"Will I do?" she asked, with a casualness that was largely defensive. For she felt, in spite of all her bravado, that the moment was in some mysterious way a crucial one.

Darrow put down his book and studied her for a second or two of silence.

"No, you will not," was his stern and altogether unexpected reply. "I'll be obliged to you if you'll make it a point to keep your body covered in my presence."

That seemed to leave him more than ever the potentate. He was determined, apparently, to harass and humiliate her at every turn and in every way.

"But this seems to be all I have," she said as she adjusted a safety pin in the hastily basted jacket of blue silk.

"Then cover yourself with a blanket," was his foolishly solemn edict.

"As the other squaws do," she cried, with a quaver in her voice which she could not control.

If he noticed her anger, he failed to recede before it.

"Those things are for sleeping in," he proclaimed, refusing to look at her. She stood studying him for a moment, wondering what fear could lie at the root of his hate. She even garnered some shadow of fortitude from his fierceness, for her sigh was a quiet one as she turned away and walked toward her bedroom door.

"Then I'll go and sleep in them," she announced to the wide-shouldered back beyond the candlelight. And with another small sigh she closed and locked her door.

VIII

WHEN Claire wakened the next morning the sun was high above the blue-misted spruce ridges and a white-throated sparrow was singing from a jack pine not far from her open window. She lay listening to the song that floated in to her on balsam-scented air, air that seemed absurdly light and clear, with a winy tang to it that brought an equally absurd sense of well-being to her relaxed body.

But her mood of exaltation was brief. Memory darkened it like a cloud, and her frown deepened as she sat up and stared about the narrow room. The camp, of a sudden, seemed oppressively silent. Equally silent, when she unlocked and swung open her door, was the rest of the lodge. All she found, when she ventured forth, was a curtly penciled note from Darrow, a note that leaned against the cooling coffeepot and announced that he was away for the day.

If she was grateful for that armistice, she gave no ponderable sign of it. Her manner, as she proceeded to cook her breakfast as best she could, remained meditative. And equally meditative was her gaze as she explored, with a more estimative eye, the house that harbored her. What impressed her on this second inspection was not so much the completeness of its equipment as the care with which it had been provisioned. It had been stocked, apparently, to stand a siege, the siege of a long and bitter winter. In the outer storeroom she found smoked and salted meat, shelves of dehydrated vegetables, firkins of smoked fish, flour and dried fruit, wild-fowl eggs in water glass, puddinglike globes of pemmican made from what seemed to be shredded deermeat mixed with dried berries and sealed together with melted fat. She remembered, as she investigated a row of glazed cans containing Swiss milk tablets and assessed a second row of German chocolate canisters and considered three precious chests of caravan tea, how Darrow had casually proclaimed that she would live on something more than beans and sow belly. She had resented that proclamation at the time, but there was some excuse for it, she realized as she stared frowningly up at the shelves of marmalade and jellies and undecipherable canned delicacies in glass and crockery. There was even caviar and potted Sweedish cheese and boned capon in jars of crystal.

Yet she found it impossible to exult in such things. They impressed her as out of place there, in the heart of the wilderness, as much so as Darrow himself. They failed to fit into frontier life. They seemed over-finicky and fussy, the accumulation of a morbidly eccentric exile intent on imposing a lost mode of life on a primitive simplicity to which he was unsuited. And it struck her, when she returned to the lodge, that Darrow had been meticulously careful to avoid all reminders of that lost mode of life, to cut the last tie between his new world and his old. He had no radio, as most men so placed would have. There were no photographs, no newspapers, fresh or faded, practically none of the intimate, small things that link a man with his intimate past. He seemed afraid of that past. And he seemed, in a way, afraid of himself.

She looked about for some clew to that fear. But she could find nothing of significance. She stood arrested, however, before what was plainly a route map between Camp Reliance and the nearest trading post. It was faded and worn, but still decipherable. She stooped over each penciled portage and lake and river line, studying it long and intently. She drew a deeper breath as she folded it up and hid it away in a copy of Pater's Marius the Epicurean. She felt, as she did so, that she had found a key to unlock her prison door.

Yet it was not altogether a prison, she told herself as she walked down to the boat landing, where the lake flashed silver in a surprisingly warm sun and a poignant odor of pine rosin and bleaching rock moss filled the air. It was the kind of air one could inhale with joy, opaline and uplifting, shot through with the ozone one customarily breathes on a mountain top. She could hear the waterfowl at play along the shore line and the occasional leap of a fish. Then came a period of stillness, interrupted by the howl of a wolf, forlorn and far-off, giving voice to the desolation that surrounded her. And she knew she would never be entirely happy there.

She would never be happy there, she repeated as she studied the lightest of the craft clustered about the landing. It was a trimly built two-fathom canoe of birch bark. She took up a paddle and pushed off, finding that slender-bellied craft fortifyingly responsive and tractable. Then she beached it and attempted to take it up on her shoulders, as she had seen Darrow do. She had some difficulty in thus balancing it in midair. But she succeeded, at last, in holding it poised. She even found herself able to take a few steps with it, up the sloping bank and down again. It was not pleasant work, but it was possible. And a new fortitude took possession of her as she turned away from the boat landing and walked back to the lodge. For her freedom now, she knew, was simply a matter of time. She could afford, with escape just around the corner, to be more tolerant.

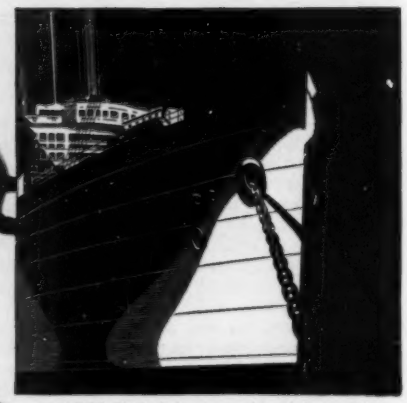
When Darrow returned to camp, with an ax over his shoulder, he found Claire, with a bath towel pinned about her waist for an apron, meekly doing her best to prepare an evening meal. She avoided his eye as he stood regarding her with a morosely triumphant smile. Yet much as she hated him, she realized, the lodge seemed less desolate after his return. And he impressed her as ruddier and less harried-looking as he took up his soap and towel and disappeared toward the lake.

"I'm afraid your fish is burning," he said on his return from his swim. His note was casual, but not unkindly.

Claire, hurrying to the cook stove, lifted the frying pan to one side. Then she proceeded to make tea as she had seen Darrow do. She even remembered to refill the kettle and put fresh wood in the stove. It soiled her hands, but all the while she was nursing close a warming new secret. For untold centuries, she remembered, women had been soiling their hands in the service of men. They had toiled meekly for their mates, their mates who came home from a wider and rougher world and accepted such service as their right. But she never was and never could be one of those squaw

(Continued on Page 78)

A CHAINS



ACCO Chain is known and used the world over —wherever men go down to the sea in ships.

OF ALL SIZES . . . FOR ALL PURPOSES

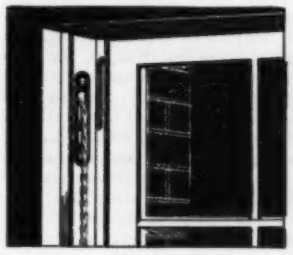
EVERYONE knows Weed Tire Chains. But not everyone knows that from tiny chains for Pekinese dogs to mighty chains for ships, the American Chain Company, Inc., makes welded and weldless chains of all sizes, for all purposes.

Everyone also knows the old saying that a "chain is no stronger than its weakest link." The founders had that in mind when they forged the first strong American Chain. It is the same today, for every skilled Acco man strives to make each link perfect, whether it be the product of intricate automatic machines, or forged white hot under giant steam hammers.

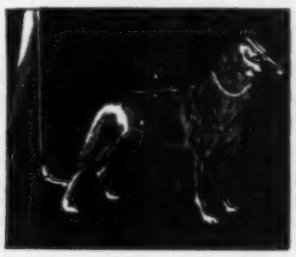
You find Acco Chains everywhere, often doing their duty out of sight. On railroads, ships, farms, in shops, factories, foundries, mines, on trucks and tractors, or suspending signs, porch swings and window sash—Acco chains prove strong, dependable.

For many years now the American Chain Company has been the world's largest manufacturer of welded and weldless chains. This leadership was earned and won by worth, by strength and dependability of product, by square dealing.

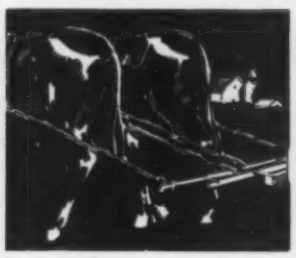
Making hundreds of chains in thousands of sizes, Acco makes millions of links, each link a strong good link. The same high intent and purpose actuates the whole Acco organization, the American Chain Company, Inc., and all its Associate Companies.



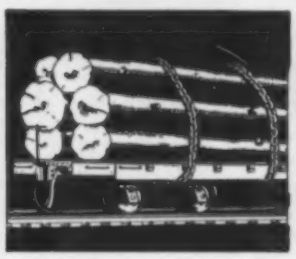
American Sash Chain is used in modern office buildings, hospitals and apartment houses. Indispensable in fireproof construction.



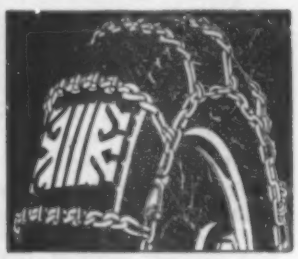
ACCO Dog Chains and dog leads are found wherever people have dogs. All good hardware stores sell them.



El-Wel-Tra Trace Chains are as well known in the South as the mules they help harness to harrow, plow, etc.



Wherever men need dependable chains to lift, load, haul or operate machinery they depend upon ACCO.



Weed Tire Chains were born with the automobile. Millions of drivers depend upon Weeds for safety and traction.

© Acco, 1930

ACCO

A group of Basic Industries under the management of American Chain Company, Inc.

These are the Acco Industries
AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc., and ASSOCIATE COMPANIES

American Chain Company, Inc.
American Cable Company, Inc.
Andrew C. Campbell, Inc.
Ford Chain Block Company
Hazard Wire Rope Company
Highland Iron and Steel Company
The Manley Manufacturing Company
Page Steel and Wire Company
Reading Steel Casting Company, Inc.
The Rubber Shock Insulator Corp.
Wright Manufacturing Company
Dominion Chain Company, Ltd. *(Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada)*
British Wire Products, Ltd.*
Parsons Non Skid Company, Ltd.* *(*Both of London, England)*

For further information address American Chain Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn., U. S. A.

This is one of a series of Acco institutional advertisements. The next will appear Oct. 18th

The double comfort of

double action

YOU'LL notice a different feel to your razor as it glides through the lather of Squibb's Shaving Cream. An extra keenness . . . an extra smoothness . . . and extra comfort.

Squibb's first action protects your face from rasp and bite by a shield of soothing balm . . . gives you real comfort while you shave.

After shaving, too, there's an altogether new luxurious comfort in a Squibb shave.

The second action of Squibb's replaces the vital oils of the skin . . . restores the natural pliancy and glowing comfort that nature intended your face to have.

This double comfort makes shaving freshening and bracing. You'll like it. And only Squibb's Shaving Cream will give it to you.

• • •

Use Squibb's Shaving Cream for shampooing. Double-action makes it fine for the scalp and excellent for the hair.

(Continued from Page 75)

women who cooked and scrubbed and sewed for lordly men. And when the time was ripe, she could escape from it.

"What have you been doing today?" she asked with housewifely meekness, once they were seated at the table.

"Chopping wood," he answered, after a questioning look at her face. "At the head of the lake, cutting up wood for next winter."

"It must be hard work," she companionably suggested.

"Naturally," he retorted, "but there's no hardship in it. We're all better off with a little manual labor. You can't, in fact, be happy without it. That's why you city people go out and play golf. You knock a little white ball around sixty acres of suburban landscape and feel you've earned your dinner. But I happen to get more happiness out of swinging an ax and clearing a hillside of its timber. That's living! It's doing something that counts. I know I'm alive then, and not merely playing at living."

She was about to tell him that he was lucky to have so many hills to clear. But, remembering in time, she said instead: "I wonder if you'd mind teaching me how to handle an ax?"

"Of course," he answered, masking his bewilderment before such unlooked-for docility. "And you must learn how to fish and shoot and handle a canoe. It's through those things that we replenish our stores. For the fool who first tried to call this country a wilderness and dubbed the territory right next to it the Barren Lands didn't know what he was talking about. It could support a million people. And some day it will."

"What I'm worrying about just now is clothes," she ventured to remind him. His eyes rested for an abstracted moment on the brown and white of her open throat. Then he looked away.

"Yes, you must have proper clothes," he solemnly proclaimed. "And we'd better get busy on them right after we've finished supper."

When, an hour later, he carried in an armful of cured hides, from heavy and creosotic buckskin to soft and creamy doeskin that felt like velvet to the touch, she marveled at the variety of the coverings that could be taken from the bodies of wild animals.

"I can sew any of this together," she acknowledged, "but the problem is in cutting it out."

"That's simple enough," he retorted, crossing to his sewing kit for a tape line. "We'll take our measurements, mark them out with a bit of charcoal and cut our skins accordingly. You—you want a sort of coat and skirt, I imagine."

"Yes, mostly a coat and skirt," she agreed, standing impassive before him.

He hesitated for a moment. Then, grim-jawed and remote, he placed one end of the tape line against her hip bone and marked off the inches to her knee joint.

"The waistline must be a little higher," she solemnly suggested. "It's here, you see."

"Of course," he acquiesced with answering solemnity. And he turned, sternly impersonal, and made a note of the measurement. He was equally impersonal as he reached guardedly about her waist and wrote down what impressed him as an inadequate "25." She noticed for the first time, as he measured her for the more perplexing jacket, that his fingers were a trifle unsteady. But she stood preoccupied and impassive as his arm reached about her shoulder and his frowning face leaned within a hand's breadth of her quiet and noncommittal eyes. If in those eyes for a moment burned a vague wonder touched with pity, she was once more completely in control of herself as he stepped back to make the required notations.

"Now I'll have to measure your foot for moccasins," he said as he frowningly placed a chair for her. "Up here we favor the soft-soled type with a puckered instep, the Ojibway pattern rather than the Sioux, which has a hard sole."

He knelt before her with a plaque of heavier hide in his hand. Then he looked down at the foot which she held out to him. It was a small foot, high-arched and tapering. He stared at it with frowning disapproval. It obviously was not fashioned for the tramping of long and desolate trails. But, with his jaw once more set, he proceeded to mark a line around the foot resting on the plaque of hide.

"I'm sorry," he suddenly said. And Claire noticed, as she glanced down at him, that his color had deepened.

"What happened?" she asked, conscious still again of the unsteadiness of his fingers.

"I didn't mean to touch you," he explained. And it was her turn to color a trifle.

"Such things seem to be necessary," she said in an oddly thinned voice. And she was conscious of his relief when he was once more able to withdraw and put the width of the table between them. She was equally conscious, as he sat sewing on one side of the room and she on the other, of his poorly concealed perplexity in the face of her newfound meekness. She could afford to be patient. She sewed on, through the long evening hours, until her fingers were tired. But she knew, after she had gone to her room, that Darrow was still at work on the Ojibway moccasins with the puckered insteps, the moccasins that in their appointed time were to carry her away from him.

All her thoughts, during the ensuing week, centered on her escape. She stood unexpectedly eager for knowledge—how to make a fire in the open, how to catch and cook fish, how to handle a rifle and belt ax and build a windbreak for night shelter. And Darrow, even though he refused to admit it to himself, found a wayward satisfaction in teaching her such rudiments of forest lore. He lost a little of his earlier impatience at her incompetencies, even though his manner remained as remote as ever. And Claire, for the first time, felt a vague pity for him. He pretended to be satisfied with his lot, but his eyes, she remarked on more than one occasion, were not the eyes of an entirely contented man. He belonged to another world, just as she did. And no man was made to live alone.

She even made one final effort, as she secretly gathered together the things she would need for traveling light, to break through Darrow's barrier of impersonality. They were cleaning and gutting fish, to be placed on the smoke racks and stored away for winter use, when she suddenly looked up at him.

"Don't you dread the winter?" she asked.

"Why should I?" he challenged.

"Because it seems terrible, denning up like a bear in a cave for so many months."

He laughed at her fears.

"Winter's our best season," he contended. "And I don't exactly den up. I have my trap lines and my furs to gather. And I go out after musk ox. And there's always something to do."

"But the loneliness of that sort of life!" she complained. "Especially after you've known the other kind of existence!"

She could see the barriers go up about his threatened privacy.

"It's better than wasting your time with a city full of fools," was his protectively gruff reply. And still again she was conscious of the unbridgeable gulf between them.

Yet even on their last morning together, when he had announced that he was off for the day to explore a nesting ground of the Canada goose, she still again felt a vague stab of pity for that solitary exile as he strode away through the thinly scattered spruce trees. The clear air seemed to magnify his figure as he mounted the broken hill slope. He seemed Titanlike by the time he reached the top, a being of mythical dimensions, not unlike a Norse god striding through the twilight of time, inexpressibly alone in a world of his own. He was heading north; and she, in half an hour, would be heading south, battling her way back to the world that awaited her. He had not asked for her, and he had not even welcomed her when fate so abruptly flung her at his feet. She had, plainly enough, only made life more difficult for him. And it was better for him, and better for her, that she should go.

She watched him intently as he mounted the second tier of hills, dun-colored against the blue-green of the tree shadows, the only point of life in an endless panorama of rock and water and forest growth. She saw him mount the crest, recede and finally disappear from sight. She told herself, as she stood looking after him, that she would never see him again. Once she was in her canoe and across Lake Sequomack, she would be out of his world and on her way back to a world where women were reckoned at their true worth. She would be, from that hour forward, no longer a squaw woman.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 26)

Dat Ol' Davil!

THE lure of the sea is strong in me,
So I long for a schooner, swank,
With a swell taffrail and a mizzen sail,
And plenty of gas in her tank.

With her foretop brace in its rightful place
By the hand-carved spanker beam,
And a healthy breeze in her crossjack trees,
And a boiler to get up steam.

I'll behold the clouds through her topmast shrouds,
And I'll feel the jib boom stir,
And I'll follow the breeze to the turquoise seas
As her powerful motors purr.

And I'll scrape her keel on an island's heel,
Ignoring all man-made laws,
And I'll eat spuds cold with a half-inch mold,
Or a fillet when hunger gnaws.

And I'll anchor soon in a deep lagoon
On the border of wave-lashed shores,
And I'll go below to the radio
And tune in on the baseball scores.

I'm traveling, then, from the world of men,
And mortals will be forgot,
But it won't be fun with only one—
Let's make it a party, what?

—*Albert G. Miller.*

CHICAGO is driving all known crooks out of town. No doubt their chauffeurs will drive them back in again.

Summer Lament

'TIS the voice of the tourist, I heard him complain,
"You have ruined your road, I won't try it again;
For billboards arise to hide mountain and vale,
And campers park rubbish all over the trail."

Making it Plain

SAID a candid physician of Scituate,
"You're ill, sir, from something too rituate;
Omnivorous dining
Will lead to repining,
And make you regret every bituate."

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

He won't even run for the 8:15 . . . *yet he has*

"ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Quick Relief, too, for
CUTS, BURNS, BRUISES
Kills germs; soothes the pain
and promotes quick healing
when youngsters are hurt

HIS Doctor told him to "go slow" and he has followed that advice so earnestly that it would take a convulsion of Nature to move him faster than an amiable amble.

Notwithstanding which, he has an active attack of the ringworm infection generally called "Athlete's Foot"!*

Nor does he know what it is.

He's aware, of course, of a constantly present and unnatural moisture between his little toes—unpleasantly and *uneasily* aware of it . . . *increasingly* so, as the days go by—

Yet he's as ignorant of its cause as are the millions of other Americans who suffer from the "Athlete's Foot" infection.

Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home

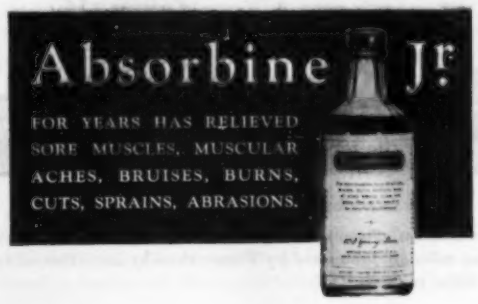
"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats. It thrives on damp floors everywhere.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere*. It is so easily overlooked at first that it has stolen up on the entire nation, until now the United States Public Health Service finds *"it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time."*

And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, by bacteria counts and by photo-micrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ, *tinea trichophyton*. This will be good news to many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing how to get rid of it.



It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent*. The person who is seriously afflicted with it today may have had these same mild symptoms like yours a short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed below at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write

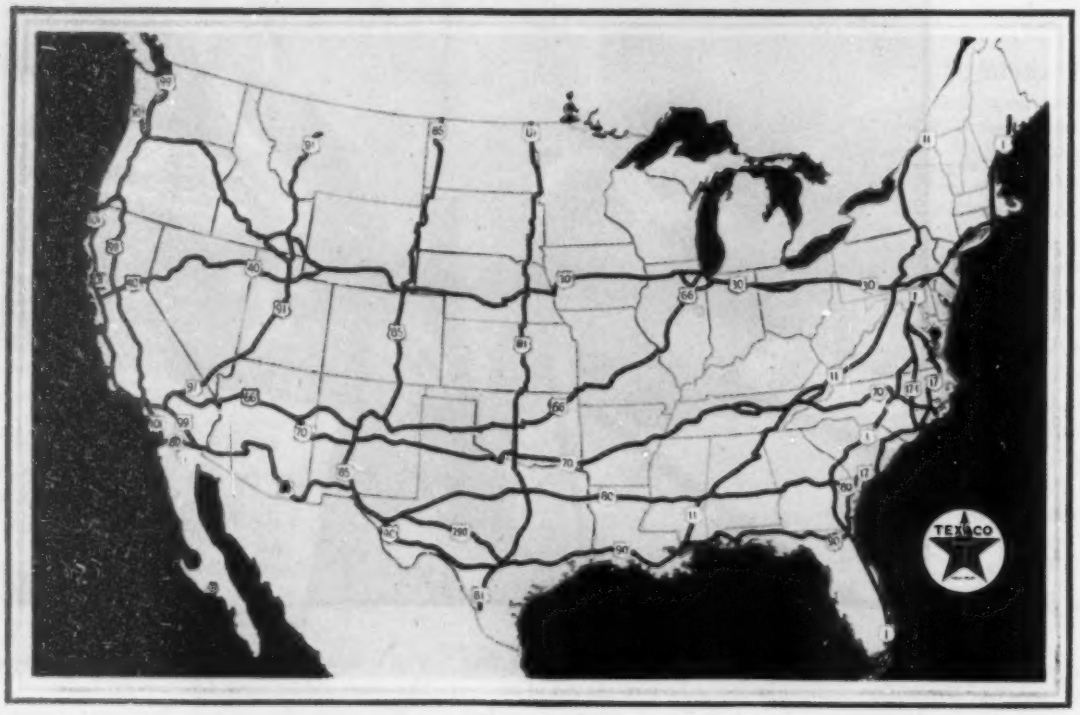
W. F. YOUNG, INC.
217 Lyman Street Springfield, Mass.

WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

TEXACO

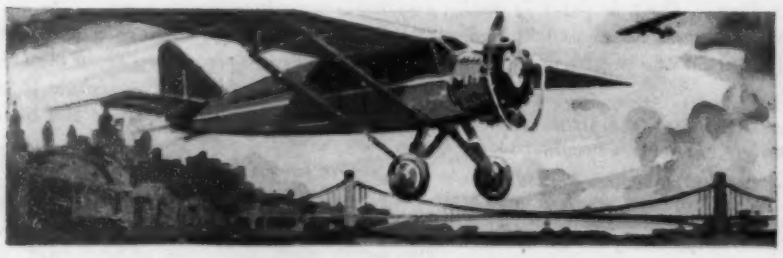
offers two great new products and an unparalleled national service . . .



These great national highways are Texaco Trails. You are never more than an hour from a Texaco pump. Here are the starting points and destinations.

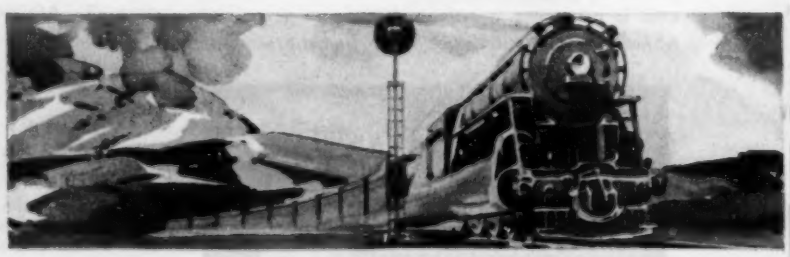
Route No. 1 . . . . . from Bangor, Me. to Miami, Fla.
Route No. 11 . . . . . from Rouses Pt., N. Y. to New Orleans, La.
Route No. 17 . . . . . from Fredericksburg, Va. to Jacksonville, Fla.
Route No. 17-1 . . . . . from Petersburg, Va. to Wilmington, N. C.
Route No. 30 . . . . . from Atlantic City, N. J. to Astoria, Oregon
Route No. 40 . . . . from Salt Lake City, Utah to San Francisco, Cal.
Route No. 66 . . . . . from Chicago, Ill. to Los Angeles, Cal.
Route No. 70 . . . . . from Beaufort, N. C. to Holbrook, Ariz.
Route No. 80 . . . . . from Savannah, Ga. to San Diego, Cal.
Route No. 81 . . . . . from Noyes, N. D. to Laredo, Texas
Route No. 85 . . . . . from Ambrose, N. D. to El Paso, Texas
Route No. 90 . . . . . from Jacksonville, Fla. to Van Horn, Texas
Route No. 91 . . . . . from Great Falls, Mont. to Los Angeles, Cal.
Route No. 99 . . . . . from Blaine, Wash. to El Centro, Cal.
Route No. 101 . . . . . from Crescent City, Cal. to San Diego, Cal.
Route No. 290 . . . . . from San Antonio, Texas to Van Horn, Texas

For road information and road maps of the surrounding country, stop at any Texaco Service Station. Special strip maps and information regarding these national routes may be had by writing to the Texaco National Road Reports, 135 East 42nd Street, New York City.



Packard Aircraft Diesel Engine

It is only within the last few months that the Packard Diesel Engine has taken its place in the field of aviation. Yet today, specially prepared Texaco Aerodiesel Fuel is being distributed from 1500 airports and landing fields throughout the country.



Railroads

With so much depending on efficient and economical transportation, it is significant that more railroad car miles are lubricated by Texaco than by any other oil company—over ten billion car miles annually!

TEXACO brings you two great new products—a new motor oil and a better Ethyl gasoline—together with a distribution service that makes them available throughout the nation.

The new Texaco Motor Oil, announced but a few months ago, has proved the greatest development in engine lubricants. That it has a "crack-proof," longer-lasting body has been substantiated in nation-wide road tests conducted by impartial university scientists.

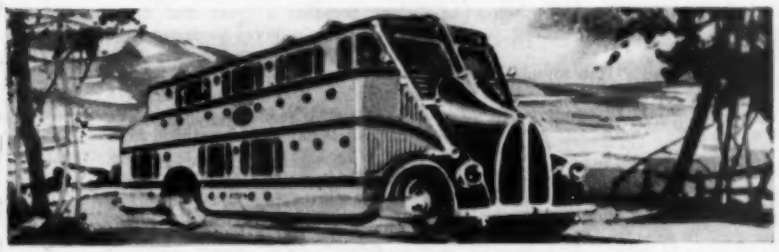
Tourists by the thousands have found that the new Texaco actually *does* give more mileage, and that its greater margin of safety *does* mean better, more effective lubrication.

The new Texaco-Ethyl Gasoline has given motorists a decidedly better premium gasoline—better because it is "dry." It provides "dry-gas" starting and "dry-gas" pick-up, power and speed because the base is the *new* and *better* Texaco, the original dry gas. Texaco-Ethyl is the only Ethyl gasoline sold in every State.

Texaco Motor Products and Texaco Lubricants for every purpose are preferred by the country's motorists; by executives of the railways, bus lines, mining plants and factories; on the water, and in the air. *No other oil company offers as much, in service, or in products.*

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Refiners of a complete line of Texaco Petroleum Products, including Gasoline, Motor Oil, Industrial Lubricants, Railroad and Marine Lubricants, Farm Lubricants, Road Asphalts and Asphalt Roofing.



Pickwick-Greyhound Systems

The world's largest users of gasoline—the Pickwick-Greyhound Systems—have selected Texaco fuels and lubricants for use in their transcontinental buses. Their preference for Texaco is based on quality and proven economies, plus Texaco's nation-wide distribution.

The Los Angeles

Sailing high above the clouds or battling raging head-winds, the Los Angeles has demonstrated again and again its ability to meet every test. For four years the motors of this leviathan of the air have been lubricated efficiently with Texaco Airplane Oil.

NOT SO DIFFERENT

(Continued from Page 15)

Emily was cutting zinnias, throwing the full-blown ragged ones into the path and gathering the perfect ones in a basket. Eddie sat down in a garden seat and watched her. She was nice to watch. She had the air of calm knowledge and the slight fullness of figure that Eddie thought womanly. He couldn't talk to her about what was on his mind. She hadn't the faintest notion that everything wasn't as good as it had been. Nobody had. And he certainly wasn't going to tell anybody that Jane was misbehaving.

But even if he couldn't say a word about the thing that troubled him, he liked being here in Emily's garden. The hollyhocks nodded, dropping petals in the path; the delphiniums waved gently; and there was a faint spicy odor of something Eddie didn't know by name but that he liked and remembered liking long ago. He felt that here was order, and contentment. Here was the way things used to be when life was simple and secure and young wives did not flirt with polo players.

Emily looked up, the basket of great blazing flowers in one hand and the scissors in the other. She was wearing a wide garden hat that might have been provocative if she had wanted it to be. It wasn't provocative. It was only a demure frame for the fine oval of her face.

"How about some tea?" she asked.

"No, thanks," Eddie said. "I'm hurrying on home."

Emily put down the basket and sat in the garden seat beside Eddie. "Bill has taken the children to the beach," she said. "They won't be back for half an hour."

Eddie leaned back. "I like old-fashioned gardens. Hollyhocks and—things. You're awfully good with flowers, aren't you?"

Emily looked at him gravely. "Listen, Eddie," she said. She looked him in the eye. "If you aren't going to talk I am."

Eddie started.

"You needn't jump," Emily said. "It isn't something to jump about. It's something to talk about."

"I didn't know," Eddie said. "I didn't know that—that——"

"You didn't know that everybody was talking about it."

"What!" Eddie said. He sat there trying to get used to the idea. He didn't like getting used to the idea that everybody was talking about Jane and Nash Wyant, because in that case it was worse than he thought.

"Naturally"—Emily said—"naturally everybody's talking about it when you act the way you do."

Eddie looked at her. For a moment he thought they were not talking about the same thing. "When I act the way I do?"

"When you go around looking the way you do."

"Do I look any different from the way I've always looked?" Eddie asked.

"Don't you know? Can't you see yourself at all? Why, a week ago you were one of the nicest men in Westport. You really were. You had such a pleasant, interested face, and when people talked to you—why, you listened. You really did. You were human. And now you aren't. You're hard as iron and you hardly speak when you're spoken to and people can't stand you. We can't tell whether you're angry or scared or just terribly, terribly hurt. Anyway, you're terrible."

"I didn't know I was as bad as that."

"And all because Jane is having an awfully good time."

"So that's what you call it," Eddie said. "Having an awfully good time!"

"Why, yes," Emily said. "Don't you think she's having an awfully good time?"

"I call it a flirtation," Eddie said.

Emily nodded. "Yes," she said. "And Jane's probably never had a flirtation before in her life. I know she hasn't. She couldn't have. Not at Sherwood Forest."

"Why should she have one now?"

"Because the opportunity offers."

"Listen, Emily," Eddie said. "You don't flirt."

"No," Emily admitted. "But I did before I was married. I know what it's like."

"But you wouldn't flirt now."

"Oh, yes, I would," Emily said. "Only," she added with a singular complacence, "Bill wouldn't let me."

"And I shan't let Jane."

Emily raised her eyebrows. "I think you're very silly to interfere."

"Why is it silly of me and so noble of Bill?"

"I didn't say it was noble of Bill. I said Bill was that way. Bill is a selfish brute. But he's in a position to be. I haven't got a family with five hundred millions just waiting to take me back."

"But Jane doesn't want to go back to them. She wouldn't dream of going back to them."

"Not permanently," Emily said.

"I Was Lying Here Wondering," Jane Said, "Whether I Should Elope With Nash Wyant"

Eddie surveyed her with exasperation. "Emily," he said, "you make the whole thing seem worse than I thought it was."

He had the greatest respect for Emily. He thought she was the nicest woman he knew. It did not occur to him that even the nicest woman cannot wholly resist the temptation to meddle with other people's love affairs, or completely suppress her instinct to make them worse—if possible.

"I don't mean to do that," Emily said. "I mean just the opposite. I only want you to understand that it's perfectly natural that Jane should want to flirt when she has a chance for the first time in her life; and that she'll be perfectly furious at you if you interfere; and so the only wise and husbandly thing to do is to sit tight and wait for her to get over it. If you ignore it she'll get over it in a few months. Nash Wyant is physically attractive to women. But his mind isn't a bit interesting. My guess is that Jane will be bored with him by Christmas."

Eddie jumped up. "You don't convince me, Emily," he said. "I object to Jane's flirting. I don't think it's dignified."

Emily shook her head and smiled a pitying smile. "Don't delude yourself, Eddie. You don't care whether it's dignified or not. You're jealous."

"I admit that. I am jealous."

"Then play the game according to the rules. And don't go around sulking like a little boy."

"I'm awfully obliged for your advice," Eddie said.

"Only you're not having any."

"Yes, I am," Eddie said. "I see what you mean. It's no good sulking, if that's what you call it. I didn't realize I was sulking. Of course the only thing to do is to have a talk with Jane and tell her where I stand."

"Oh, Lord," Emily said. "There you go—bound to make an issue of it and get beaten. If you'd keep quiet you'd have a chance."

Eddie felt that it was weak of him to ask, but he had to ask. "Then," he said, "then you think her—her interest in Nash Wyant isn't serious?"

Emily shook her head. "How should I know? I only know that you aren't going to make it any less serious by trying to do something about it."

III

EDDIE drove home a good deal shaken. Emily was right about the strategy of it—if it had come to strategy. He mustn't look as if he were hurt. He mustn't even look worried. He must look and act like his old self. He couldn't look like his old self, but he had to.

Jane called down to him as he reached the front hall that he must hurry and dress. They were going to the Bigelows' for dinner. He worked hard at being his old self driving Jane over to the Bigelows'. He was almost his old self at dinner. Kate Bigelow played up to him. Nash Wyant wasn't there.

Eddie thought, going home, that no matter what Emily said, the wise and simple thing was to talk to Jane. Why be strategic with the woman you loved? Emily didn't realize how freely he had always talked to Jane or how freely Jane had always talked to him or how completely they understood each other. No outsider could know how perfectly he and Jane understood each other; or how well they agreed about all the fundamental things. He didn't need to be mean and nasty. He could tell Jane quietly that he didn't like the way she was playing around with Nash Wyant.

Eddie dropped Jane at the front door and put the car in the garage and walked slowly back to the front of the house. He walked slowly because he was making up the sentences in which he would tell Jane gently and persuasively how he felt about Nash Wyant.

Jane was talking at the telephone in the hall. Eddie went to the far end of the living room so he could not hear what she said. But even there he could hear the low warmth of her tone and the intimate way she laughed. Nash Wyant must have called her on the telephone the instant she walked into the house. Eddie knew he couldn't talk to her quietly after that. He was too angry. The most he could do was to pretend he hadn't noticed.

He contrived to pretend the next morning; and again that evening when he had driven himself home from the station and Jane and Nash Wyant rode up to the house on horseback. But after the first hour of the Saturday-night dance at the hunt club he could no longer pretend.

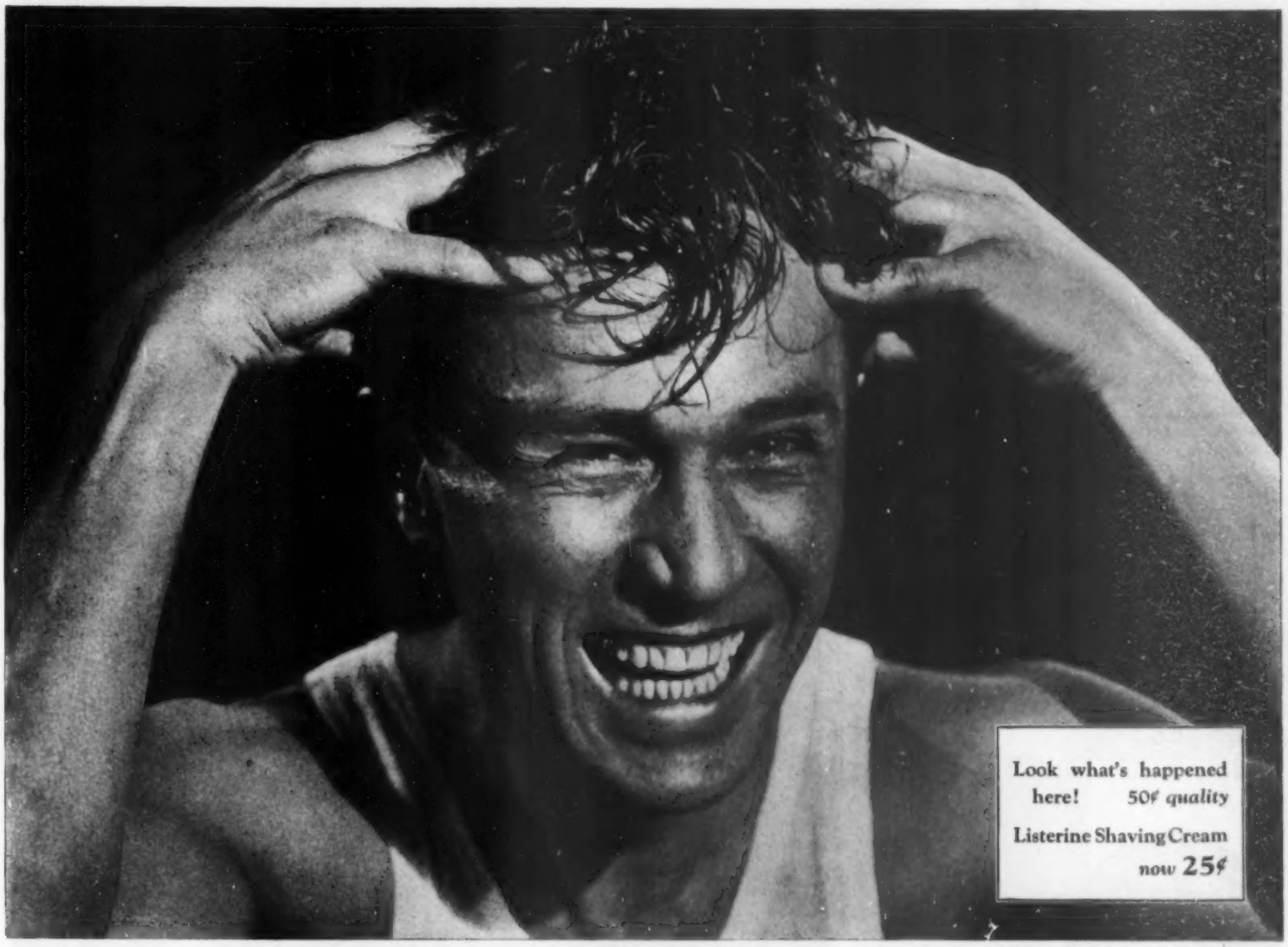
Eddie had taught Jane to dance back in those hectic days when he had first fallen in love with her and met her secretly at ten o'clock, after all the Codringtons had gone to bed, and got her safely inside the wall of Sherwood Forest before they woke up. He and Jane had danced together a great deal since. Jane always said she loved to dance with him. But tonight she was dancing with Nash Wyant.

Eddie couldn't stop watching her. He asked all the women he knew to dance. But even while he was dancing he watched Jane and Nash Wyant. He noticed how little they talked; they danced almost without speaking; and when they walked across the floor their shoulders touched now and again, as if involuntarily. Eddie seethed.

Toward midnight Jane and Nash Wyant disappeared. Eddie hunted out a dark corner of the veranda from which he could see the brightly lighted doorway, and leaned against the railing and waited for them to

(Continued on Page 86)

Once a week do this . . . .



Invigorates Scalp . . . CHECKS DANDRUFF

WHENEVER you wash your hair—and most people do it once a week—douse full strength Listerine on the scalp either before or after the rinse. Then massage the scalp and hair vigorously for several minutes.

You will be simply delighted by the wonderful feeling of cleanness and scalp exhilaration that follows this treatment.

Moreover, it is unquestionably one of the best treatments for loose dandruff—to combat it, and to remove it once it has started.

Many hundreds of people have told us that since making Listerine a part of the weekly shampoo, their scalp feels better, their hair looks more attractive, and is entirely free from loose dandruff.

Of course, if dandruff *does* get a start, it will be necessary to repeat the Listerine treatment systematically for several days, using a little olive oil in conjunction if the scalp or hair is excessively dry.

Listerine removes and disintegrates the particles of loose dandruff, heals and soothes the scalp, and attacks any surface infection that may be present. As you know, Listerine kills even such germs as the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and the Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE . . . Kills 200,000,000 Germs in 15 Seconds

FLUFFED BATHROOM TISSUES

FOR "CRANKS" ON PERSONAL THINGS

5 GOOD REASONS WHY YOU'LL INSIST ON ZEE AND ZALO
1. Fluffing makes them softer . . . more absorbent.
2. Absolutely safe . . . made only from pure, new pulp.
3. Both rolls have tucked-in, sanitary wrappers.
4. Gaily wrapped . . . to store with your lovely bath linens.
5. They cost no more than ordinary toilet paper.
ZEE
Zalo

"Fluffed bathroom tissues are really softer . . . quickly absorbent." That's why women who never thought to specify brand before, now call for ZEE and ZALO by name.

POWDER PUFF GENTLE . . .
Fluffed Zee and Zalo are as gentle as a big down puff . . . absolutely safe enough for a baby's tender skin.

LIKE COLD CREAM TISSUE
Many women find Zee and Zalo delicate enough to remove cleansing cream.

SOON a million women will forget they ever bought any other brand. Zee and Zalo are so much pleasanter. Straight through the rolls, each tissue is petal clear, as clean and fresh as linen dried in sunshine!

Fluffing doubles softness

Zee and Zalo are pure and safe, because they are made only from new, fresh pulp.

Feel the delicate nap on Zee and Zalo. Fluffing . . . gentle fluffing gives this texture. Each Zee or Zalo tissue is exquisitely softer . . . more quickly absorbent and firm.

Never a weak spot. Never a streak of dingy color. Never a glazed, slippery surface.

Fluffing gives extra everything . . . except extra price! Zee and Zalo cost no more than ordinary coarse bathroom tissues!

Wrapped like hospital gauze

The wrappers look frivolous . . . as gay and dainty as your French cosmetics . . . but they have a real job to do.

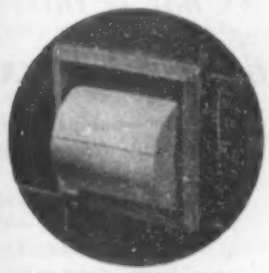
See how the ends tuck in the core of the roll. They keep out all impurity . . . keep both Zee and Zalo as clean as hospital gauze.

Most women prefer to get five or six rolls at a time, because they like to keep a reserve supply in the linen closet.

NATIONAL PAPER PRODUCTS COMPANY · DIVISION OF **CROWN ZELLERBACH CORPORATION** · NEW YORK · SAN FRANCISCO · CHICAGO

SEE THIS SAFETY WRAPPER . . . *Even Zee, the ten-cent roll, has this tucked-in, extra wrapper that keeps out every bit of dust. Never, never again buy a dusty, open-end roll.*

CRUMPLE A TISSUE . . . *Crumple a tissue or two into a little ball. Unfold it. No harsh edges . . . no crackling glaze. Just chamois softness. Fluffing makes it that way!*



COMPACT, HONEST ROLLS . . . *Honest rolls . . . firmly wound, so they won't unfurl wastefully! Both Zee and Zalo fit all standard built-in or projecting tissue rollers.*

THIS SAVES TIME . . . *It's a good thing, women say, to order four to six rolls at once. Call for Zee and Zalo by name . . . at your grocer's, your druggist's, or any first-class department store.*

National Paper Products Company · Division of **CROWN ZELLERBACH CORPORATION** · New York · San Francisco · Chicago

What is this thing called **"TANG"?**

Give your parched mouth a change from candy-flavored tooth pastes. Give it the new thrill, cooling and refreshing, that comes with the first taste of PEBECO. The delicate "bitey" tang tells you that *more* than tooth cleaning goes on when you use Pebeco. Not only does it give you the whitest, smoothest, cleanest, dental surfaces, but *it also invigorates your entire mouth.* The tang lingers long after its use, telling you that Pebeco is still helping Nature retard decay by neutralizing the mouth acids. Start using Pebeco today.

A product of LEHN & FINK, INC.

© 1930 PEBECO, INC.

(Continued from Page 82)

reappear. Kate Bigelow found him there. Eddie listened sullenly to her chatter. He noticed idly that she was wearing a particularly daring red dress. Eddie thought she might as well have worn a sign saying, "I am looking for trouble."

"I think I'd like to dance with you, Eddie," Kate said.

Eddie thought of telling her that she wouldn't like it. But he didn't. They had danced only halfway around the room when Kate stopped short.

"Eddie," she said, "please, please don't do it."

"Do what?" Eddie asked.

"Kill anybody."

Eddie shook his head. "I don't get that," he said.

"You've been squeezing my hand so hard it hurts," Kate said. "You're absolutely rigid. Are you terribly angry about something?"

Eddie tried to smile.

"I wish you'd take me home," she said. "I'm not having a good time tonight and I don't believe you are either."

Eddie had never left a party without Jane. But he felt justified in leaving this one. It would be easier to spend the next half hour taking Kate Bigelow home than standing in the club veranda waiting for Jane. So he drove Kate home in her car, intending to return to the club at once and leave the car for Joe Bigelow.

But Kate insisted that he come in. He wondered why she talked so much about men's being afraid to have any emotions nowadays and being at the mercy of women in consequence. She had something very much on her mind. But Eddie had too much on his mind to figure it out. It was half-past two when he got home.

Jane wasn't there. Eddie walked up and down the living room. The only sensible thing was to go to bed. He went upstairs and undressed and got into his pajamas and sat listening for the well-remembered sound of the big car in the drive. He waited nearly an hour before he heard it.

Jane left the car in the drive. He heard her come in the front hall. But she didn't come upstairs. He waited five minutes. He heard no sound. He went down. There was one low light in the living room.

Jane was lying stretched out in the sofa beside the fireplace. She lay with both hands clasped behind her head and one leg dangling, and stared up at the ceiling like a child who is troubled, or a woman who wishes it to be known that she is troubled.

"Hollos," she said, without turning her head.

"Hollos," Eddie said. He stood there staring at her and seeing again how lovely she was to look at, and hating her. He thought that any other woman in the world would have looked absurd in that position. But Jane did not look absurd. It made him all the angrier that she did not look absurd. It seemed to him a bitter thing that the leg she dangled should be so slim, so rounded and so beautifully turned.

"Jane," he said, in a tone that he meant to be severe but calm, and that was actually full of fury, "Jane, I don't like the way you're playing around with Nash Wyant. You'll have to quit."

Jane did not at once reply. She seemed to be so deeply occupied with whatever she saw in the shadows of the ceiling that for a moment Eddie wondered if she hadn't heard him. But his common sense told him she had. She couldn't have helped hearing him, no matter how absorbed she was. The fact that she did not answer promptly increased his anger, and what is so often the same thing, his fear. He had to wait for her to speak, and it was all he could do to wait.

"I was lying here wondering," Jane said at last in that cool, low-pitched voice of hers as if she were thinking out loud. "I was lying here wondering whether I should elope with Nash Wyant."

"You were, were you!" Eddie said. He didn't mean to say anything as simple-minded as that, much less yell it. But in his astonishment he did say it and he said it a good deal louder than was necessary.

"Yes," Jane said calmly, with the faint lingering weariness of the voice with which women so nicely convey to the men who love them that they are about to become dangerous. "Yes," she said, "I was."

Eddie remembered in that moment an odd statement that Henry C. Codrington, Jr., had once made. He had said that when one party to a marriage fell in love with somebody else, the thing for husband and wife to do was to sit down and talk it over quietly and reasonably. Eddie, remembering this observation of his father-in-law's, did not laugh. But he thought that Henry C. Codrington, Jr., had never been in battle; or else he had forgotten what it was like. That was the last simple and coherent thought that Eddie had until it was all over.

"So you see," Jane said, "I can't take your orders so awfully, awfully seriously."

"You can't?" Eddie said. He said it stupidly, as a man does say things when all that he has cared most for turns out to be quite different from what he has always supposed it was.

"No," Jane said. There was a hard light in her eyes. She wasn't like herself. She who had always been so warm and sweet was full of hate. "Besides," she continued deliberately, "I don't like your tone. I don't like your manner. I don't like anything about you."

Eddie was never able afterward to remember what he said to that or what she replied. Afterward he could only remember disconnected bits of their conversation, up to the moment when he lost his head completely and did the inexcusable, the unforgivable thing. That scene he couldn't forget; or the extraordinary dignity with which Jane emerged from it.

Jane came downstairs ten minutes later, having changed her evening dress for a plain street suit, with a small traveling case in her hand. She was almost as matter-of-fact as if nothing had happened.

"I'll send for my things tomorrow after you've gone to the office," she said.

"Tomorrow is Sunday," Eddie said.

"So it is. I'll wait till Monday or Tuesday to get my things." She paused in the doorway. "Good night," she said formally.

"Jane," Eddie said, "you aren't going to Sherwood Forest?"

"Yes, of course," Jane said.

"But it's four o'clock now. They'll be horrified."

Jane shrugged her shoulders. Eddie heard the starter of the big car a moment later. He jumped to the doorway and watched the car swing around the circle and head down the drive. He could see Jane's head above the back of the seat against the blaze of light from the head lamps. He thought perhaps this was his last glimpse of her.

Eddie went back and sat in the sofa where she had sat when it began, and tried to remember how it had happened. How could he have done such a thing? He wasn't that kind of man. How had he come to hate Jane so uncontrollably? He did not hate her now. He loved her. And he had lost her.

IV

WHEN Eddie got down to his office on Monday morning he found a telegram from Henry C. Codrington, Jr., on his desk. "Kindly lunch with me at the Bankers' Club today at 12:30," Mr. Codrington said.

Eddie thought of several bright replies to this command during the morning, but he did not make any of them. He entered the Bankers' Club at 12:29. Mr. Codrington was a middle-sized man with a heavy face, who wore wing collars and stiff white shirts and the soberest suits. You knew to look at him how many things there were in the modern world that he did not approve of.

"Eddie," Mr. Codrington said when they were seated, "I've been meaning to let you know that I am aware of what you have been doing with the Enterprise people. I hear the company has turned the corner."

"Yes," Eddie said, "we're out of the red."

Mr. Codrington nodded. "I feel that to take hold of a bankrupt and moribund concern and bring it back to a profitable basis is the real test of business ability." Mr. Codrington discussed the difficulties of the banks in finding men who could pass this test at some length; indeed, throughout lunch. Eddie listened respectfully.

"We have not exhausted the subject," Mr. Codrington concluded. "But I may say that you have revealed an ability I did not suspect you of. I thought you were clever. And cleverness is frequently disastrous. I am surprised and pleased to discover that you have business judgment and that you know how to apply yourself industriously." Mr. Codrington frowned. "The fact that you are able to take responsibility makes it impossible for me to understand what has happened. Jane returned to Sherwood Forest at daylight Sunday morning."

"Yes," Eddie said.

"Jane is not a vague person," Mr. Codrington said.

"No," Eddie said.

"But her account is distressingly vague. I can only infer that you had a disagreement."

"Yes," Eddie said, "we had a disagreement."

"In my experience," Mr. Codrington said, "all husbands and wives have disagreements. No two people think exactly alike."

"No," Eddie said.

"But it is always possible to resolve a difference of opinion by discussion."

"Yes," Eddie said.

"Then what does all this mean?" Mr. Codrington asked. "Jane says she will never return to you. She insists on a divorce."

"I was afraid she would feel that way," Eddie said.

"But why?" Mr. Codrington inquired with asperity. "What's the trouble? You seem to be a rational and sensible young man. Jane is one of the most rational and sensible young women in the world. She was brought up to be. I have never known her to do anything really thoughtless except—ah—except ——"

"Except to marry me," Eddie said, "and live in Westport."

"Exactly," Mr. Codrington said. "So how can such a thing as this happen?"

"Well," Eddie said, "we had a quarrel."

"But why quarrel? What is there to quarrel about?"

"Well," Eddie said, "we did quarrel. Such things happen."

Mr. Codrington shook his head. "I don't feel that you are being frank with me."

"Well," Eddie said, "I lost my temper."

"That was foolish," Mr. Codrington said. "But the fact that you lost your temper is hardly sufficient cause for divorce. There has never been a divorce in the Codrington family. I do not intend to have a divorce in the Codrington family. Am I to understand that there is no real excuse for Jane's conduct?"

"Well ——" Eddie said.

"Is there or isn't there?" Mr. Codrington said.

So Eddie told him what he had done.

Mr. Codrington stood up. He was pale and his hands twitched as if he would like to use them.

"Talbot," he said to Eddie, "I will see my lawyer immediately. He will call on you tomorrow, and tell you exactly how we plan to proceed about a divorce and exactly what you are to do. I won't have publicity. I won't have this shameful thing spread all over the newspapers. Good day, sir."

V

EDDIE hurried over to his office and put in a call for Jane at Sherwood Forest. He had to warn her that he had told her father. The only reply he got was that Mrs. Talbot wasn't in. Eddie sent Jane a telegram begging her to call him up at his office immediately and promising to wait there until half-past seven in the hope of hearing from her.

He waited until eight o'clock. But Jane did not call up. He had no way of knowing

(Continued on Page 89)

With his Western Electric radio telephone the pilot reports to the airport and receives directions for avoiding the storm.

AIRPLANE TELEPHONE MARKS GREAT STEP AHEAD IN FLYING

TODAY the Western Electric radio telephone between plane and ground is doing for air transportation what telegraph, telephone and wireless have done for the railroads and steamship lines. It helps to put this new mode of travel on a dependable, efficient basis.

Overhead, great passenger liners drone along their regular routes. Through the night roaring planes carry mail, express, freight. And the men who guide them through *know* at all times what conditions lie ahead, for the Western Electric airplane telephone flies with them!

The airplane telephone—like the telephone on your desk—is backed by more than 50 years' experience with problems of voice transmission. It was designed by Bell Telephone Laboratories and has been tested under actual flying conditions in the Laboratories' own planes. It is made with the same care and skill as all the Western Electric apparatus used by the Bell System.

Easy and reliable telephone communication between plane and airport makes possible more efficient routing of planes. It adds materially to the comfort of passengers and helps in maintaining time schedules with clock-like accuracy.

With the airplane telephone, the pilot always has full and accurate information on which to base decisions of vital importance. As easily as you talk from your home to that of a friend he talks with dispatchers and weather observers on the ground. Or with pilots of other planes in flight. He receives up-to-the-minute data on ever changing weather and steers his course accordingly. He reports his position and progress to those in authority at fields along his route.

Government radio beacons along the airways of the nation constantly send out directional signals. The Western Electric receiving set brings in these guiding signals to aid the pilot in holding his true course when darkness, fog or low-hanging clouds obscure his view of the ground.

Commercial aviation today has graduated from the pioneering era where everything depended upon the unaided judgment, initiative and skill of one man—the pilot. Close coöperation between flyers, ground organizations and government agencies—via airplane telephone—has made flying an efficient, dependable means of transportation.

When you travel or ship goods by air, ask whether the plane is equipped with Western Electric Airplane Telephone.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF BELL TELEPHONES

Western Electric

Aviation Communication Systems

FOR A DISCRIMINATING CLIENTELE

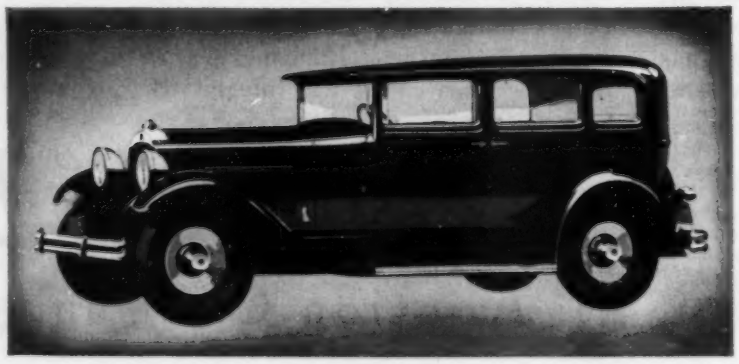
Through all the ages fine things have been produced because there were those who could appreciate their ownership. The celebrated Goya tapestries executed in Spain in the late 18th century, were woven under royal patronage. Today Packard builds fine cars for those who appreciate and are satisfied only with the truly beautiful and luxurious in transportation

Most popular of all Packard cars is the distinguished and luxurious Standard Eight Five-Passenger Sedan. The Sedan pictured below is of the new 826 series—characteristically Packard in lines and general appearance but embodying added power and beauty, new improvements and refinements in many of its details.

It costs no more to own this beautiful and distinctive new Packard than to drive any other car of similar size and power, whatever its price. Operating expenses are little if any less for a car of similar size but lesser excellence and lower price. And depreciation, the major cost of motoring, totals no more for the Packard — if the owner keeps it a little longer than he has been accustomed to drive other cars. There is nothing unusual in this, for most Packard owners *do* keep their Packards far longer, both in months and miles, than the cars they previously owned. Not for economy's sake—but because they want to keep them!

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



Why not buy a Packard Standard Eight Sedan and provide your family with the beauty, the comfort and the distinction of luxurious transportation? Any Packard man will chart Packard ownership costs for you side by side with those of your present Packard-size car. You will find, undoubtedly, that you are *paying* for a Packard. Why not *have* one?

(Continued from Page 86)

whether she had received his telegram or not. He took a train to Westport. It was ten o'clock by the time he got home; it was the Codringtons' bedtime, but Eddie put in a call for Jane. He was sure Jane wouldn't be going to bed at ten o'clock. The operator reported at a quarter to eleven that Mrs. Talbot could not be reached.

Eddie got out his old roadster and started for Sherwood Forest. He was sure Jane didn't know he was trying to reach her. Her father would have seen to that. By this time her father had told her he approved of her getting a divorce. Eddie tried to imagine the scene. Wouldn't Jane have an immediate reaction against getting a divorce the moment her father acquiesced? Of course she would And wouldn't she think twice about actually getting a divorce from the man she had loved? Of course she would. She couldn't have stopped loving him all at once.

And as for Nash Wyant—well, she couldn't really be in love with Nash Wyant. No matter what she had said about eloping with him, she couldn't be seriously in love with him.

The little old roadster swayed and swung as Eddie tore down the long hills into Westchester and planned the phrases in which he would overwhelm Jane with his love. He saw by the clock in Ossining that it was twenty minutes past twelve. He turned off the Albany Post Road and up the lane that skirts the north wall of Sherwood Forest. He passed a dark gate lodge. A half mile farther on he came to another gate lodge. Here he paused and parked the roadster discreetly off the road and turned out the lights.

The night was black and close, with no stars showing. Eddie had to light matches to find the push button beside the heavy oak door in the wall. He pressed the button hard and waited two minutes—long enough for a man to come wide awake; then he gave three short rings—the old signal. A light appeared in the window and a man with large mustaches poked his head out of the window overhead.

"Hollo, Murphy," Eddie said. "It's Eddie Talbot."

Murphy stared down. Eddie came forward into the light from the window. Murphy grunted.

"I'm looking for my wife," Eddie said.

"Do you know what time it is?" Murphy inquired with meaning. "It's twenty minutes to one. I can't be lettin' ye in at this hour o' the night." He reached up to close the window.

"Murphy," Eddie said sternly, "you come down here. If you don't let me in I'm going over the wall and wake the whole county."

"Now, Mr. Talbot," Murphy protested, "the time to call on your wife here is b'fore ten o'clock and by the front gate, and well ye know it."

"You come down, Murphy," Eddie said.

"I'll come down," Murphy said, "but I'll not let ye in."

He shut the window and turned out the light. Eddie waited. After five minutes the heavy oak door opened. Murphy had pulled on his trousers and draped his revolver belt and holster over one shoulder and picked up his night stick.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Talbot," he said, "but it's against all rules to let annybody in at this hour, yourself included. If you insist on comin' in try the big front gate, where ye belong."

"Anybody'd think you'd never let me in before, Murphy."

"That was different," Murphy said. "Then you wuz courtin' the girl and I was soft-hearted for both of ye, but especially for her, not havin' any young man, nor any chance to get one."

"You were never found out either, were you?"

"No," Murphy said, "nor do I intend to be."

"Listen, Murphy," Eddie said, "suppose you had a grand row with your wife and she up and left you in a temper and went home to her people—what would you do?"

"I'd go after her, of course," Murphy said.

"And here I am," Eddie said. "Do I get in or don't I?"

Murphy sighed. "You get in," he said. "But I'm going with ye and stick close beside ye and if ye make any noise that'd wake the lightest sleeper I'll lay ye out cold where ye stand."

Eddie went through the door and followed Murphy down a quarter of a mile of blue stone driveway to the wing of the great house where Jane's rooms had been two years ago. There was a light in her bedroom and the windows were open. Eddie picked up a handful of blue stone chips and tossed them against the wire screen over the farthest window. Nothing happened. Eddie tossed another handful of stone chips. Jane appeared at the window. Eddie whistled softly. Jane turned out the light. It was the old signal that said she understood.

Eddie heard her take the screen out and set it inside the room. He stepped in close to the wall. Jane climbed out of the window and let herself down by the rain pipe until her feet hung just above Eddie's head.

"All right," Eddie said.

Jane dropped. Eddie caught her expertly in his arms and let her down gently, just as he had done so many times in the old days. But when her feet were on the ground she did not turn her face up to be kissed, as she always had done before they were married. She pulled quickly away from him.

"I didn't come down here to be kissed," Jane said. Her voice had lost entirely the cool indifference that had so maddened Eddie when they quarreled. Her voice was full of fire. "I came down here because I've got something to say to you."

There was a sound to the left not unlike the tearing of a piece of cloth, a hoarse "Shu-u-u-sh!"

"What's that?" Jane asked.

"Murphy," Eddie said. "He's afraid you'll wake up somebody if you talk out loud."

Evidently Jane did not care whether she woke up the family or what Murphy overheard. She went on in an even louder tone.

"Why did you tell my father you spanked me?"

"Now, Jane," Eddie said in a low voice, "I'll explain that."

"You don't have to explain it," Jane cried. "I know why you told him. You told him because you were proud of it. You were so proud of it you couldn't keep it to yourself for two days ——"

"Shu-u-u-sh!" said Murphy loudly.

"I'm not in the least proud of it," Eddie said. "I'm ashamed of it."

"I suppose that's why you told my father," Jane said with great irony. "You were so ashamed of it you had to run and tell him about it. It wasn't enough for you to beat me up. You had to tell about it. And after that you have the effrontery to come here."

"After all, Jane," Eddie said, "you razzed me into it."

"I razzed you into it!" said Jane in outraged tones.

"Shu-u-u-sh!" said Murphy.

"Of course you did. Carrying on the way you did with Nash Wyant and telling me ——"

"What were you doing with Kate Bigelow?" Jane interrupted. "You left the party without so much as saying good-by to me and didn't turn up for hours, when you knew she was crazy to get even with me for taking Nash Wyant away from her."

Eddie took Jane by both shoulders. "Listen," he said bitterly, "I didn't know a thing about Kate Bigelow and Nash Wyant. This is the first I've heard of it. I took Kate Bigelow home because she asked me to."

"What are you going to do now?" Jane inquired. "Spank me again?"

"I came here to tell you I love you," Eddie said angrily.

"Shu-u-u-sh!" said Murphy. But it was too late. A flash light was coming down the drive.

Eddie relaxed his grip on Jane's shoulders. Murphy sighed audibly.

Mr. Codrington swept the flash light in a half circle. It fell first on Jane, defiant in blue-and-gold pajamas; and then on Eddie. Murphy would have slipped behind a bush, but he was not quick enough. He was revealed in the light as a slightly ludicrous figure in his trousers and his night shirt, with his revolver belt hung rakishly across his chest from his shoulder to his waist. The light swung back to Eddie.

"Talbot," Mr. Codrington said, "you leave this place instantly."

Eddie glared at Mr. Codrington.

"Instantly, I said," Mr. Codrington called out.

"Never mind, father," Jane said in that cool detached voice of hers that so maddened Eddie when she used it on him; "we're leaving in a minute."

"What!" Mr. Codrington said.

"After all, father," Jane said, "Eddie's my husband."

Eddie put his arm around her.

"But he struck you. He beat you."

"You make it sound more brutal than it was, father. Besides, I razzed him into it. It wasn't as if he did it in cold blood."

Eddie thought this was the psychological moment to move toward the gate.

"You aren't going in those clothes," Mr. Codrington said.

"Eddie'll give me his coat, won't you, Eddie? I'll be all right. Good night, father."

They started off down the drive.

"I am sorry, Jane," Eddie said. "I can't forgive myself."

Jane paused. "I was just as bad. I was worse. I was a fool. But you know how it is. I knew I was being a fool and I had to go on being a fool. I couldn't stop."

"I was afraid you'd really fallen for that man," Eddie said.

"Nash Wyant? Why, Eddie, he's perfectly harmless."

"Why did you flirt with him, then?"

"Because," Jane said. "Because I'd never flirted before. And because you took it so hard. And because it was fun to take him away from Kate."

"You were in mischief," Eddie said.

Jane put both arms around his neck. "Oh, Eddie," she said, "if you hadn't come for me tonight I'd have died. I couldn't have stood it. Do please forgive me."

Eddie kissed her and she kissed him back as warmly as of old.

They walked arm in arm down the drive toward the roadster.

"Murphy," Mr. Codrington said as they disappeared beyond the range of his flash light, "can you understand that?"

"Yes, sir," Murphy said. "I think I can, sir."

"But how can my daughter—a girl that's been protected and guarded and educated—how can she go off with a man like that?"

"Maybe, sir, she's not so different," Murphy said.

"Not so different?"

"Not so different from the rest o' them, sir. They're all alike, sir—eddication or no eddication. They mostly go with the man that loves them."

A HUM IN THE LLAMARADA

(Continued from Page 21)

"Ah, she's only a crazy kid," said Jobe, thinking that Mr. McLaughlin didn't begin to have any idea of how unsquelchable she was. He doused the spotlight and started the north projection machine. They stood listening, nodded with satisfaction, exchanged another word or two, and Mr. McLaughlin turned to leave, but paused with his hand on the door.

"I don't want to buy another tapestry. The investment is too large just now. See if you can't get rid of the hum without it, will you, Jobe?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. McLaughlin fidgeted. They looked at each other. Jobe's voice had been noncommittal. His mouth was perfectly sober. But his black eyes revealed a little of his thought:

"You have the best wiring, for the least money, because I did it myself. You have practically perfect projection without the most expensive machines, because I give them everything I have! And if you need to buy a piece of tapestry to hang on a limestone wall, you'll buy it!" said Jobe's black eyes.

Mr. McLaughlin knew this to be true. He could not part with Jobe. But when money had to be spent it made war between them, much as they respected each other. Mr. McLaughlin wanted everything perfect. But he knew, as does the owner of every business, that if he let everybody buy everything they took a notion they wanted ——

Jobe pulled out a strip of the new film and held it to the light. He glanced indifferently at the picture. It was the narrow, tenth-of-an-inch dark line from which sound was reproduced that held his attention. Some of the films were records of sound density. This was a record of pure sine waves. The boy looked at it as Galahad looked at the Grail, as Michelangelo looked at his first mural, as Cellini regarded the Nymph of Fontainebleau. There it lay, a delicate, jagged, uneven edge, like a sky view of distant peaks in miniature. And when the exciter, which looked more like a little candle in a candlestick than anything else, shone in upon the photoelectric cell—the beam of light passing through a narrow slit upon the film, and going on into the intricacies of tubes and amplifiers and dry cells—the voices spoke, not only loud and soft, with word and inflections, but weighted with passion or anger, with tenderness or persuasion—human voices, infinitely stirring.

The sound was made! It was, to Jobe, the last reduction of matter into a thin, jagged line in obedience to the dictates of men's minds; it was the almost perfect communication of mind to mind.

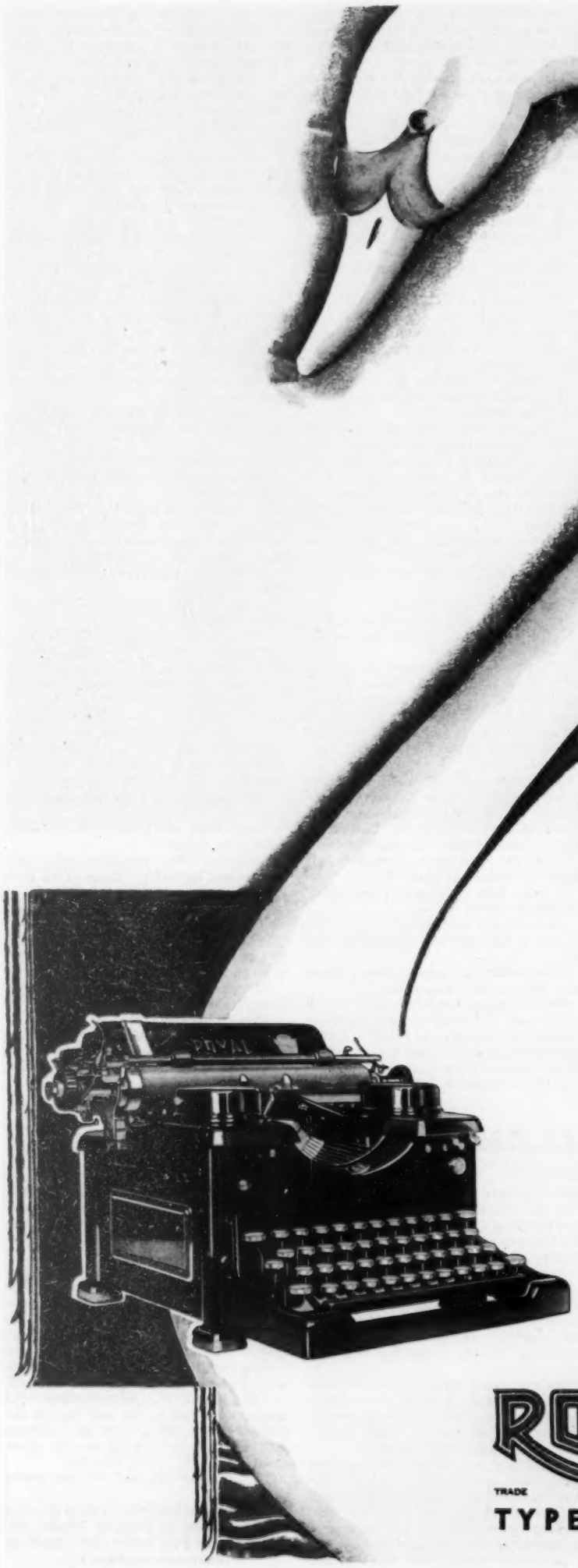
All this had started for Jobe ten years before, when he and the rest of the sophomore class, in the old physics laboratory at the high school, had laid a big test tube carefully on its side, and had strewn fine sand upon the floor of it, had fitted a head of parchment tightly over the top, and then sounded a violin string, and the sand lay in waves that could be measured! Something had begun to function in Jobe then from which he had never departed. All the world receded before this great fact!

The second show was over. He flashed his good night, and rewound the last film and put it in the film box as the organ swelled out in the emptying theater. An idea occurred to him. He shut down both dousers, disconnected his machine, and looking back to see that everything was in order, he took his dark coat from its hook on the wall and hurried downstairs. He caught Ruth just as she was leaving the dressing room, where she had changed from her usher's uniform to her street dress.

"What luck!" he said. "I was afraid you'd be gone."

He saw something else—a little group of girls, dominated by Marjorie Wilkins, lingering on the walk before the theater, in

(Continued on Page 91)



E A S E

Smooth, rhythmic speed cushioned by effortless ease of operation—encouraging to your stenographer, a boon to you! Constantly improved to save her time and energy, the Easy-Writing Royal Typewriter frees you from annoying delays and distractions. The moment it enters your office, errors and fatigue give way to neatness and accuracy, to a faster flow of finer typing. Compare the Work!

823

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK CITY

• *Branches and Agencies the World Over* •

ROYAL
TRADE MARK
TYPEWRITERS

(Continued from Page 89)

wait for him. He took Ruth's arm and drew her back around the door, and said:

"Do me a favor, will you, Ruth? Be a good egg and help me out of a pinch."

"What do you want, Jobe?"

She smiled at him—an amused, affectionate smile. They were good friends, but they had no illusions about each other.

"You know, I'd like to walk out of here with you like we had a date. Gee, Ruth, don't get sore. I know it's a nervy thing to ask you, but if you'd just let me take you home—you know—so it would look as if I had a girl."

His dark glance was haunted. Ruth laughed out loud.

"You don't think a little thing like me would discourage Marjorie Wilkins, do you?" she asked demurely. "You want us to go out arm in arm, and for me to be your girl friend for a while, Jobe? Just to get rid of Marjorie? Well ——" She smiled at him.

Jobe said: "Please, Ruth. Just to do me a favor?"

"O. K.," Ruth told him, and laughed again. Her mischievous brown eyes told him that he was a little ridiculous, that she and Virginia had smiled and winked at each other when Marjorie presented, with aloof dignity, her ticket for the loge. He could imagine Ruth bringing Marjorie up to the tiny loge and seating her with a flourish and inner amusement. But he didn't care. In fact, he rather liked her kindly, bright glance, the quirk of her pretty lips. It was a long time—weeks and weeks, he thought—since Ruth had looked so diverted about anything.

"I know you think I'm a nut," he said, "but I'll do something for you sometime."

"You've already done lots of nice things for me, Jobe," she assured him; and they went out, arm in arm, gazing at each other; Ruth's brown eyes swept upward in an adoring glance. Jobe lifted his hat to the little group of girls on the walk, just as the lights went out over the entrance.

He turned Ruth toward the square: "Let's get a soda."

Ruth giggled. "Jobe, you're perfect," she told him. "You're the only one like you." And she found it quite comfortable to sit in a booth at Miller's, her brown eyes a little sad and quiet, and think of her own affairs in complete detachment, while Jobe explained Doppler's principle to her. And she had no way of knowing that her amusement, her affection, her smile, as she didn't listen, her complete detachment and loyalty, were the absolute perfection of a wife's immortal attitude and habit.

Ruth had been romantically in love with a youth who had proved himself a thief. Raised in the paths of the most scrupulous honor, the disillusionment and pain of that affair had made her terribly unhappy. Now she brought to Jobe a mature kindness and naturalness. There lay between them a mutual regard deeper and finer than infatuation. They had quarreled and made up, had taken together Mr. McLaughlin's occasional irritable haranguings, had seen each other, day in, day out, for months on end, so that they bore for each other an affection so perfect that they were unaware of it. Though Jobe, if he had thought about it, would have summed it all up in a new phrase—they synchronized.

The tilting of the left-hand loud-speaker did not correct the hum, which grew almost imperceptibly, night after night. Mr. McLaughlin bought a tapestry on approval, sure that the expense was not justified; but the stuff, although it did not obviate the hum, did add an unmistakable quality to the sound pictures. Mr. McLaughlin and Jobe went over the wiring step by step. Jobe called an expert on long-distance and talked to him. They discussed the matter of buying a punctured screen for a central loud-speaker, but this was so prohibitively expensive that Mr. McLaughlin would not even consider it.

And Ruth waited for Jobe with unfailing good nature every evening, and Marjorie pouted, twisted, came to the theater, avoided Ruth, looked after Jobe with great, tragic eyes. But she no longer visited the projection room. Jobe forgot her.

The hum had, by now, become so marked that people spoke of it. Mr. McLaughlin rode his operator hard. He offered to bring a man from the factory, but Jobe felt that his honor was involved in correcting the trouble himself, and Mr. McLaughlin was the sort of person who sympathized with that desire sufficiently to wait on him. Jobe had done the wiring when the theater was built. He had helped install the machines. He had rigged up many small conveniences and devices. He was more than a motion-picture operator. He was a budding scientist, an experimenter.

Now he ran his machines for hours at a time, in the daytime, in the empty theater. He replaced his 227 tubes, adjusted his push-pull, moved the exciter back and forth until he had a completely blurred sound, without getting rid of the hum. Mr. McLaughlin bought new parts and Jobe attached them. They raised and lowered the speakers, tried a different type of amplifier. They moved the tapestry from one wall to the other. They borrowed a truckload of towels from the linen-supply company and, with the assistance of everyone in the theater, they covered the leather-upholstered seats with them, to see if they would absorb the hum, but without success. Mr. McLaughlin followed Jobe upstairs and down. He developed a high state of irritability as day followed day, and the hum, slowly but surely, began to drown out the voices, drown out the music. And in the abstraction and distraction that engulfed him, Jobe was subconsciously aware of Ruth's kindness and sympathy. Like everyone on the staff of the Llamarada, she was interested in all the problems that came up in the theater, and she was particularly interested in this, because it was Jobe's. Her kindness was the one steady, clear thing in a world filled with a hum. It was a silent thing, stilling, penetrating, good. She was always down in the foyer when he closed up shop in the projection room. She waited while he packed his films and got the cans ready for the expressman to pick up. She came in the forenoons, and sat downstairs and checked the sound for him while he ran his machines.

After work she persuaded him to get a sandwich and something to drink, to walk a little in the cool autumn nights, star-spangled and bright with early frost. He stood before her on her own doorstep, digging his toe into the soft mold of the garden, telling her all that he had done that day, all that he meant to do the next—not that she understood, but it helped him to talk it all over.

"You're a pioneer," Ruth said one night. "You're one of the new great ones in this world. Every man jack of you that is tampering and fooling with this new thing—this mystery and wonder—is as much an explorer as Cortez. Why, Jobe, aviators are back numbers. But you, with your sound and light, with your invisible rays and inaudible vibration, your formulas and equations, and your experimenting and grief—you're the real moderns, Jobe. What you find out, each one in his own theater, about projection, all goes to make a marvelous thing, put together. It thrills me terribly. I don't understand it—all the arithmetic of it—but, Jobe—I don't know how to say what I feel—but I do think you're wonderful."

He accepted her praise modestly. He hadn't thought about it personally. His mind went on with its turning and turning.

"It won't be long now, Ruth, until we don't have any films to burn or tear, or to monkey with. Our projection machines will be a lot simpler. We'll receive from the air, direct, and amplify and project. They'll either broadcast the original show, or make a film and broadcast from it. All we'll have will be a receiver, a light and tubes."

"You mean television?"

"Well, perhaps. Although now there are too many units in the television set to make it practical. It may be something entirely different—a tube, perhaps—to receive and project in natural colors. I've an idea ——"

"There's only one thing, Jobe," said Ruth, for his ideas were too complicated for her even to try to understand: "That is, that you're well on the way to becoming inhuman. You don't feel people enough. Maybe that's all right for a scientist. But for a man—he's happier, I think, when he feels people around him. After all, nothing is so wonderful as a human being."

"Sure," said Jobe.

He smiled at her. She was a nice girl! How fine a girl could be!

It was only the next day that Marjorie Wilkins, whose frustrated feelings had been smoldering all this time, bought a ticket for the loge again. She was one of those anomalies of the modern world, a young girl from a good family who came and went as she liked, with practically no supervision or control. No one seemed to know or care what ideas she had, how furiously she pursued them, how disastrous they might be. All her willfulness was put down to youth and high spirits, her performances counted amusing. Actually needing and wanting supervision—since young children are happier when they are disciplined—she had fixed her ardent mind on Jobe because he had those very principles of self-control and controlled energy which her own character lacked, and because, too, he seemed almost the only one in the world who had done her a vital service.

It was during the first running of the film when she appeared at the unlocked door of the projection room. Jobe looked at her uneasily. He was feeling a little low in his own mind, because Mr. McLaughlin had telephoned that day for a man from the factory, who was expected on the morning train. Jobe knew that Mr. McLaughlin had to have the machines fixed, but he could not help wishing that he had fixed them himself. They were his—his Greta and Joan. He knew all about them. No trouble shooter from the factory could possibly know their whims and fancies better than he did, he told himself.

So he was not up to his usual sternness with Marjorie, and said weakly:

"Mr. McLaughlin will have a fit. You aren't supposed to come in here."

Marjorie closed the door and came over to him and stood beside him, watching him work.

She said, after a minute, in a low, troubled voice, "Jobe, do you really care for Ruth?"

"Of course," said Jobe. "Ruth's a grand girl."

"Oh, I don't mean that! I mean, are you in love with her?"

Jobe frowned. He did not know how to answer such a disturbing question. His heart beat with a new quickening at the idea. He saw Ruth suddenly as one who already dwelt within his own heart. Why, she was like a part of him! He was in love with her! He had been in love with her for a year! It was the reason he had worried so about Ruth and Emory Gibson, the reason he had been happy that she was forgetting. She was as necessary to him as his eyes and ears. He was —— But there was the matter of Ruth's kindness. She had done him a favor in going with him, and he couldn't impose on her by implying more than she gave.

The silence grew between himself and Marjorie, and he said at last, brusquely, "Who wants to know besides you?"

"Just me, Jobe," she said meekly. "I want to know—I've got to know. If you really love her I'll give up. It'll kill me, likely, but I'll give you up. I swear I will. But if you don't love her—oh, Jobe, couldn't you like me a little?"

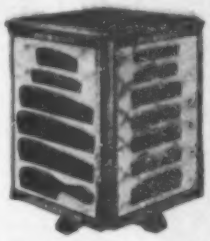
Jobe looked at her helplessly.

"It's not me you want," he said, with surprising discernment for a boy interested only in sound; "it's just your own way. Listen, Marj: you're all right, but I don't have to go with you. See? I belong to myself and my affairs are my own. Now

(Continued on Page 94)

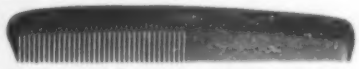
THE COMB you use affects the arrangement OF YOUR HAIR

IF YOU have difficulty in making your hair lie the way you want it, perhaps the trouble is with the comb you are using. Try an Ace Comb. The moment you pass it through your hair you will notice how well it divides and lays each strand in place . . . For Ace Combs are designed to meet the exactions of the new, finer hair grooming. Their material is hard rubber, moulded smooth. The edges are carefully rounded, and all surfaces polished. This is a positive protection to your hair and scalp.



Many sizes and designs, at drug stores and department stores, are shown in revolving cabinets, as illustrated.

ACE COMBS

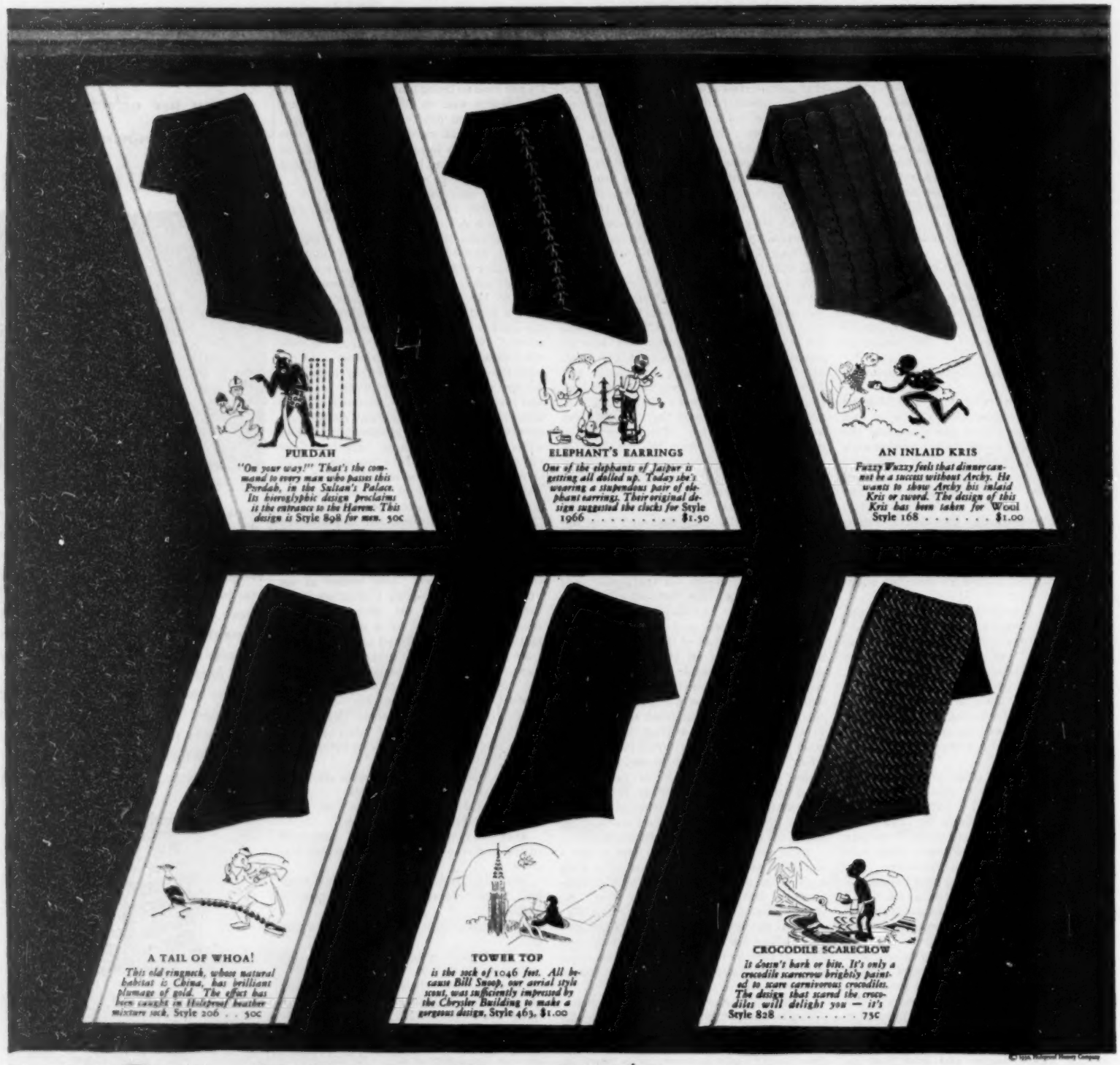


Inferior combs of clumsy design with ragged edges are unsuited to the exactions of the new styles, besides doing definite damage to your hair. Notice the perfect design of Ace Combs.

Ace Combs, moulded of hardrubber, with a satiny finish, are unusually durable, good-looking, sanitary, efficient.

"Combs of former ages" are illustrated in an interesting booklet we have prepared. It is yours if you will fill in your name and address in margin and mail to

American Hard Rubber Company
11 Mercer St., New York, N. Y. P-9-27


PURDAH
"On your way!" That's the command to every man who passes this Purdah, in the Sultan's Palace. Its hieroglyphic design proclaims it the entrance to the Harem. This design is Style 898 for men. 50c
ELEPHANT'S EARRINGS
One of the elephants of Jaipur is getting all dolled up. Today she's wearing a stupendous pair of elephant earrings. Their original design suggested the clocks for Style 1966 . . . . . $1.50
AN INLAID KRIS
Fuzzy Wuzzy feels that dinner cannot be a success without Archy. He wants to show Archy his inlaid Kris or sword. The design of this Kris has been taken for Wool Style 168 . . . . . $1.00
A TAIL OF WHOA!
This old ringneck, whose natural habitat is China, has brilliant plumage of gold. The effect has been caught in Holeproof heather mixture sock, Style 206 . . 50c
TOWER TOP
is the sock of 1046 feet. All because Bill Snoop, our aerial style scout, was sufficiently impressed by the Chrysler Building to make a gorgeous design, Style 463, $1.00
CROCODILE SCARECROW
It doesn't bark or bite. It's only a crocodile scarecrow brightly painted to scare carnivorous crocodiles. The design that scared the crocodiles will delight you — it's Style 828 . . . . . 75c

HOLEPROOF Imagination

RARE PATTERNS FROM ROMANTIC SOURCES

IT'S IMAGINATION that sets Holeproof patterns apart from ordinary hose. African tom-toms, Oriental embroideries, and many other dramatic oddities are the inspirations for smart Holeproof designs for Fall. They represent good taste that is ingenious — distinction that is enriched by a touch of romance.

The originality of Holeproof designs is no greater than the long-established superiority of Holeproof wearing quality.—Fifty cents to two dollars the pair. Holeproof Hosiery Company, 1107 Broadway, New York, N.Y.—Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada.

...and Autogart

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Pat. Pend.

THE SELF-SUPPORTING SOCK

IMAGINE—a sock that stays up all by itself. You simply slip it on, pull it up and it's there to stay. It doesn't sag, wrinkle or hang loose. What a saving of time and bother. The Autogart holds it snugly, comfortably and securely all around your leg. The Autogart is guaranteed to outlast the sock. It's an integral part of the sock—fresh and clean after every laundering. It doesn't cost you a cent extra — $1.00 the pair. If your dealer has not received his stock of Holeproof Autogart, use the coupon in the righthand corner of the page. Holeproof Hosiery Company, 1107 Broadway, New York, N. Y.—Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Can.

© 1931 Holeproof Hosiery Company

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY
1107 BROADWAY · NEW YORK

Write name and address below. Give size. State whether you want Blue, Black, Grey or Tan; plain or fancy. Give dealer's name and address. Mail, with $1.00, to HOLEPROOF AUTOGART, 1107 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

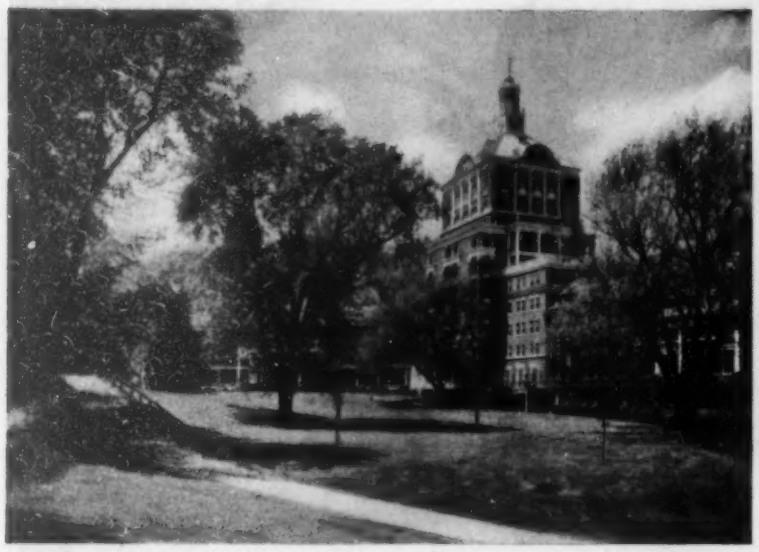
Name

Street and No.

City and State

My dealer's name

PROVEN BY THE OLD



CHOSEN FOR THE NEW

IN THE Homestead, Virginia Hot Springs, graciousness of Colonial living is traditional. Yet, in appointments, conveniences, comforts, this charming resort is ultra modern in every detail. When the first buildings were erected years ago, only the finest of equipment would measure up to the high aims of the builders. Sargent Hardware was installed at that time — for its well-known superior qualities of operation and wear, for its dignity of design so reminiscent of the Virginia of Jefferson and Washington.

Today, a new structure towers ten stories between the two main wings, a representative achievement of modern architect and engineer. It is completely equipped with Sargent Hardware. Years of use in the old have proved its worth for the new. In both — with Sargent Hardware, doors will continue to swing easily and latch exactly, locks give dependable security, and all moving parts operate with a smoothness to satisfy the most discriminating clientele. And here continues to prevail the same quiet beauty of early Colonial days. Sargent, now as in generations past, stands for highest quality manufacture — of hardware for every building need, of locks and tools, of the smallest hardware item found in a hardware store. Sargent & Company, 33 Water Street, New Haven, Connecticut.

The wealth of Sargent designs permits a wide choice for every architectural style and every type of building. Those illustrated are installed in the Homestead, the metal knob in the old, the glass knob in the new tower section. Warren & Westmore, architects, New York.

SARGENT

LOCKS AND HARDWARE

(Continued from Page 91)

go on and forget it, and quit being a donkey. You're a swell little girl. What do you want to run after any fellow for? Me of all of them? I never thought much about it, but it seems to me if I was a girl I'd feel myself better than any man. Just something—just being a woman—ought to make you feel that way. I like you; I think you're great. But I'm not stuck on you, and I never will be; and what's more, I don't have to be. Any time I want a date with a girl, I'll step right up and ask her. I'm not bashful a bit. And we'll all be a lot happier if you forget this. And please don't come up here any more!"

Marjorie laughed boisterously, but her blue eyes were tear-wet. She ran out of the room, and Jobe closed the door and came back to his machine. An idea was forming in his head. He stood stock-still, inviting it. It was only a tenuous movement; a thing not quite visible yet to his consciousness. His mind held the thought of Ruth firmly; so this other movement could go on, unstartled and unaware. It was not quite visible to his consciousness—something to do with the machine before him; the cause of the hum; the deep, sure workings of a mind that had been born with light and sound, and come up with them through thousands of years before mechanics were evolved. Immobile, staring, his breath almost forgotten, he stood and waited. It was not the reproduction; it was not the amplification—it was the machine itself—something very simple; something right under his hand; something that pulled ——

A voice said, "Yoo-hoo, Smarty"—right in his ear. He jumped, startled and furious, and the idea went glimmering into the limbo from which it had so timidly begun to emerge. Jobe wheeled about, and there, looking in at one of the portholes through which he could watch the picture, was Marjorie Wilkins' face. Jobe was stupefied. It took him a moment to realize that Marjorie had climbed out from one of the small loges that hung on either side of the projection room and was on the narrow ledge above the auditorium, perched precariously, holding on by her hands, looking at him through the porthole.

The girl was demented!

"Get out of there, will you?" whispered Jobe angrily. "You'll fall and kill someone!" And then he saw the small pert face grow white and strained with fear.

"Jobe, I can't get back! I'm dizzy! I'm going to fall!"

Jobe committed the unpardonable sin. He left the projection room with the machine running. In a half minute he was in the empty loge and had reached out over the parapet and given her a hand. She began to creep back by inches, clinging to him in a frenzy of fear.

"Hurry up," he whispered. He was frightened lest someone look up and see her, scream, perhaps, and frighten her, and she fall. The picture and its sound went on without him, and Jobe gave her another little pull. Just as she got near enough so that he could get hold of her to pull her over into the loge, the sound of the picture ceased abruptly. Jobe's eyes flew to the screen over Marjorie's head, and there, on the aluminum screen, was projected the red flare of fire.

He never could remember dragging Marjorie over the parapet. He always wondered how it happened that he did not simply drop her. But in the very twinkling of an eye he was back in the projection room, the heavy door slammed behind him. He stamped on the release for the steel shutters that stopped all the portholes. He turned off the machines and, as he did so, the upper film box, where the fire was burning, flew open in his face. The film had jammed and broken. At once the intense heat of the arc light had ignited it. The fire had flashed by the steel rollers designed to stop it, into the upper box.

Jobe caught the film-box door and slammed it like a flash, lest the film, exposed to the air, explode. But the door of the box failed to fasten, as it had failed once or twice before. The film box was already searing hot and warped. The latch was broken. This was the metal finger he had bent the night he and Marjorie stood here quarreling. He held it desperately. He could see the fire through the glass partition in the box made for that purpose. And at that moment the sound of the organ filled the theater. Jobe laughed with a sob in his throat. Richard was playing Onward, Christian Soldiers!

Thick smoke curled through the door as he held it. Jobe knew the fire rules well enough. Slam the box, turn off everything, go out and shut the door and let it burn! That was regulation. But Jobe had to modify rules to his own extremity. There was almost a whole film in the top reel box. If he left it exposed to the air, it might burn simply and quickly, and it might explode. It was a color film, and new.

If the film exploded there would be a panic in the theater! His mind was fixed on this one possibility. The whole fabric of his being was shattered and broken open by the fierce thought which held him, as stone is broken open by dynamite. If he could prevent the possibility of an explosion for a minute or two—until Ruth and Virginia and Richard got the theater empty—then it would not matter what happened.

It was not so definite as that. It was focused, not coherent. Everything happened in a minute or two, for film burns fast. His hands were already scorched, his lungs filled with strangling fumes, his eyes streaming with tears, but he did not let go of the door. He looked desperately around, reached out and with a violent wrench tore loose some of his own wiring that provided a small lamp near the instructions. He bent the electric cord that came away in his hand about the latch of the upper film magazine and fastened it tight.

And all the while winged pictures of horror—of piled and mangled bodies, of little children underfoot, of loud cries and groans and suffocation—went through his mind. He had actually never before thought of the people in the theater night after night as flesh and blood. They had been only so many receiving sets, so many eyes and ears. For less time than it takes to tell it, he forgot his bits of glass and metal, his fine electric motors, his carbon sticks and films and sound waves. He forgot the possibility of their destruction; and, most particularly, he forgot himself. There was no danger of fire. The projection room could consume itself, and the rest of the theater remain unharmed. There was only the more subtle danger of fear and an outcry.

Someone was banging on the metal door. He heard his name called:

"Jobe! Jobe! Come out of there! Open the door!"

The box was tight, the film half burned. He stumbled through the thick yellow fog that filled the room, opened the door, and fell, half fainting, into Mr. McLaughlin's great arms, gasping, "Shut the door, and bolt it!" before he slid down into the darkness that had laid hold on him.

Everything seemed red with fire and sharp with pain as he gradually came out of it. It hurt to breathe, to move, to think. That loud noise, that roaring, was his own breath. His head was in Ruth's lap and her tears on his face. He met her dark eyes with his own black gaze.

"Jobe!"

"You're all right?" he said chokingly. "Did everyone get out?"

"Everyone! Oh, Jobe, can you breathe better now? You've been making such terrible noises! Are you all right, Jobe, darling? Tell me you're all right!"

"Ruth—I—you—we ——"

Ruth kissed his cheek. "Exactly," she said. "Jobe, I almost died, standing there, saying, 'Move slowly, please. Plenty of time,' over and over, and not knowing what had happened to you. I had to stand there, Jobe! Can you understand me—and perhaps you were burning up —— Oh, it was terrible!"

(Continued on Page 97)

In Right with Campus Style

Young men from sophisticated circles brought the Robt. Burns Panatela to college—and manly taste promptly initiated it into the fraternity of fellows who mold undergraduate form.

This long, graceful cigar belongs on the campus, as it belongs in smart clubs, town and country. It suits the young face, the athlete's head, and men who wear clothes well. Its clear Havana filler gives flavor without the backfire of heady tobacco.

Smoking types you as much as what you wear. Smoke a Robt. Burns Panatela, and stride along with MAN STYLE in smoking.

General Cigar Co., Inc. . . . World's Largest Manufacturer of Cigars

Robt. Burns

10¢ Panatela

© 1930, General Cigar Co., Inc.

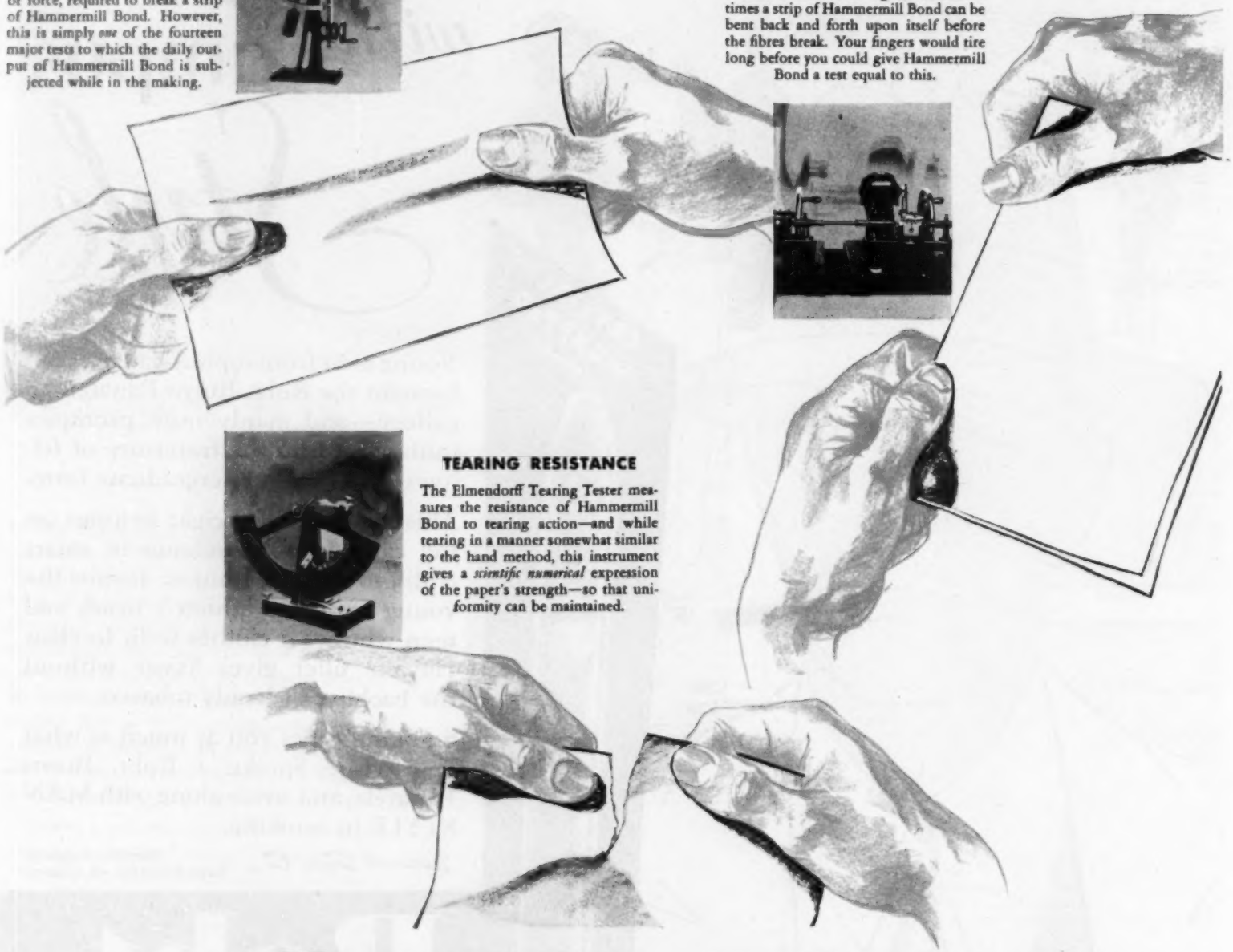
For YOUNG MEN . . . and MEN with YOUNG IDEAS

TENSILE STRENGTH

The Schopper Tensile Strength Tester gives the percentage of stretch and measures the weight, or force, required to break a strip of Hammermill Bond. However, this is simply *one* of the fourteen major tests to which the daily output of Hammermill Bond is subjected while in the making.

FOLDING ENDURANCE

Here you see the Schopper Folding Endurance Tester measuring the number of times a strip of Hammermill Bond can be bent back and forth upon itself before the fibres break. Your fingers would tire long before you could give Hammermill Bond a test equal to this.



TEARING RESISTANCE

The Elmendorff Tearing Tester measures the resistance of Hammermill Bond to tearing action—and while tearing in a manner somewhat similar to the hand method, this instrument gives a *scientific numerical* expression of the paper's strength—so that uniformity can be maintained.

You don't have to give this paper any

SNAP · FOLD or TEAR TEST

. . . it has all been done for you

IF you care to, put Hammermill Bond through any test—crude or scientific—before you select it as the proper paper for your letterheads and important business forms.

But as you make each test, please remember that highly sensitive instruments at the mill already have put the paper to tests far more rigid than any you are likely to make.

As a matter of fact, this paper is subjected to *fourteen major tests* through its various steps of manufacture. Hammermill Bond must satisfy the laboratory *before* it satisfies you. That's one reason why it's a standard bond paper.

FOR EXECUTIVES

HAMMERMILL PAPER CO., Erie, Pa.

Gentlemen:

Please send me the new Working Kit of Hammermill Bond, including specimen letterheads, samples of the paper in its thirteen colors and white, information and diagrams to help design letterheads and envelopes to match. Include also the illustrated booklet, "Safeguarding Uniformity"—which tells the story of your laboratory control. (Free to business executives anywhere in the United States; outside of U.S.A., 50¢.)

Name_____

Position_____

Please attach this coupon to your office letterhead

(Continued from Page 94)

She was sobbing, unashamed. Jobe turned his face against her breast with a movement infinitely possessive. The doctor with his bag of tricks knelt beside him.

"Was Marjorie all right?" he asked.

"She was scared to death," said Ruth. "I think—I think perhaps she got some sense scared into her. She told me to tell you she was sorry. She's gone home now, Jobe."

It was later that they told him about what had happened downstairs. Mr. McLaughlin told him of it when he came back, hands bandaged, to sit about waiting for the substitute from the factory to run the pictures.

"Our town," Mr. McLaughlin said—"our old town; God bless it! Do you know what happened, Jobe, while you were tying strings around that box? When the red flare showed on the screen, and then nothing, and the organ started—do you know what they did? They got up as one person and left the theater in perfect order. Some of them went out the back fire exits into the alley, with their babies on their arms. Bill Finney came in and steered the children out that were alone. Some of them came right under the projection room, out the front way, and Ruth and Virginia stood there, smiling like young angels, saying, over and over: 'Take your time. This way, please.' You turned on the lights——"

"Did I?" Jobe didn't remember doing that.

"——and they just got up and left. There wasn't a scream; no one ran, no one called 'fire.' I came right up here for you. Jobe, do you know what might have happened with a different kind of crowd? Do you know there might have been a hundred people killed? But that's what comes of living in the sticks—men and women control themselves. They think as individuals, not as a mob. I tell you I'm proud of Hilltown!"

But all that was much later. Jobe, his face yellow, his hands wrapped loosely in oil-soaked bandages, his head on Ruth's lap, looked up and saw Mr. McLaughlin blowing his nose loudly, and his mind seemed to come to itself abruptly, the nebulous idea of half an hour earlier now in full possession.

"It's the chains," Jobe said. "The driving chains are too tight. They make the machine vibrate, which makes the hum. Go see if I'm not right!"

PLAY WRITING

(Continued from Page 25)

French dramatists always wrote their last act first. I have never quite done that, but I do try to know exactly what I am going to do with my characters at the end of the play before I start out. One of the oldest mechanical rules of play writing is: Act 1 plus Act 2 equal Act 3. I have altered that a little in my own work, and I think I could express it as: The characters of Act 1 multiplied by the emotions of Act 2 equal Act 3. A play really is a character driven by an emotion along a definite line to a definite end. Mr. Malevinsky states somewhat the same thing. I fully agree with him that every play expresses a definite emotion, but I do not think the author is or should be conscious of the fact.

In the end, any carefully written play results in a story line marked out by one character, driven by one dominant emotion to the definite climax of that emotion—success, failure, love, death—whatever it may be. But if one wants a successful play, it must have an ending absolutely made imperative by what has happened in the first part of your story, plus what has happened in the second part. If, two-thirds of the way through, you have a possible choice as to the outcome, you will have a failure every time. Authors write first acts and second acts, but the audience writes all good last acts. A modern audience cares very little whether your play ends happily or not, but they insist upon its ending along the line you yourself have started it on, and audiences know a lot more about play writing than any dramatist ever knew.

6. Don't try to tell of the sort of life you don't know anything about. If you know the little girl next door, tell a story about her—forget the King of France.

7. If after you have written a speech and read it over and find it sounds very beautiful to you, cross it out; beauty in the modern play is in the thought, not in the words. This is a tough lesson for us old-timers to learn, and to this day the last thing I do before I send my manuscript on its first journey is to comb it over for stray "effective speeches" or bits of bombast, once my specialty and now my bitterest enemy.

8. Don't give a thought as to how big or how little your cast is, or how much or how little your production is going to cost. If it's a good play it can't cost too much, and if it's a bad one it can't help it.

9. Get yourself in the habit of reading over all you have written previously, before you start each day's work; and as the manuscript grows force yourself to be more and more critical of what you have done. A play should consist of at least a hundred thousand words—twenty thousand on paper and eighty thousand in the wastebasket.

10. Don't worry about how long it is going to take you to finish your task; it doesn't matter. Some days you won't be able to write at all, and other days you can't stop writing. I have written through hundreds of lunch and dinner hours and thousands of business and social appointments. Don't let anyone bother you when you are writing or anything. If the phone rings don't answer it, and if your wife rebels divorce her. Nothing and nobody is important when the thoughts are boiling. Nobody expects a dramatist to be a respectable member of society, and any crime is justified. If you find yourself bored at your desk, go and play golf—play anything, but stop writing. If you find yourself in your stride, keep at it. I wrote one entire act of The Detour without getting up from my chair—sixty-five hundred words in longhand in eight hours.

Teach yourself this trick of crawling into your shell like a mud turtle and letting the world roll by. I have developed a habit of concentration until it is an almost idiotic habit. When I have a play in my head, neither time nor space exists for me. I am forced to keep a car and a man to drive it, because I have so trained my mind to focusing that the moment I sat back in a seat on the Subway it was a foregone conclusion that I would be put off the train at Van Cortlandt Park, when I lived on East 63rd Street. For a time I tried driving a car myself, but no sooner did I find myself on a straight road than my mind clicked back on its job of playmaking, until I drove into a ditch or ran through a traffic light; so at length I was persuaded to give up driving, not entirely out of respect for the law but because the roars of outraged traffic cops disturbed my train of thought.

Some years ago my wife was taken to the hospital for a critical operation, and I spent the most horrible day of my life awaiting a verdict that meant life or death. At length I was allowed to see her for five minutes and told to go home and not to return until late the following day. Absolutely broken by what I had been through, I returned to our empty rooms; it was ten o'clock at night; sleep was out of the question. I sat at my desk making marks on a pad of paper. Suddenly I was struck by, of all things, an idea for a farce, and I started to write. Some time later I had a feeling of fatigue, and I sadly said to myself, "I'm getting old. I'm not the man I was"; then I noticed that, although my lights were burning, it was broad daylight outside, and I looked at my watch and discovered that it was two o'clock. I had been writing for sixteen hours. When Mrs. Davis came back from the hospital two weeks later, I had written, sold, cast and started rehearsals of Easy Come, Easy Go, and she was rather curious as to where this stranger had come from.

I wrote a mélodrama called Her Marriage Vow once many years ago, in three days, and it played three years. On the other hand, I worked eleven months on The Nervous Wreck. Time doesn't mean a thing. Any good newspaperman will tell you that if he couldn't turn out three thousand words of copy a day he couldn't hold his job. A play is seldom more than twenty-one thousand words—seven days' work if you want it to be, seven years' work if it happens to come that way. As a matter of fact, I figure that it takes me one hundred hours to write a play, which, of course, can be one hour a day for one hundred days, or ten hours a day for ten days; but please note that my trick is never to start writing until I have solved every problem, drawn every character and completely laid out my story line. The trick of carrying all this in your mind with absolutely no notes to fall back upon is rather a difficult one to master, but it is, I am sure, of great value. What really happens is that, in the course of the weeks you go about with this junk shifting about in your head, the subconscious part of your mind does most of your work for you, and when you start to write it out you will be amazed to read what your own hand has written.

When I am writing I make it a rule to go over my story fully in my mind just before I go to sleep and to start writing the next morning, before I have read my mail or even the morning papers. Very often points are clear to me that were clouded the night before, and I find that the part of my mind that remained active while I slept has been helping me to pay the rent.

There is a great difference between inspiration and imagination, and although I believe in inspired writing—that is, I believe that some men and women upon some fortunate occasion write from an emotional prompting deeper and finer than their conscious mind could inspire—I do not confuse the mental pictures of an imaginative mind with so exalted a word. There are and always have been two sorts of writers—the writer who tells what he sees or has read or thought or been told, and the writer whose mind is a sort of old-fashioned kaleidoscope that forms, quite without conscious effort, little mental pictures. In other words, one writer uses trained observation, and the other has the gift of spontaneous creation.

I have on several occasions seen the story line of an entire play laid out before me in one flash at a time when I, to the best of my knowledge, was not thinking of any such thing at all. I can, on a bet, at any time close my eyes and shake my head and look up and tell a story that, so far as I can discover, I have never for a moment thought of before. As a matter of fact, this very unusual development of the power of subconscious creation is a terrible nuisance to me, as my mind races along so easily down any path that I am dragged along after it without stopping long enough to make sure that this path is the one that taste and prudence dictate.

I often envy the writer who is forced to stop and build his plot brick by brick, but, so far as I know, I never work out a story at all. The story comes to me as Topsy came to an unappreciative world—"born growed." If a story of mine is challenged by a manager in whom I have confidence, it is no trouble at all for me to say, "Well, then, suppose it went like this," and rattle off a completely different fiction. I have never been able to harness this trick of

Furnaces—
KLEINS too

Multiple coil burner means quick starting—a burner that can be kept clean without taking it apart. A heavier construction—fewer parts—a better construction—will stand up under field use. You don't know what quality in a furnace means until you see the Klein.

Look at my pliers—look at my spurs—safety strap and belt, too—all the equipment I use carries the Klein trade-mark. And on my furnace? Of course, it's Kleins! Big and husky—over-strength—built to stand the gaff.

Distributed through jobbers

Four pamphlets of interest to you if you are a lineman or responsible for the safety of linemen. Check the ones you want.

☐ Safety for the Pole Climber
☐ Specifications on Linemen's Belts and Safety Straps
☐ The Safety Factor on Linemen's Leather Goods
☐ Pocket Tool Guide

Mathias Klein & Sons
Established 1857
3200 BELMONT AVE., CHICAGO

The Singing Shave

© A. S. R. C., 1930

Why the sudden singing in the bathroom? It's because dad is using a remarkable blade . . . so keen that it leaves his face clean and happy all day . . . so durable that he gets a lot more shaves from each blade . . . Since dad uses Ever-Ready Blades and has become a Singing Shaver, the whole household runs more smoothly . . . Go thou and do likewise. Be a Singing Shaver. Just say, "Ever-Ready Blades" to your dealer today.

Product of American Safety Razor Corp. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Also makers of Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes

Ever-Ready BLADES

mine, and often when I have made up a story in a flash and "sold it" to some friendly manager, I have gone home and started to write it, to discover that it insists upon coming out entirely different, and that the manager who loved the first one has to recall to me the details of the plot I have quite forgotten.

Once, about ten years ago, I read a play to a famous manager that never existed at all. I had promised him a play, and when the time came to deliver it I hadn't had a moment to think of it, so I took with me to his office an old typed manuscript and gravely read it to him in the rough—a play that I made up as I went along. The manager liked the play very much, but when I handed it in a few weeks later he said he had never in his life seen so many changes made, and that he vastly preferred the first draft.

11. Keep in mind that no part of a play—and this is especially true of farce—is effective when it is not convincing. The more belief you create in your characters and situations, the greater your success. Truth in play writing is quite as valuable as it is in life, but, just as in life, there is a limit to the extent to which simple truth-telling may safely be indulged in. When Hamlet told the Players "to hold . . . the mirror up to nature," he was quite aware that when they looked in that mirror they would see a reflection, not nature itself. In the arts truth is art, but it isn't always true. We value a play either because of its truth, because of its wide departure from the truth, or because of a romantic desire excited in us that these related incidents should be true.

We, the audience, must follow each step of a play with full belief in that step, but where the dramatist's skill comes in is in being able to make of himself such a glamorous and subtle liar that what he feels to be true becomes the truth. It is the same with any of the arts of the theater—our skillfully placed lamps give us a feeling of sunlight, but they are not the sun. The great actor doesn't die before your eyes, but he seems to die; just as he doesn't live, he only seems to live. For a while, here in America, we playwrights fell very much under the Russian influence and rather wandered about in a fog. "Why," we asked, "should this play be a failure? Isn't it true?" The answer was, of course, that the probability is that if it had not been quite so laboriously true it wouldn't have been quite such a bore. Bad smells are true, rainbows are lies. No man has ever put wisdom into simple and understandable words better than Shakspere did, and Hamlet's advice to the Players remains a marvelous guide both to the actor and the dramatist. "Hold the mirror up to nature," but show it reflected—a mirage.

12. I have often been asked what was the most valuable trait in the equipment of the dramatist, and I always answer "courage." I put that ahead of everything but genius, and genius is to me just an expression, like "plovers' eggs"; I've often read of "plovers' eggs," but up to now I've never eaten any. I think I know personally all the dramatists of America and many of the best of England. I am sure that there are more able and talented men and women writing for the stage today than ever before, but Eugene O'Neill is the only one I know with what I would admit to be genius. I don't always like Mr. O'Neill's plays and I never like all of any of them, but there is always something under them that the rest of us don't get. He, to me, is a mile above the rest of us.

Sidney Howard, Max Anderson and, in melodrama, Bayard Veiller, know their business better than he does, but O'Neill's plays come from deeper down—not deeper in his brain, as some people think, but from the depths of the particularly sensitive heart of a particularly sensitive man. So, leaving genius aside, I think courage the quality most valuable to the man or woman who expects to win a place in the very odd world of the theater, where the author must, of necessity, stand alone against groups with different and antagonistic interests. From the moment an author signs a contract for the production of a play until that play has lived its life on the stage, gone through its course of stock company and foreign productions and been sold down the river and turned into a moving picture, every single hand that comes in contact with that play is the hand of a potential enemy. The manager and his staff, the actors in a group, the scenic artists and the technical departments all have the power and, as a rule, they desire to put in a little something by way of change—something, usually, that will be to their advantage and destructive to the best quality of the work.

This, of course, means fight. An author surely might as well fight and be licked as to be licked without fighting, and the method adopted by the experienced street fighter of getting in the first punch is most earnestly recommended. There is to all these groups but one real hope in any play—the hope that the author wrote something. If he did, they all—manager, actor, and so on—have a chance for success. If he didn't, they haven't. Authors of plays, like dentists, are never popular; nobody really likes to have them around.

Writers are so different in their methods that I hesitate to advise a course that has been very useful to me—that is, to vary the form of writing often enough to escape the boredom that follows walking over the same path too frequently. I like to follow a heavy drama with a farce, and a light comedy with a melodrama.

Of course, one man usually writes one form of play better than he does another, yet even in an age of specialists, the good workman should learn to handle all the tools of his trade, and no man can write deep drama without a sense of comedy, and most assuredly can't write farce without a definite note of tragedy.

I have always had a lot of fun writing mystery plays, although a well-built mystery drama represents a staggering amount of hard work. The formula is a very exact and very exacting one, and, in addition to its mechanical difficulties, the author must not only create an interest in "who committed the crime" but, if he hopes for success, he must make them fear that some one character dear to them is guilty. In other words, the mystery play in which one hasn't gone deep enough into the emotions to make the audience care who committed the murder is never successful, no matter how mysterious it may be. Emile Gaboriau was the master of this form of writing, and to this day we all more or less faithfully follow his model, although his complicated plot structure requires more skill and patience than most modern authors are able to supply.

Poe borrowed the formula, as he quite frankly admitted, and from him it descended to Anna Katherine Green, whose The Leavenworth Case and Hand and Ring are fine examples of this form of writing. Jumping again across the Atlantic, we see in the Sherlock Holmes character and in Watson's shrewd "feeding" of that character strong traces of the Gaboriau style.

After these came the deluge—Bayard Veiller with his almost perfect Thirteenth Chair, several of my own, and many others, leading up to the endless stream of mysterious murders, strange disappearances, midnight crimes, haunted houses, and so on. I know hundreds of men who read one at one sitting, but I defy any man to write one in less than one hundred hours of solid work. When I tackle a job of this sort my study looks like an architect's workroom—charts everywhere—on the wall and tables, and even on the floor. I make a chart for each character, showing exactly where he is, what he says and what he is thinking of during each moment of the play. In this sort of trick writing every word one says is extremely likely to be used against him. Next to rough farce, the writing of a play of this sort calls for more technical skill and inventive power than any other form of playmaking.

The only thing I can add to these scattered notes about play writing is that no one should allow a failure to beat him. There isn't anything at all remarkable about having written a bad play; it's been done before and it's going to be done again. It's writing a good play that is as unusual as the man who bit the dog; he's the fellow worth talking about. No matter how much you may be scorned and derided for having written what you wrote, no matter how sure you may be that you never again will dare to look anybody in the face—for a dramatist's failure in the theater, for some reason that escapes me, seems to carry with it a moral disgrace and a social ostracism—in spite of this, you will get another chance—when you get another play. I have always demanded that each new play of mine should be judged exactly as though I had never written one before, and, as I said earlier in this article, the critic must tell the truth; he may not want to, but if you really have done a good job he can't help himself. Critics, like dramatists, are emotional idiots.

RUBBER TRAMPS

(Continued from Page 50)

job showing an impressive, mysterious and enormously large European license plate, was waved away, and we found ourselves under the scrutiny of inspectors of the United States Department of Agriculture, whose duty was to search all cars entering the state for possible specimens of the Mediterranean hocus pocus, a pestiferous fly that was eating into the orchards and incomes of the fruit growers.

Suddenly, with a terrific roar as of a trimotored plane bucking head winds, a snaky roadster leaped out of the west, catapulted across the culvert over the Colorado and was about to speed blithely on its way, when one of the inspectors fired his revolver into the air, which brought the car to a sizzling stop some two hundred feet away.

The driver backed up slowly, his engine grumbling and rumbling like a dragon with a stomach ache.

"What's your hurry?" said the inspector, coldly eying the occupant of the comet car.

"The doctors give me six months, an' I'm trying to see all the country I can before I kick in!" said the driver through cracked lips that twisted in an engaging smirk.

"The Government'll give you six years if you don't stop at these inspection points!" snapped the official.

Coming down the steps of the Phoenix post office there was some discussion as to whether we should call it quits and go back to the strap hangers' existence or continue our auto Odyssey.

At the bottom of the steps one of us flipped a coin in the air. "Heads, we continue; tails, we quit!"

The coin hit the sidewalk and rolled under the skirts of an ancient but awesome-looking Pima squaw sitting near the curb with her silver jewelry and beadwork spread out on a blanket in front of her.

"Pardon me, madam, but did you see a quarter of ours around here?" we asked.

The old aborigine eyed our three-day stubble, our dust-flecked eyebrows and the mud-caked surface of Old Saggy.

"Umph!" she grunted. "Beat it, tramps!"

We looked at each other; we rubbed our chins. Slowly it dawned on us.

"It musta been heads!"

Already Cooked in the Package—

Ready to Serve Cold—

Or

for Baked Ham, 30 minutes of oven browning is all you need do—instead of 2½ hours of hot kitchen labor. And that's only one of the advantages in Hormel Flavor-Sealed Ham.

Ready Cooked
Whole or Half

HORMEL Flavor-Sealed cooking—which means the ham is cooked in its own sealed container—saves all the flavors and juices that ordinary cooking loses to the open air. The flavors are cooked *in*, not *out*. As a result you will find a new flavor in Hormel Ham, a true flavor.

Also, the ham is cooked completely to juicy tenderness. Never dry nor hard. A moment or two garnishing with brown sugar and cloves adds a delicious touch. The entire job takes you less than 30 minutes—1/5 the usual kitchen time and labor. To grill this ham takes but 3 minutes. Serve cold instantly.

Flavor-Sealed Ham is without bone, skin, or surplus fat—while ordinary ham is about 1/4 such waste; also there is almost no cooking shrinkage in Hormel Ham, compared to a shrinkage of nearly 1/4 the weight in home cooked ham. Every morsel of a Hormel Ham is usable and delicious. The juices are marvelous flavoring for soups, sauces and vegetables.

Please try Hormel Flavor-Sealed Ham at our risk. All leading food stores have it. If you are not satisfied, just mail your purchase slip to us, tell us why, and we will refund what you paid for it. Geo. A. Hormel & Company, Austin, Minnesota.

Distributors for British Isles,
Marples, Jones & Co., Liverpool, England

ALSO FLAVOR-SEALED SPICED HAM, PORK TONGUE, LUNCHEON MEAT, CHICKEN (WHOLE AND HALF), BONELESS CHICKEN AND CHICKEN À LA KING, are cooked like the Hormel Ham—in the sealed package. Fine flavors for appreciative palates, and hours of kitchen drudgery saved. Instantly ready food. Keep on hand.

HORMEL* Flavor Sealed HAM

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

REO

An improvement by Reo has grown to be accepted by engineer and layman alike as a distinct forward step in automotive progress.

Twenty-five years of leadership in progressive engineering will soon be climaxed by Reo's supreme achievement.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
LANSING, MICHIGAN

PROGRESS OF AN ARTIST

(Continued from Page 7)

When he reached his own room he opened wider the door into Anice's—it was never shut—and saw that she was asleep, and the sight of her, so small, curled childishly under the thin cover, one hand beneath her cheek, the other flung out as if in appeal, touched and soothed him. It was only natural that she didn't understand about his work, he told himself, and it was even more natural that she should want pretty frocks and woman's fripperies; she was accustomed to them; her cousins had been generous, even lavish with her. He had spent a lot of money on materials for this pediment, and there was the labor of his helper, Tony, a constant expense. To be sure, Tony worked the garden, mowed the grass. They had to have a maid too, for Anice knew nothing of housekeeping. And with all these rich people coming in, the town had put up his taxes abominably—and they would be due very soon. He shook his red head impatiently, shrugged his shoulders and hurried into bed. "I don't have to pay taxes tonight, at least," he thought as he snapped off the light.

In the morning last night's bothers and worries simply didn't exist. He woke thinking of his group—a good omen—and while he took his shower a new idea came to him for the treatment of the figure at the left, a figure that had been obdurately wrong ever since he'd begun. He wanted to whistle and shout, but Anice was still asleep, so he went very quickly and quietly downstairs and made some coffee and hurried out to the studio to catch the moment at its height. The day was a sparkling promise; it was so early that the bees had not yet come out to the locusts; every leaf, every blade of grass dripped bright dew. He opened the old barn doors wide, put on his overalls and flung himself at his work.

Tony came at eight, lazy and sleepy and cantankerous, a gray, gnarled Italian, enormously strong, with years of studio experience and a straight scorn for bad art, an instinct equally sure for the best. He looked at the mess Pearce had made and grunted. "A good thing you bust up that bum gal," he said—to Tony all figures were gals. "She made me sick."

"G'wan up to the house, you old grouch," said Pearce joyfully. "Get me something to eat. I'm as empty as your old punkin head."

"You ain't had no breakfast? I'd lick my wife if she didn't give me no breakfast by nine o'clock."

"You're bragging—Rosa could lick you any time she wanted. Get me a sandwich, or some bread and butter—anything at all."

When Tony came back with food Pearce sat before his labor and looked at it while he ate. It was coming, it was coming, rough of course, but on its way. If he put in a week at this rate he'd have that figure done, absolutely *toot finnee*, and absolutely right. What a swell world this was, to be young and dream dreams of new beauty, and with your own hands bring those dreams into reality. Quick little thoughts went out from him toward his work and touched it here and there, just as his hands would touch it presently. If he turned this line just a bit to the left the slant from the right would fall against it with a satisfying shadow ——

"Oh, Harry," said Anice's voice at the door, "you look so funny! Did you have enough to eat? And will you get out the rattler for me? I want to go downtown."

She was standing in the sunlight in a yellow dress, the color of her hair. All the artist in him leaped at her golden loveliness, all the lover in him rejoiced at her laughing voice. There was no remnant of malice or provocation from the squabble of the evening before in either of them.

"You're up awfully early for you," he said teasingly.

"Shush—I'm the thrifty housewife this morning. I'm going to market. And I want some money, please."

"You'll have to write a check, angel; I'm all out of cash."

"Yes, but we haven't got anything in the bank, and we won't have anything till the first of July." She began to laugh, then looked grave. "But we must eat, I suppose."

Henry put his hand in his pocket and drew out a couple of small bills, a few pieces of change. "You'll have to tell 'em to charge what we need," he said.

When she had driven away he went back to his work, but the magic was gone. He couldn't concentrate. Taxes, bills, the wheezing battered rattler, Anice in her yellow dress which he knew dated from last year, ran inexorably in his brain, and where on earth could he get the money for half of it, let alone all! That last word of hers, "We must eat, I suppose," rang in his ears. He stood in the doorway of the barn, idle, frowning over his inadequacy. And at that moment the Trouflais limousine slid its long elegance down the lane and stood before him. Mrs. Trouflais, massaged, manicured, coifed, made up and gowned by women far more honest and intelligent than herself, smiled out at him, and wagged a coy, plump finger.

"Don't try to escape me," she said. "When I make up my mind to have something I always get it. Mr. Trouflais says I'm a spoiled child."

The spoiled child descended stoutly, and began to talk. Her garden. She was simply determined not to have one of those stereotyped landscape people—they always did such obvious things—no, she must have an artist, a great artist, and one accustomed to handling material in masses for effect. Pearce wondered who had taught her that phrase. She went on and on; she smiled, she preened herself. There was something monstrous in her assurance.

"It all comes from her money, not from her intelligence or her taste, for she hasn't any," thought Pearce.

Now she came to her convincing argument. "I'd pay any amount," she said. "And all you'd need to do would be to make the plans. I'd supervise it myself. And it's only the little inclosed garden, Mr. Pearce; I'm not asking you to work out anything for the grounds; this is just my own little plot with the lily pool and ——"

"It's entirely out of my line; anything I'd do would be a disappointment to you. And I'm too busy on a competitive design that has to be done within a time limit ——"

His reluctance only whetted her keenness. "But you've worked with Mr. Hewston and he was just as good on landscaping as he was on houses. So it isn't really out of your line. And if you'll only just make the plan, just a drawing for the pool, and the larger planting, and the wall height ——"

"I know nothing about planting except the most elementary ——"

"But that's what I want! The experts are too expert ——"

Taxes, bills, the rattler, Anice's old dresses, the maid, Tony's wages, materials! And he hadn't five dollars in his pocket. Cold-bloodedly he thought that in a couple of weeks probably he could cook up something this fat old fool would think wonderful. There was a garden in Rome, he recalled, with a pool, a niched wall, high pointed trees, a stately proud garden—he could dope out something like that mostly from memory, and Mrs. Trouflais would be enchanted.

"Look here," he said, "I'll make you a design for five thousand dollars, two thousand down and the rest when the thing's in your hands and you're satisfied. Is that all right?"

Mrs. Trouflais had her check book and pen with her. When the limousine slid out of the lane Henry Pearce was two thousand dollars richer, and was wondering why he wasn't even glad that his immediate financial needs were satisfied. Instead he felt tainted. Later, when Anice came back and he told her what he had done, his instinct hinted that she had staged the whole affair, reminded him of their poverty, brought Mrs. Trouflais on the scene and tactfully absented herself from it, fearing that her presence might stiffen Henry's resistance. But this seemed impossible and his dim suspicion was forgotten in her delight at the prospect of frocks, a new little car—"That's yours," said Henry—and some fresh covers and curtains to dress up the shabby old house.

Anice's joy was the best asset he got from the Trouflais job, and the only one. He had intended to do a quick, showy stunt in the garden plan, but when he commenced to work on it his self-respect would not permit any cheating. He had never been vitally concerned with this branch of Hewston's work, and he found himself inept and unsure. He had to go slow, grope, and do much more research than he had thought would be necessary. It lapped up his precious time, but he had given his word, he had spent the money advanced; he couldn't drop it, no matter how it irked him.

Mrs. Trouflais, too, having got him, became the capricious and exacting employer, and nearly drove him crazy with suggestions and criticisms. At last he refused to speak to her on the telephone, and since he couldn't keep her out of the barn, he moved his work to the upper floor of the house and forbade Anice to let her know where he was. At this Anice truly shone, and won his gratitude a hundred times. She could evade Mrs. Trouflais' questions without exasperating her, could soothe and entertain the great lady and keep her interest in the design up to fever heat. Only, Henry observed, it meant that Anice was more and more intimate with the Trouflais crowd; Mrs. Trouflais began to find her "dear little friend" indispensable to her diversion. The supernumerary rôle came easily to Anice; she had played it in her cousins' house for years. But Henry hated to see her in it.

It was late in July before he had done the garden design to his own satisfaction and to the satisfaction of his patroness, but in the end he liked the thing he had wrought and he had included none of the nymphs on tiptoe and banal water cherubs for which Mrs. Trouflais had yearned. It was simplicity itself—a pool, palest, clearest sea-green, with a delicate overcurved lip, spaced artfully in turf, with a frame of trees and shrubbery to repeat the formal niches of the dark wall that held all together. No flowers, no statues—"I'll buy one of your own pieces to go in it if you don't like the things I think are so sweet," offered Mrs. Trouflais with more generosity than tact—no sundials or bird baths or pottery jars, only the transparent jewel of the water shining in the opaque green of leaves and grass. Mrs. Trouflais didn't really like it at first; she thought the wall niches ought to have something in them.

"If you put anything there I'll murder you," said Henry Pearce, and he meant it. For the garden had high distinction; at every angle of the sun there were enchanting shadows and in the moonlight it was beauty, captured and at peace.

It was, that is, after it was finished. But before that came the labor, and though Henry had expressly stipulated that he should not superintend or be responsible for it, he found that this was impossible. He discovered the inspired ability of skilled labor to make mistakes, to misinterpret and seemingly to hear or read all directions in the exact reverse of the words used. So Henry was obliged to spend long, exasperating hours at the Trouflais estate, watching grading, and turfing, and masonry, and planting, and keeping them true to his plan. His pediment group languished untouched in the barn and old Tony worked grumblingly in the Pearce garden and threatened to leave. Raising vegetables was not Tony's idea of being a studio assistant.

It was not until the middle of September that Henry dared leave the men on the Trouflais place alone for a day. The pediment-group competition closed on the

ACROSS waxed floors—over fine rugs—your furniture moves easily, silently, when it rolls on Faultless. The new Protex wheel, developed by Faultless, combines noiseless operation, soft tread, with extraordinary wear resistance and long life. It is unaffected by moisture and will carry the heaviest loads with ease. Your furniture should move on Protex Casters.

FAULTLESS CASTER COMPANY
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA
New York Chicago Grand Rapids
Los Angeles High Point, N. C.
Canadian Factory, Stratford, Ontario

Furniture equipped with Faultless Casters carries this label.

FAULTLESS CASTER Co
Evansville, Indiana
Gentlemen: Please send me the book checked below:
☐ Institution Casters ☐ Truck Casters
☐ Office Chair Casters ☐ Furniture Casters
Name
Address
Town State

NOELTING
FAULTLESS · CASTERS
Makers of Quality Casters since 1890

The Smile of Recognition *greets*

MELLON *Travelers* CHEQUES

. . . the World over.

Everywhere these safe, convenient and economical cheques are presented, they are recognized and accepted. Mellon Travelers Cheques have been in use for 25 years. They are "as good as gold" in any country . . . Obtainable at banks throughout the United States at a premium of only 25 cents per $100. Issued and guaranteed by Mellon National Bank, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

In the new dollar size

first of December; he had wasted two months. He was torn and anxious and irritable. But Anice was patience itself, and solace, and encouragement. She petted Henry and told him that she knew he was going to finish the group in time, and that he'd be working at it now with a fresh hand greatly to his advantage. Sometimes Henry heard her and sometimes he didn't, but he could always look at her with pleasure, her bright hair, her long eyes, her charming slim, small shapeliness. He spent his days and many of his evenings in the studio, working, working, and he went from thinness to gauntness and his color was pasty. When Anice managed to drag him out to parties he sometimes went to sleep after dinner, he was so bone-tired.

Anice herself was cheerful and flourishing. When all her friends exclaimed and admired, Mrs. Trouflais changed her idea of her garden and began to find it wonderful. She even added a thousand to the final check and Anice had it to spend. The Pearces acquired a more competent maid, and Anice went at the house vigorously, had some of the pieces of old furniture refinished and banished others, repaired the roof and the furnace, put in an extra bathroom, bought some china and glass and some new clothes and tootled about in her little new car to all the luncheons and bridges and teas within a radius of thirty miles. Carefully, artfully she enlarged her acquaintance. And carefully, artfully did she manage to let everybody she met know about Henry's great success with the Trouflais garden. Such a good little wife, and so proud of her wonderful husband! Indeed she was.

In the haze of work and weariness where he now existed, Henry Pearce was not aware of her tactics, though once he said to her absently, "Don't press-agent me so much, babe, or people will think I'm no good."

And Anice had hugged him and replied, "You old foolish, I'm not press-agenting you, but I can't act as if I wasn't crazy about you, because I am. And I suppose you'd like me to go around telling everybody that you're nothing but a boob."

"Yes, but ——" He was silent; he could not protest against that.

They had no more quarrels like that first one when he had been wrought to fever heat by her insistence of his doing the Trouflais garden and the way she pushed aside the importance of his work. Looking back at it, he did not see why he had been so angry, and he was ashamed that he had been. Anice looked back too, and was glad that she had been able to manage him without more trouble. She never rubbed in the fact that the Trouflais money had saved their financial lives. She was too sensible for that. With all her heart she loved Henry, she wanted to make him happy, and she was sweetly sure that she knew exactly the way to do it.

Precisely as if to justify Anice and show her that a kindly providence approved her prophecies, Henry Pearce's group did actually win in the pediment competition. He sent it off at the last moment, in a fit of black despair. It wasn't, he felt, half as good as it should have been. Tony gave him no encouragement. "You could 've done them gals better if you hadda really put your mind to it," said Tony crossly as they labored with giant packing cases. "But no, you hadta mess up with that old fat wench's garden. Gardens—pheugh!" He spat his contempt.

"I needed the money," said Pearce.

"No artist needs money," contended Tony; adding cheerfully, "And mighty damn few of 'em ever get money. Real artists. The cheap and easy fellers roll in it. They get plenty, but a man that knows about things, he holds his nose when he goes by their stuff. I wanta tell you, Mr. Pearce, if your gals here win that prize the others'll hafta be fierce."

"Shut up, you old ruffian. You make me sick."

It did, truly, make Henry Pearce feel sick to listen to Tony, because he knew the truth. And he was deadly tired. He was empty, too, inside, as empty as the studio barn with the group gone. His hands were limp; he didn't feel the swift, sure coördination of his hands which was always part of him. He went up to the house and slumped down on a big old sofa, pushed pillows under his head and lay there, for a long time, neither awake nor asleep, but in a state between the two. Anice went gently about him, gave him food and drink, did not bother him with talk. Now and then she sat beside him and held his hands in both of hers and smoothed them, and he smelled the fresh faint perfume of her, and her delicate cool skin was grateful to his weariness. Thoughts and impressions went slowly, vaguely through his head. This old house—how much more pleasant it was than it used to be, even in his mother's day. The cherry desk had a soft sheen, the old side tables were rejuvenated, the cretonnes were bright but not blatant, and the oddments of china, glass and metal Anice had routed from the old attic and placed about were not too many, and cunningly arranged. Old andirons, too, as bright as satin, held the welcome fire. He could recall how his young fingers had itched to tinkle the lusters on the mantelpiece, and what a strapping he got from his father for doing it and breaking one of them. That seemed a thousand years ago.

Anice asked him quietly: "Do you want to go off somewhere for a rest, Henry? Just our two selves. I don't mean visiting."

"No, it's more restful here. I'll be all right in a little while. As soon as the group stops bothering me."

"I don't see why it should bother you. It's going to win the prize. I know it."

"Even if it does, it ought to have been a whole lot better. Oh, well!" Youth and energy began to stir in him. He waggled his red crest against the pillows. "The next thing I do's going to be a smash, I tell you that, miss."

"Suppose," said Anice thoughtfully, "we go in town for a day or two and take in some shows and bat around. It'll rest you more than staying here. There must be some art exhibitions you ought to see too."

Now he was roused. "Of course there are. Say, that's a good idea. You poor kid, this last six weeks must have been deadly for you."

"I haven't minded," said Anice.

They went, forthwith, to the city and stopped at a hotel in a smart location where the rates staggered Henry. In his bachelor days he had been accustomed to a ratty old inn down Chelsea way, but second thought told him it wasn't possible to imagine Anice there. Still, he asked: "D'you think we ought to spend so much? Even if I pull off that competition it'll be months before I'd get the money, you know."

"It won't cost us anything but our room and breakfasts. We've got more invitations than we can accept."

Henry was amazed. "We have! For Pete's sake, from whom? The Barkers—who are they? And who's this Mrs. Runyon? And this Mrs. Pimlott? Are you letting me in for a lot of lunches and dinners with females only, angel? Because if you are, I'll go back home on the next train."

"They're people who were awfully nice to me while you were so busy. I think you'll like them. Mrs. Pimlott knows the Fosters. I'd like to show you off to them too. Up till now they've only had my word for it that I wasn't a widow."

"You've been the best little sport, trotting round by yourself while I was messing away in the studio. Of course we'll go Pimlotting, and Runyoning, and everywhere you say."

He had meant to see several of the better dealers and managers of galleries, and some of his old friends, men he had worked with in the art school, but he put these plans aside; he'd get them in at odd times, he thought. But he did not manage as many as he had hoped because Anice also had plans set, inclusive plans for every moment. He must go with her to look at an old chair she thought would be perfect for their living room, or to select a lamp, and so on. For the rest there were lunches, and teas, and dinners. From 1:30 on, they filled the day.

The Pimlott party was the first. Mrs. Pimlott was a smaller, harder, brighter image of Mrs. Trouflais, and like Mrs. Trouflais she had bought a place in Tillbury and she wanted to do over the house; likewise she wanted a garden. "And I must have your help," she told Henry. Her words clicked like a little steel lock, snip-snap.

"But I don't do that sort of thing," said Henry, amused. "By the way, what place did you buy?"

"They call it the Voss farm, I believe—the house is terrible, but there are good trees and it's close to the golf club."

"I used to go swimming with the Voss boys. Their house isn't terrible at all; it's only out of repair. But I suppose you want a Petit Trianon or a Casa des Infantas."

Mrs. Pimlott laughed. "Mrs. Trouflais told me you were very rude. I can see it's true, but she said you were a perfect wonder too. If you know so quickly how bad my ideas are you ought to help me. The Voss house looks impossible to me; it's falling to pieces and even if it wasn't it's no bigger than a minute."

"There were ten in the Voss family," said Henry wickedly. "But no servants. I suppose you have ten servants and no family."

"Exactly—and nowhere to put them. But seriously, do help me. I want a lovely place, quite simple and unpretentious, and a garden that will simply make Annie Trouflais green with envy. I don't care at all what it costs. And, if you're frightfully busy now, I could wait."

It occurred to Henry that he wasn't busy at all, that he was, for the moment, at a loose end. But he remembered the Trouflais garden and its drain of time and energy, its exasperations. He would say nothing encouraging to Mrs. Pimlott, and was relieved when they got away.

"She's worse than La Trouflais," he told Anice. "What she'll do to that nice, decent old Voss place!"

"I suppose so. She'll make it look like a good old scrubwoman dolled up in a Patou frock."

Again he was dimly suspicious. "Did she say anything to you about asking me to help her do it over?"

"Yes, she was talking about it, but I said I didn't think you'd have time. Of course we could use the money. There's hardly a nickel left of what Mrs. Trouflais paid."

She said it casually, as if it was unimportant, but it gave Henry Pearce a hard jolt. "But, Anice—look here—that was as much as two years of my regular income, extra, in a lump. We can't have used it all ——"

"It was the plumber and the man who put in the furnace—they got the most of it. But it doesn't matter, does it? I mean, you'll win the competition and we'll have a lot then, and in the meantime we can go on credit."

"But I told you, I may not get the money for the competition for months, even if I win it; state legislatures act like the devil holding up such things sometimes."

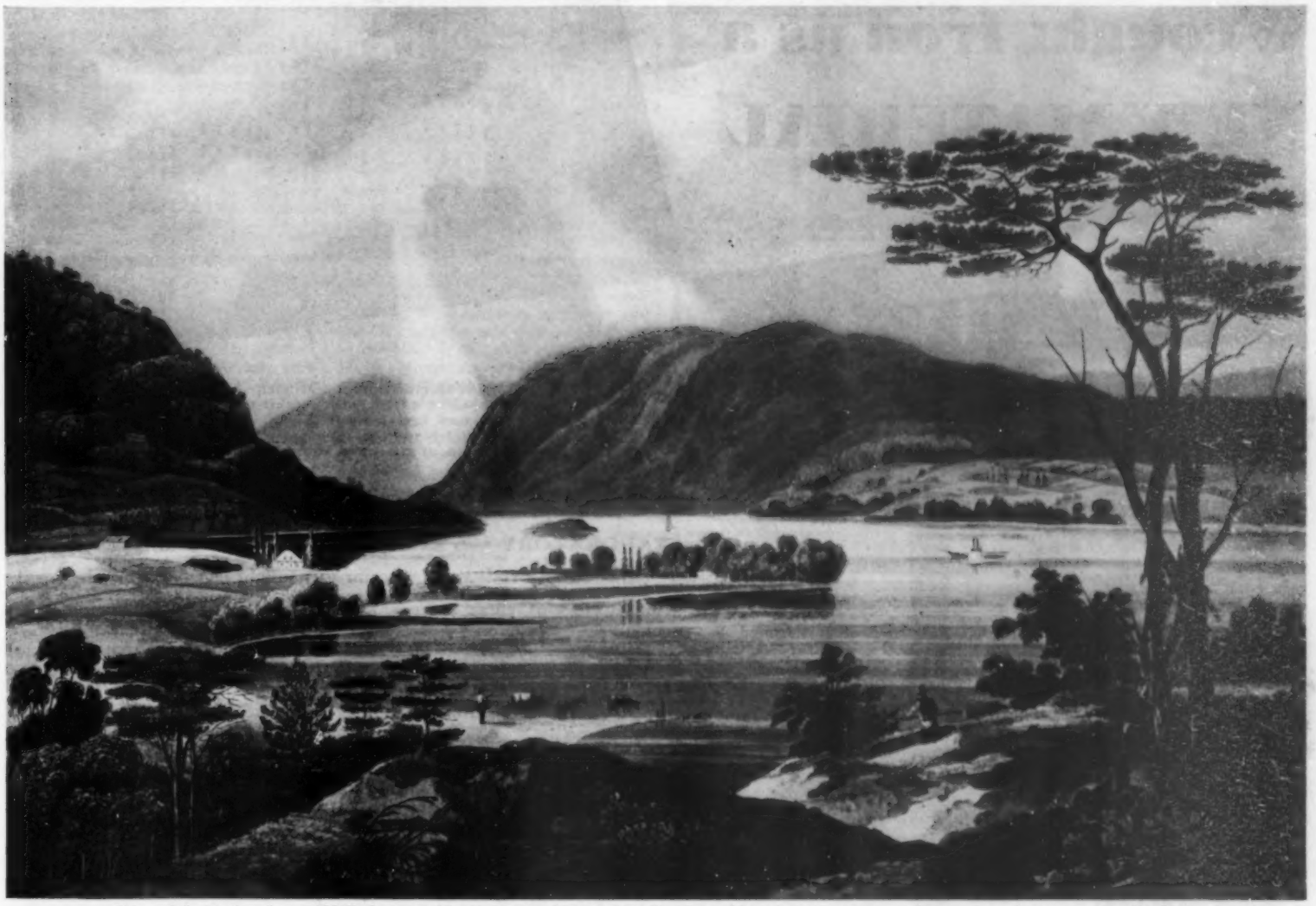
Anice's big eyes rounded helplessly—so helplessly, so appealingly that Henry did not notice the tightness of her lips. Her eyes told him silently that he was the man of the family, her husband, it was his duty to provide for her, that she was only a weak, unskilled little creature, and utterly dependent on him. Henry got all this from her look and felt like a pup. In spite of that he had also a faint stirring of that long-ago anger of his which had risen up to such heights over the first offer of the Trouflais job. He felt that he was being manipulated, but could not lay his finger on the place of pressure. He didn't want to accuse Anice.

At that moment she spoke again. "Henry, I think I'm going to have a baby. What about it—are you glad?"

(Continued on Page 105)

This Railroad takes you with unrivalled comfort

through the wonderful Valley of the Hudson



View of the Hudson from Fishkill, from an old print. Painted by W. G. Wall, engraved by John Hill. Courtesy of Kennedy and Company, New York City

THERE is only one way to travel at "water level" between the Mississippi Valley and the Atlantic Seaboard.

Glance at a topographical map and you will see a single low level pass in the Appalachian Mountain chain—the Mohawk Valley, highway of the pioneers, with its connecting tidewater route along the banks of the Hudson River.

One railroad alone follows this route. Nature gave the trains of *New York Central Lines* a priceless advantage in smooth speed and ease of operation.

WHERE · THE · FAMOUS

From New York harbor the New York Central water level route follows the east bank of the Hudson River to Albany, and then crosses to follow the Mohawk nearly to its source in Central New York. It cuts through the pass at Little Falls at an altitude of only 370 feet!

Then the "Central" goes on through Western New York to Buffalo. From there two main lines westward follow the shores of Lake Erie, one on either side, and cross the level country of the Great Lakes Region to Chicago—which is 590 feet above sea level. Another main line reaches across the prairies of the Mississippi Valley basin from Cleveland, forking to the "gateway" cities of St. Louis and Cincinnati.

You can make convenient connections with New York Central Lines trains at its terminals or at any of the cities of the great industrial "Heart of America" it serves.

You can *sleep*. You arrive refreshed. New York Central Lines are the logical, obvious link between Chicago or St. Louis, gateways of the West and Southwest, and the great world port of New York. Over this roadbed the science of modern transportation has inevitably created America's premier passenger carrier.

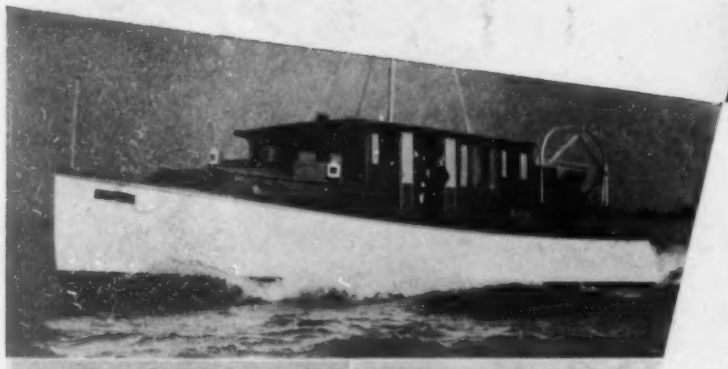
Any one of the great fleet of through limiteds led by the famous *Twentieth Century* and *Southwestern Limited* offers you a fast, luxurious trip that is unmatched for sheer comfort.

WATER · LEVEL · ROUTE · GOES

NEW · YORK · CENTRAL LINES

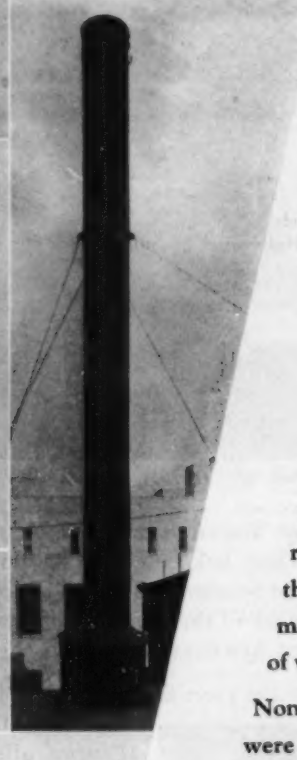
ONLY ROUTE BETWEEN CHICAGO AND THE EAST SAFEGUARDED ALL THE WAY BY AUTOMATIC TRAIN STOP

Consider Wrought Iron as a NEW MATERIAL



Wrought iron tank, 30 years old, lately moved from Jacksonville, Fla., to the Florida State Hospital at Chattahoochee, and there re-erected. State engineers declared it in excellent condition and good for many more years.

Old smokestack on plant of W. W. Patterson Company, Pittsburgh, Pa. Parts which had been in use forty-odd years were found to be wrought iron. Other parts, which rusted out every ten years, were of cheaper material. Now the whole stack is of wrought iron and has needed no replacement since 1919.



Modern-type engine in use on Twentieth Century Limited and on all through express passenger trains of the New York Central Lines. Wrought iron is employed for very exacting uses in such locomotives. Photo courtesy of N. Y. Central Railroad.

The "Matthews", a 38-foot cruiser built at Port Clinton, Ohio. Genuine wrought iron used for bolts and keel straps. Wrought iron is particularly resistant to the severe corrosive attack of salt water.

Municipal Building, Baltimore, Md. Architect, W. H. Emory, Jr. Cost $1,500,000. Genuine wrought iron pipe used in both plumbing and heating systems.

LABORATORY tests have been much employed to make it appear that other metals were superior to wrought iron, not only in tensile strength but also where corrosion, heat, abrasion, shock, vibration or alternating stresses must be taken into account.

In actual use, however, it is learned that the combinations of destructive forces which a material must encounter are difficult to analyze; and quick laboratory findings are often at variance with the evidence of time and service. Therefore accelerated tests have come to be heavily discounted.

Every metal has its place. Either for lack of information as to its character or because it has not heretofore been available in forms to suit, you may be overlooking the possibilities of wrought iron for economy and dependability under some trying condition like those just mentioned.

It will be news to many that genuine wrought iron sheets for roofing and other requirements have been put on the market by enterprising manufacturers during the last year. Wrought iron window sash is another highly successful new development. Nails and fence wire are important additions to the list of the familiar forms of wrought iron, such as pipe, boiler tubes, rivets, chains, bars and billets.

None of these products is, in fact, being introduced for the first time. All of them were in common use up to thirty or forty years ago. They were displaced by materials of newer manufacture, sometimes for no reason but that of cheapness, sometimes because it was hoped that modern substitutes might surpass all the qualities and values of the older material. These hopes have not been wholly realized; hence the renewed demand for wrought iron in its various forms, to which manufacturers are responding.

Requests for specific or general information will be cheerfully answered. Address Wrought Iron Research Association, 1111 Union Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wrought Iron

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE

(Continued from Page 102)

He forgot his suspicions and his incipient anger vanished; he was glad, and even very glad. Only, late that night, when he should have been sleeping, he began to see that a child was a responsibility, and an expensive one. Anice must have care and ease. She must; there was no question about that. He must get some money somehow, a lot of it. He went to sleep with that resolve firmly fixed in his mind.

In the morning, early, before Anice was ready to go out, he slipped around to see a friendly art dealer, a man known for his interest in and fairness to young artists.

"You're like so many others, Pearce," the dealer said. "You've geared your living expenses above your earnings. You know very well you'll not make any money to speak of for at least ten years, unless you want to do cute fountains, or flattering portrait heads or some such trash. I can get you some orders, if that's your idea, but I'd be ashamed to do it, for you're one of the few real ones. You leave the book ends and radiator figures and doorstops and mascots for the little fellows. I don't mean it's work to be ashamed of unless you can do a lot better. And you can. I'll keep a weather eye out and tip you off to anything that you really ought to get. And any time you're ready I'll put on a one-man show for you and do it right."

Henry thanked him. The man had told him only what he already knew, except that the encouragement and the promise of a show were specially heartening. But it didn't, he thought as he came away, put a cent in his pocket. On a sudden impulse he went into a shop and telephoned to Mrs. Pimlott that he would help her do over the Voss place. He named an extortionate fee, to which she agreed instantly and elatedly. And he came out of the booth at once relieved and ashamed, and trying to excuse himself to Henry Pearce, the sculptor. A man must take care of his wife. That came first. And he needn't wholly neglect his own work while he was busy with Mrs. Pimlott's exactions—for that she would be exacting he knew from looking at her and hearing her voice. He would work up some pieces for a show; he would do Anice's head and her lovely arms; he would do Tony. He wished he knew of some older woman, one with subtlety and charm that come from experience, and he remembered Minna James; her head would be splendid to model, and hard. A corner drug store offered another telephone, and to prove to himself that in spite of the Pimlott order he meant to keep his own work intact, he went in and called up Mrs. James' apartment. But she was out, and he was disappointed.

At last he went back to the hotel and to Anice. "You won't have to worry about money," he told her. "You're to have everything you want and go to the best doctors. It's all right; we aren't paupers yet."

She was so happy, so proud that his silent doubt and uneasiness faded out. He was glad he had sacrificed his ambition; ambition was nothing more nor less than selfishness anyway. A man who didn't take care of his wife, didn't make a point of doing it no matter if he didn't like and enjoy ways and means to that end, was a poor sort of fish. And then she was so pleased that he was going to do her head. It was, she said, what she had wanted more than anything else in the world.

"And I'd like to do the head of that Mrs. James we met at the Fosters'," he said. "She's a regular Despiau subject, perfectly fascinating; oh, I mean her bones, angel; don't look so stunned. She's got grand bones in her head, that woman."

"Henry, you scared me nearly to death for a moment. I thought you were going blooey over that old woman. But if it's only her bones I won't be green-eyed. Besides"—she looked speculative—"though she hasn't much money herself, she does know everybody. She could show it to ever so many people who'd be worth your while knowing."

It flung him back within himself. "Lay off that," he said, just as he would have said it to a piece of freshness from Tony. "I'm not a climber, nor a log roller—not yet, thank the Lord."

Whereupon Anice burst into tears and he was obliged to apologize and comfort her, but even while he did it something unquenchable, deep within him, warned him that he wasn't really sorry for what he'd said. That is, he was sorry he hadn't said the same thing more tactfully; he hated hurting Anice's feelings, yet there was something very agreeable about declaring himself out of the concentrated self-interest class. He would have liked to say that to Anice too, but he couldn't think of any way to do it which didn't sound as if he was criticizing her, so he kept still. It puzzled him that he couldn't say it and made him see, as never before, that a wife is not necessarily the sort of friend to whom one can be perfectly frank, a discovery millions of men have made before him, and millions more are destined to make, with exactly the same surprise.

But there was peace between the Pearces, and it lasted all through the long winter. Although the new furnace worked excellently they came into town very often, and when it was bitter cold they stayed there. Anice would say that she wanted to see the doctor—though she seemed very well—or Mrs. Pimlott would demand Henry's presence, or there would be a show in one of the galleries they must take in, or invitations at which Anice looked so longingly that Henry didn't have the heart to say how dressed-up dinners and opera boxes irked him. They found themselves more and more located at the smart hotel in town; much of their mail came there now, and Henry's work was cut into constantly. He thought of taking space in the downtown studio of a sculptor friend and working there, but he couldn't find anything suitable he could afford. At last he decided to give up the winter to the Pimlott undertaking, and with that done, and the money in his pocket, when spring came he would be able to stay in the country and spend all his time in his own studio toiling at his own shop. And there would still be odd days in winter to count on to keep his hand in. It was not a satisfactory arrangement, but it would have to serve.

Mrs. Pimlott was not so easy to deal with as Mrs. Trouflais had been; he could bully and browbeat Mrs. Trouflais into acquiescence with his ideas, but Mrs. Pimlott had a smiling, smooth obstinacy which he couldn't dent. For his own protection he had stipulated that all his suggestions for doing over the house should be checked by a practicing architect, and Mrs. Pimlott had chosen a born yes-man named Torrumley, who gestured with an eight-inch cigarette holder and spoke with an English accent. Henry's red head bristled at every encounter with him. Another time, he told himself, he'd pick out his own consultant. And then he checked himself with horror at the thought of any more jobs like this one.

All in all, it was a hard, long winter for Henry Pearce, but in March, just when the pussy willows were coming out, and the maple buds were beginning to swell and redden, he wound up the plans for the Pimlott house and garden in triumph! And that very day word came that his pediment design had been accepted, had won the prize among fourteen contestants, most of them older and better known than Henry Pearce.

Henry Pearce had stopped thinking about the competition, and, before that, had stopped hoping to win. Now, plump into his hands dropped the golden prize, and with it a quick spectacular fame. Reporters and photographers trooped out to Tillbury, editors of magazines of art wrote to him or came to see him, old friends wrote to him—some of them even tried to borrow from him—dealers made overtures, and the committee of award summoned him West to be wined and dined and officially honored. It was exciting while it lasted, but it didn't last long; just a wink of the public's all-seeing eye. Henry would have enjoyed it more, but he and Mrs. Pimlott and Mr. Torrumley were snarled up in a frightful

(Continued on Page 109)

Cactus growing beside the blue Pacific . . . in this land of fascinating contrasts

Rest—play—health—in every day you're here..

Half-a-dozen vacations in one await you in this famous winter playground

A Hollywood "first-night"

Outdoor sports all winter

costs need not exceed **$215** a month . . . while here

SEND FOR NEW FREE WINTER ITINERARY

Orange groves and snow-peaks

Atmosphere of Old Spain

Lock your door on winter's ice and snow. Come and let Southern California's sunshine and beauty and gaiety rebuild your vitality and zest for living.

Come and enjoy your favorite sport *all winter long* in new and thrilling settings. Golf, polo, tennis, riding, hiking, motoring and all the rest.

Get a coat of winter tan beside the friendly Pacific . . . fish, boat or sail over smooth waters to nearby pleasure-islands.

Visit gay Hollywood . . . mingle with film stars at "first nights" and in the gay cafes. Know cosmopolitan, hospitable Los Angeles, Pasadena, Long Beach, Glendale, Santa Monica . . . scores of fascinating resorts.

Climb mile-high mountains to pine-fringed, crystal lakes . . . enjoy snow sports if it suits your whim.

Explore crumbling Spanish Missions, built before the Revolutionary War. The lingering influence of ancient Spain and nearby Old Mexico tinge this land with a charming foreign atmosphere.

You can stay six months and do something different every day. So come early. Or if time is limited, even a two weeks vacation gives you eleven days actually *here*, from most points in the country.

Because Southern California is a year 'round vacation-land, you escape the "peak prices" necessary in short-season resorts. Ample accommodations. In fact, U. S. government figures show that costs of food, rent, fuel and light here are 15.2% less than the national average. These basic factors indicate that your costs while here may easily be no more than at home!

New Free Vacation Book

A month's stay, for instance, including hotels, meals, trips to every major point of interest, sports, etc., need cost no more than $215 while here. We have prepared a suggested itinerary for such a visit, outlining just what you can see and do. Includes dozens of interesting gravure photographs of Southern California scenes, map, information about routes, and itemized daily cost figures. Send the coupon now for your free copy of this remarkable book.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

All-Year Club of Southern California, Dept. 9-T,
1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

(Check if desired). ☐ Please send me *free* Illustrated Winter Itinerary with itemized figures on costs while in Southern California.

(Check if desired). ☐ Four cents in stamps (postage cost) enclosed. Send "Southern California through the Camera." Also send *free* booklets about the counties I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ San Bernardino ☐ San Diego
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Riverside ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Ventura

Name_____ Street_____
(Please Print Your Name and Address)
City_____ State_____

We have published another beautiful book picturing this Southland. It contains 71 interesting photographs by the best men of this land of "pictures." You may have a copy for postage cost.

EXECUTIVES: Los Angeles County oil fields represent an investment of 750 millions. The agricultural industry over 400 millions. The port of Los Angeles is second only to New York in volume of export tonnage.

Here's the new Radio

Amazing Results in "TOUGH-SPOT" *test at Scarsdale, N. Y.*

Scarsdale, New York, was chosen as the first "tough-spot" for testing the new Columbia Tele-Focal Radio because of its reputation for unusually difficult radio reception. In Scarsdale distance is almost impossible. It is especially hard to break through the interfering blanket of near-by New York City stations.

How well the new Columbia Tele-Focal set succeeded is told by Mr. George T. Hastings, a resident of Scarsdale, who generously lent his home in which to conduct this experiment. It is important to know that this test was made, not in the early morning hours, but *in the program-crowded hours of the evening!*

... Mr. George T. Hastings of Scarsdale writes: "... on the new Columbia Tele-Focal Radio, despite very unfavorable July weather and static, I logged *fifty stations.* Only the fifteen-minute interval between announcements prevented me from identifying many others. No difficulty in picking up distant stations with perfect clarity, good volume, and excellent tone quality ... *entire absence of interference* from powerful local stations. Mrs. Hastings brought in twenty-one different stations *in a period of one minute!*"

THE ABOVE PHOTOGRAPH *illustrates the new* COLUMBIA TELE-FOCAL RADIO *being given the "tough spot" test in the home of Mr. George T. Hastings at Scarsdale, New York. The beauty and dignity of this early English low-boy model are strikingly evident. This model, C20, is priced at only $145.00, without tubes.*

"Magic Columbia *Notes"*

The new COLUMBIA

with NO DEAD SPOTS ON THE DIAL

.. *and No Overlapping!*

TWIST the tuning knob of the average radio. See how many silent or useless spaces there are on the dial. Not because there are no programs there. There are *plenty*. But most radios can't reach out and get you these programs. Can't pull them in through powerful local stations, interference or static.

This new Columbia Tele-Focal Radio pulls in stations for you on almost every notch of its dial! New stations you've never heard before. The distant, low-powered or "crowded" programs you've been missing. Giving you more variety, finer radio reception than you ever thought possible. Every station comes in sharp and clear. Programs are reproduced with greater fidelity, with finer tone quality, than you have ever before heard. And though you get *more* programs on the Columbia Tele-Focal Radio, there is *never any overlapping of stations.*

The new Columbia Tele-Focal Radio is the very newest radio engineering advance. It has Automatic Volume Control accomplished with only *one* tube instead of the usual *two.* So this radio doesn't require tube-teams that must be specially mated. To replace a tube, just another good tube is needed. You don't have to search for two tubes that match.

Hear a dial-full of Tele-Focal Radio performance to-day. Your Columbia dealer will gladly let you make a test log with this great machine. After its performance has amazed you, thrilled you as you have never been thrilled by any other set, then admire the beautiful cabinet models that this set comes in. Visit your nearest Columbia dealer to-day *—or if you would like further details of the new Columbia Tele-Focal Radio, write the Columbia Phonograph Co., 1819 Broadway, New York City. In Canada: Columbia Phonograph Co., Ltd., Toronto.*

MODEL C20—COLUMBIA TELE-FOCAL RADIO—*Low-boy cabinet adapted from early English. Carved quarter-foil ornaments. Beautiful walnut finish. Price, less tubes, $145.00.*

MODEL C21—COLUMBIA TELE-FOCAL RADIO—*High-boy cabinet, influenced by early Carolean Period. Exquisitely carved frieze over doors. Price, less tubes, $185.00.*

TELE-FOCAL RADIO

All Trade Marks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

RIDE A BIKE

New horizons revealed by your bicycle

"There is a little of the primitive in every boy and girl," said President Hoover recently. Right! They love to get out and away from the beaten paths, to search out "undiscovered" places. The bicycle takes you where no other vehicle can follow . . . out by-paths . . . beside winding brooks . . . over woodland trails. New vistas, unfamiliar sights . . . the thrill of discovery are open to the boy or girl with a bicycle.

No parent who remembers the joys of his cycling days will begrudge his offspring a bicycle. The same pleasures are open to modern youth . . . and the bicycle of today is greatly improved . . . it is lighter, safer, faster, easier to ride than ever . . . and costs less than half the price paid a generation ago. See your dealer. He will be glad to supply you with an up-to-the-minute bicycle on easy terms.

Write for FREE Book

It tells you what Knute Rockne says about bicycle riding — it is fully illustrated with pictures of your favorite champions and tells what they think about cycling. Also tells you how to earn money with your bicycle. Just drop us a post card today and ask for "Cycle-logical Ways to Happier Days." Give your name and address in full and mail to

The Cycle Trades of America
Room A-205
Fisk Building
250 West 57th Street
New York City

Your local DEALER will show latest models

(Continued from Page 105)

row over some of the details of the Voss place, and all the time he was away in the West trying to appear amiable and appreciative to what he secretly called a prize herd of bores, he was disturbed by what Torrumley would put Mrs. Pimlott up to during his absence. And it occurred to him with irony that perhaps his greatest winning from this award would be an added luster of reputation with which to awe his client and her echo into more respect for his orders. Not, thought Henry, a very noble thought for an artist.

Then, too, there was Anice's "You see, Henry darling, it didn't matter a bit about stopping to do the Trouflais garden; you won anyway. Oh, I knew you would. I knew it all the time. Oh, I'm so perfectly delighted."

Henry knew that. He had watched her giving tea to reporters and editors and playing admirably the part of a great man's wife, and while it had amused him, he wished she wouldn't. It somehow cut into his sensibilities.

"When," went on Anice, "will you get the prize money?"

"Probably in about two years, if ever," said Henry.

"Henry Pearce—for heaven's sake ——"

"Don't you understand, Anice, they've only accepted the design? It's plaster, and now I've got to do it in stone. It's a whale of a piece of work. It'll not go very fast, and after it's done it must be put in place. Then, if the state is still interested in its statehouse, I'll be paid. I hope, in the meantime, to wangle sufficient out of them to pay for my stone, possibly for a couple of helpers. But it's a mean business. You read the life of Saint-Gaudens and see what he was up against. But, by George," he kindled to enthusiasm, "it's worth all the trouble, all the anxiety. Art's like God—you can't serve it and Mammon at the same time. None of the taking the cash and letting the credit go if your work means anything to you. And when it comes down to bare facts the credit's got to be in your own soul's integrity."

He paused, remembering Mrs. Trouflais, Mrs. Pimlott. "And it's not so easy," he wound up somberly. "Still, the things that come easy aren't worth having."

"Henry," said Anice, "I love you when you talk like that. You're different from all the men in the world. And better. You're lots better than I am, Henry."

"Tosh and pish and tush and tosh again," said Henry, abashed, but liking it. "You're crazy, that's what you are. You don't know a bad man when you see one."

Moments like these disarmed Henry, renewed his assurance that Anice felt as he did about his work, and that the opportune appearance of Mrs. Trouflais and Mrs. Pimlott were mere happen-sos of their life. This second year of their marriage would go better than the first, he was certain. His winning of the prize had given him prestige, he had made enough money off the Pimlott woman to finance his household along easily, and then there was the prospect of the child to come. The only thing he didn't like was that more and more wealthy people were invading Tillbury, buying up the village and farmhouses, turning them into week-end refuges for the winter and permanent summer homes. They changed the place abominably. Henry hated to go down the shady Main Street and see tea rooms and antique shops and beauty parlors and branches of city luxury shops where the old general stores had been. There were rows of smart cars at the curb, with uniformed chauffeurs, and Sealyhams or Chows for decoration. "If this is progress, give me dry rot and decay," Henry said bitterly to Anice.

"I don't see why you loathe rich people so," said Anice. "They're just like everybody else, and usually much cleaner than poor people."

"I don't loathe rich people in general. I only loathe the stupid, greedy, splurging rich people who have unfortunately been attracted to Tillbury. We've got more than our share of the bad ones—but that doesn't mean there aren't good ones, intelligent and decent and kind and honest, not cramming their filthy money down your throat at every turn," he replied.

"We will now all stand and sing the Internationale and wave the red flag," said Anice, and they both burst out laughing.

But for the most part the new rich of Tillbury didn't figure largely in Henry's consciousness; he was too consumedly busy with his own affairs. The huge blocks of stone he had ordered were arriving and must be placed in the barnyard—there wasn't room inside the barn. His model was in there, returned to him in a much better state of preservation than he had hoped for. He had the problem of hiring helpers too—men competent to do the preliminary work—and this was complicated by Tony's jealousy and suspicion. Since Tony was indispensable he must be satisfied. And then, every day, he had to spend some time over at the Voss place watching the actual working out of the Pimlott making-over, for if he didn't go every day—and sometimes if he did—Torrumley balled things up. When he didn't meddle from stupidity, he did it from malice, and Henry couldn't decide which was worse. But Mrs. Pimlott loved Torrumley because he kissed her hand and called her "dear lady"—every time he did it in earshot of Henry, Henry longed to plant a hard kick in the seat of the elegant Torrumley pants. Nevertheless, the Voss place was going to be a success, the old farmhouse hadn't been ruined by size and ostentation, the garden and grounds were more than delightful.

Anice couldn't do much socially this summer, so that released Henry from dinners and dances, greatly to his gratification. Yet somehow, though they didn't go out, and didn't entertain, his expenses were horrible. Besides the two servants she had hired at the beginning of the season, Anice wanted a combination nurse-companion-personal maid, who proved to be a rare and costly person. Also Anice wanted to do over the bedrooms and to put in another bath; it diverted her when she couldn't get around to see people to be doing something like that, she said. Her chin quivered and her big eyes filled with tears when Henry said it cost too much.

"You're spending a huge amount on that old group," she reminded him pathetically. Henry sighed and gave in. This was no time to argue with Anice. She must be humored and petted, cost what it might.

His son was born early in September. Anice went to a private hospital in the city, had two nurses and a doctor who never took a baby case for less than a thousand dollars. When all the bills were in, Henry's bank account was down with pernicious anæmia. The Pimlott money was spent, and the award money was still far in the future, and expenses were rolling up like a ball of soft snow. Henry Pearce, Jr., cost as much as if he were already at Harvard on the Gold Coast.

"We've got to cut down somewhere," Henry told Anice. "Can't we get along with just the two servants, and let your high-powered Marie go? And how about having the local doctor look at the kid now and then instead of rushing to a specialist every time he sneezes?"

Anice was apparently reasonable. "I'll think it all out, don't you worry, dear," she said sweetly. "I've neglected everything, but now I'm all right again and we'll get straight in no time."

It was almost immediately after this conversation that various small commissions were offered to Henry. One of their rich new neighbors wanted a frieze for the sports room which housed his indoor swimming pool. Another was panting to build a very special and magnificent pergola for which only Henry would have the proper idea. A third desired a portrait head of his young daughter as a birthday gift for his wife. Henry pushed them all away. It was nonsense to expect him to stop his big important task, in full swing, for a lot of little doodads.

But shortly after he noticed that Marie was still in the house, though it was obvious that her wages weren't included in the pay roll. "How come?" he asked Anice. "She isn't staying with us because she loves us so much, is she?"

"I should say not. Cousin Emma Reed's giving her to me; that's why we can still have her. She's so useful, Henry, and does so much for the infant as well as for me that I couldn't bear to let her go, so when Cousin Emma offered ——"

"But we can't let your cousin pay our servants, Anice."

"I don't see that it matters; she's simply rolling and we're hard up. If she wants to give me that kind of present we needn't be snooty and sniffy—you'd not mind if she gave me something I didn't need. She simply sends me a check every month; I can spend it on anything."

"But she hasn't sent you a check every month until now, has she? It's only because she knows you want to keep Marie?"

"Why, of course, Henry. When I saw her in town the last time I told her I was going to send Marie away because I couldn't afford her, and so she offered. I thought it was awfully nice of her. Darling and dear, it never occurred to me that you'd mind."

"Well, the next check she sends you, mail it right back to her and tell her we're getting on better and you don't need her aid." He tried to say it without expression, but it came out grim and hard.

"I'm to discharge Marie?"

"No, you can keep her. I'll split up my time and do some odd jobs that'll keep the home fires burning for Marie."

"But I'm willing to let her go ——"

"It won't be necessary." He had determined to do the portrait head, the frieze, the pergola. He would give them the time he had formerly given to the Pimlott-Voss commission, and he would work later and harder at his group. And he would make those three rich patrons pay through the nose! If he had to serve Mammon, he'd serve a solid-gold Mammon, nothing less. He tried to justify himself. "After all, I'm doing this for my wife and child. I can't ask them to live on nothing, and three thousand a year isn't pocket money in Tillbury these days."

The prospect of these odd jobs nauseated him. The Runyon swimming pool—"I'd like it up-to-date, modern, jazzy, plenty of girls with good figures, you know," Runyon had said. The pergola—"We're paying three hundred thousand for our house, and we want something that will be entirely in keeping with it." As for the portrait, the insipid, ordinary features of the young girl would have to be idealized skillfully and mendaciously to be acceptable—Pearce knew that. And in the aggregate what did the three things represent but a waste of his time, of his talent, cheapening of his power?

The more he thought it over the more revolting it became. Slowly he went back to Anice. "Dear," he said, "I want to talk things over a little. Could you, just for a while, just until I get the group out, cut everything down to bedrock? I mean, let Marie and Lena go, and get along with one servant, and not buy anything more for the house or the infant ——"

She was startled. "But, Henry, I thought you said you could split up your time and do some extra work ——"

"I did, but I hate to. They're such piffling jobs; they don't mean a thing but the money, and they put me out of my stride, so to speak. I'm getting along like a house afire now, and if I divide my energy and my interest I'm afraid the group'll go blooey on me. And it's so important, Anice—and it'll only be for a little while ——"

Her surprise was followed by something like despair, and in it she forgot her slow and cautious diplomacy, her wish for secrecy. "Oh, but, Henry darling, don't spoil it all, don't. Why on earth should I grub along with the infant to take care of, and only one servant, after all the trouble I've taken to find things for you to do to help out ——"

"You found them, Anice—you mean you got hold of these people, Runyon and the others, and solicited work for me?"

"Don't look so stunned, darling. Certainly I did it. I could see what we were up against from the very first. We couldn't live on your income, and so I made up my mind I'd help out in the only way I could. I knew I could easily meet people who'd be useful to you, and suggest things to them—very delicately and sort of casually, of course—and I knew you were clever enough to make heaps and heaps of money once it came along. And really, Henry, why shouldn't we live comfortably and agreeably, especially now that we've got the infant? No matter how hard I tried I'm simply not up to being a cook and nursemaid and all the rest of it. You must see that."

His dim suspicions came sharply clear. "Wait a minute; let me get this straight. At the very first, there, did you get Mrs. Trouflais to ask me to do her garden?"

"Yes—and Mrs. Pimlott. That took some doing too. But you did those two so perfectly beautifully, everything's been easier since. I haven't let people bother you until we began to be so poor again. It's my one gift, Henry, to manage people to do things—I had lots of practice with Cousin Emma, believe me—and as I say, it's my only way to help you. And I want to help you, Henry, more than anything in the world, for it's ridiculous for us to live in a hard, mean, bare way when it isn't necessary. You're an artist, Henry, and maybe you don't mind it, but I'm not an artist, and I simply hate it, and can't stand it."

The last words came out sharp and defiant, but all the rest of it she had said reasonably and carefully, as though explaining to a child, to a good child who would surely understand and comply. There wasn't a bit of embarrassment or hesitation in her words or manner. Henry had the feeling that she had taken a knife and stabbed him again and again, remarking politely with each blow, "Do excuse me," and "I beg your pardon." And with this feeling came the realization that all she was saying was wholly, terribly true, for her, and that here before him, in the person of his wife whom he loved, was his implacable enemy. Yes, and more than his enemy—his conqueror. He might explain and expostulate with all his power, but in the end she would still be the same, a woman of limited intelligence, intent only on luxurious living. By her very limitation she was victor. For if he did not give her what she wanted she would be miserably unhappy, and he could not endure that. If he did give her what she wanted, he alone would be miserably unhappy, but his unhappiness could be endured, even though it meant his condemnation to be no more than an odd-job man in the service of his great goddess instead of favored attendant of her inmost shrine.

He rose slowly and started out of the house. "What are you going to do?" asked Anice.

"Get out the car and drive over to Runyon's place for the dimensions of his sports room. Want to come along?"

"I'd love it." She ran to bring her hat, a small yellow French hat, very effective on her yellow hair. As they went out together she slipped her arm through Henry's and smiled up at him, a loving, trusting, admiring little wife.

"My dear," said Henry Pearce with bitter emphasis, "it's you who are the artist, and not I."

Guardian of your *health and comfort*

. . . *these* heating comforts *are yours* . .

Quick heat each morning!

3 extra hours of free heat each night

More heat from less fuel

. . . . *when* you install

HOFFMAN
No. 2 Vacuum Valves

Call in your heating contractor and let him install one on your most obstinate radiator. Then see for yourself.

Hoffman Number 2 Vacuum Valves on all radiators *vacuum-seal* your heating plant from basement to bedroom. In a vacuum, water boils at very low temperature—thus the *quick heat*. A vacuum likewise *holds heat* in the radiators. That's why Hoffmanized radiators *stay* hot 3 hours after you bank fires, saving about one-third on your fuel bills. Ask your heating contractor for full details or mail coupon.

Hoffman Specialty Co., Inc.
Dept. O-51, Waterbury, Conn.

☐ Home owner can Save about ⅓ Fuel ☐ Home renter more "comfort hours"

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

HERE WE GO A-NUTTING!

(Continued from Page 13)

game little world champions for Indiana, and appropriately celebrated in the local journals. Even before the ovation for that accomplishment had died down came still another response from the great midlands: A Minnesota patriot put America in the running for the continuous-coffee-drinking record by downing 85 cupfuls. Then a man in St. Paul shook the country with affidavits that he had bobbed up and down in the water 1843 times. He was promptly hailed as world champion bobber-up-and-down-in-the-water, at which all Europe bit its finger nails in baffled chagrin.

England rallied feebly with a claim for the pill-eating record, giving the London Lancet as testimony that one Englishman had taken 226,934 pellets in 21 years, with a top score of 51,590 in one year, to say nothing at all of 40,000 bottles of medical mixtures over the longer period; while another stout Britisher had eaten 200 pounds of soap. But these were old records, more than a century old, and America was a young nation, just beginning to feel its strength and power.

A Hard Summer for Trees

Against them, the United States—or, rather, New Jersey—offered a gentleman who listened continuously to a radio for 120 hours. In Chicago a man leaned against a lamp-post and announced his determination of remaining there until the lamp-post-leaning record was definitely assured for his city. An Illinois woman produced a record of 402 hours of steady rocking in a rocking-chair as being the topnotch in that field.

Thus has America's nut industry come back. Beginning with the dance marathons, which were greatly assisted in New York by the daily announcement of some of the papers that tonight, surely, the contestants would fall dead or go mad from exhaustion—no mean fillip to an evening's entertainment—progress continued through spaghetti eating—7 feet per minute for 180 minutes, or 1260 feet in 3 hours—violin playing—30 hours—piano playing—105 hours—ball pitching, beard growing, roller skating, pie eating, and a dozen others, to that incomparable opportunity for our kiddies to distinguish themselves—tree sitting.

Most authorities give credit for the origination of tree sitting to a little fellow in Wisconsin. He held the record but briefly. Almost immediately a twelve-year-old Kansas City kiddie established a new high mark. When presently he was in his turn deposed by another Kansas City lad, he showed the true sportsmanship of the Kansas City tree sitters by stating to reporters, "I am glad that the championship remains in Kansas City."

Since then thousands of young human simians have swung on limbs in oak and elm, hickory and catalpa, from one end of the country to the other. The explanation of this is obvious. Under ordinary circumstances it calls for either luck or effort for the ordinary human to lift himself to the distinction of public attention. Sitting in a tree calls for neither; any child whose spine functions properly is qualified to be a public figure, with his name published in newspapers in the same-sized type used for Babe Ruth, Thomas A. Edison, Kid Chocolate, the Prince of Wales, Mahatma Gandhi and Primo Carnera. A child couldn't do much better than this if he shot his parents.

Up this back alley to success have traveled many charter members of the Goofy Society. Another Wisconsin tot is proudly pointed out by her parents as the first girl tree sitter; she was fourteen when inspiration came to her; and, as she told the admiring reporters who called to query her, "I am only fourteen, but I can sit as good as if I were older." This is the spirit that has made Wisconsin what it is today in the world of tree sitting. And way down in Oklahoma, at about the same time, a nine-year-old daughter disavowed any ordinary reason for her tree sitting. "I sit," she said to the young gentlemen of the press, "to show that women can sit in trees as well as men." Brave girl! Splendid little child! America will not suffer as long as these lofty emotions surge in the breasts of her growing womanhood!

"Yes," the mother of some tree sitter might have said, "I am a very proud woman today. If you had told me a month ago that my daughter would some day be a champion tree sitter I would have laughed. That just shows you how you can never tell! No, Dolly's success has not gone to her head. She is still the same sweet child she always was. Of course the little darling is entitled to certain little considerations befitting her new station in life, and we can't let the riffraff in to see her indiscriminately, but we shan't pamper her—oh, no! After all, she is just a child, and her whole future is ahead of her. With this start there is practically nothing that seems beyond her capabilities. Yes, I have another daughter, aged seven; we are training her to gargle water, so that some day we may have not one but two world champions in the family—the tree-sitting champion and the water-gargling champion. Yes, yes, I am a very proud woman to have such daughters."

No Time to Relax

At this writing America is learning to look to New Jersey—the Old Tree-Sitting State—for its nut talent. In Bloomfield, Hackensack, Nutley, and especially Camden, all manner of drolleries are afoot or aloft. In Camden, just to show you the type of thing you can look for in that city, a mother, aged thirty-five, after contemplating her son, aged fourteen, sitting in a tree for four days, finally joined him on an adjacent limb, and there they sat together, day after day, mother and child, as sweet a picture of maternal love and tree sitting as you are ever likely to find, for three days. "I like sitting in trees," she told a reporter from a paper which was editorially denouncing the encouragement of tree sitting; "it is so restful."

In another old oak in the same amazing state, two obese ladies totaling 456 pounds together were perched to establish a record for fat-lady tree sitting. "If these limbs hold out," one said to a reporter, "we will make our names mean something in this world." It was this same reporter, according to my scouts, who suffered a novel accident while interviewing a tree sitter; in the midst of a lengthy statement the sitter fell on the reporter's head. Few people realize the dangers that a practicing reporter runs in a world of tree sitters.

And yet, as proud as we may be of these accomplishments, we cannot relax or ease up in any way. All the world is full of nuts striving for attention, and if we pause for but a second, England may make a sprint into the lead, or even France or Germany. We must remember that we have no monopoly on nuts, and as this is, as some wise man has put it, the Golden Age for Filberts, with those great organs of news and opinion, the papers, eager-eyed and panting for the doings of boobs, now is the time to strike, while the iron is hot.

Other Fields to Conquer

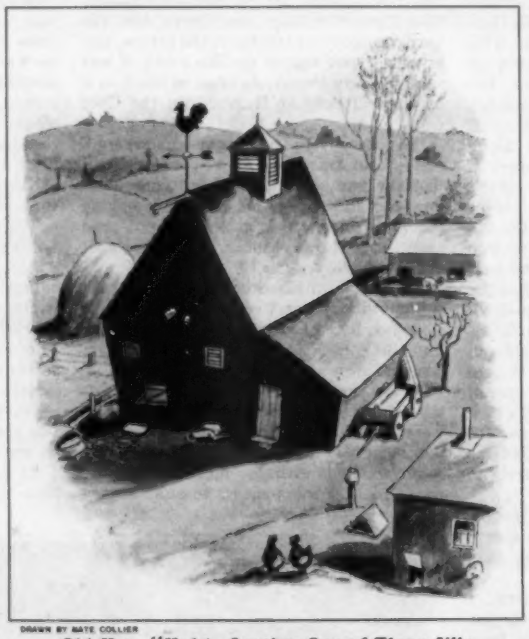
There is work to be done, and plenty of it, if we are to hold our place in the sun. For the surface has barely been scratched. Taking guidance from the character of the achievements which during the past two years or so have distinguished undistinguished people, the world is just full of records waiting to be established.

Who, for instance, has yet set a record for holding hot coffee in the mouth? If it is a world championship for a young man who can put four golf balls in his mouth at once, then surely it will be a record if one can hold a mouthful of hot coffee without spilling or drinking a drop for fifteen minutes.

Has there been a record set for lying on the sidewalk and letting the head hang in the gutter? Is there a record for making faces at oneself while sitting before the mirror? Who holds the record for hitting the dollar mark on the typewriter? Like this: $$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$. Or for jumping up and down in the same place? Or for pulling the ears down under the chin? Or for sitting in a chair with one foot on the mantelpiece? Or for holding one finger straight up overhead? Or two fingers?

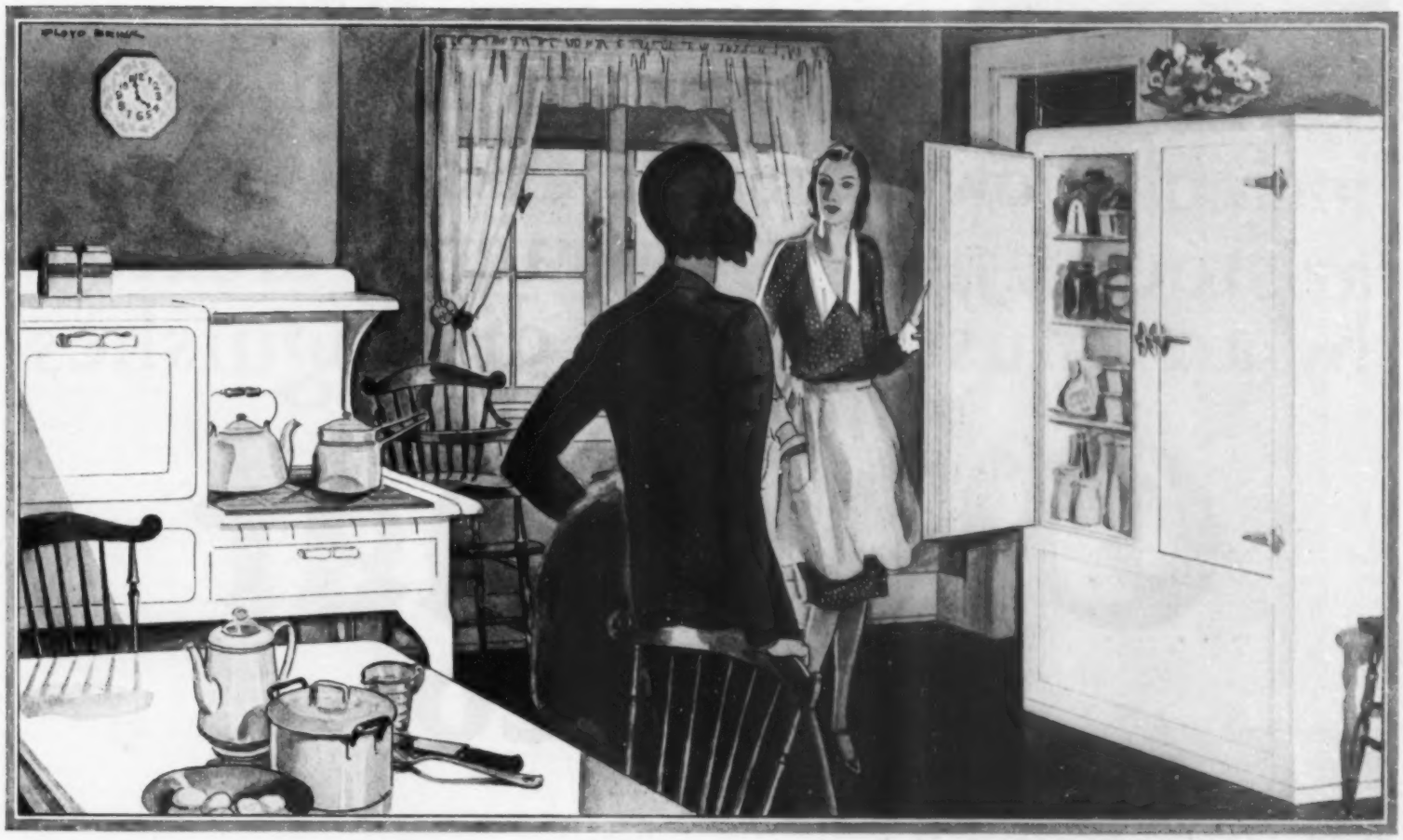
All of these are fields yet to be conquered, opportunities for nuts and nutlets to reap rich rewards. Fifty-thousand-dollar-a-year newspaper editors are waiting even this moment to direct the mighty forces of five-million-dollar newspapers toward such dazzling feats as balancing pencils on the nose; the great machinery of journalism moves into action, keen reporters rush forth, the phones ring, the vast batteries of linotype machines begin to hum, the heavy presses to roar, and finally three-ton trucks race on two wheels around corners, dropping big bundles of papers bringing word to a breathless world that down in Texas a young boy has just established a new world record by lying flat on his stomach and crawling forward pushing a baby carriage for eight miles, followed a mile behind by his sister pushing another in the same apparently awkward fashion. "I am doing this," she gasps to a reporter, "to prove that a girl can push a baby carriage while lying on her stomach as well as a boy can."

The Golden Age for Filberts!



DRAWN BY KATE COLLIER

Old Hen: "Huh! Another One of These Silly Flagpole Sitters!"



A Shopping Secret...

shared by clever women

MUCH of the service you can expect from porcelain enamel surfaces depends upon the *bond* between the china-like enamel and the metal beneath.

For porcelain enamel . . . whether it be on your new kitchen range, your refrigerator, table top or kitchen ware, or in the tub of your washing machine . . . is fused onto a sheet of metal.

Porcelain enameling requires a base metal, having highly technical properties, involving uniformity, density, freedom from gases, etc.

Ordinary sheet metal takes the enamel poorly . . . So when you buy a porcelain enameled product for your home, remember these two important points . . .

FIRST—*Look for the Armco Triangle and the words, "Ingot Iron"* . . . For Armco INGOT IRON enameling sheets are specially manufactured and prepared to *take* and *hold* a coating of porcelain enamel . . . and today are used for this purpose more than any other sheet metal.

SECOND—*Treat it with reasonable care* . . . Do not strike it sharp blows . . . do not strain it by twisting. Do not wash it while hot . . . just use warm water and a sudsy cloth. Gritty cleansers should be avoided if you would preserve the clear lustre of the surface.

Then it will give you a lifetime of service, such as you can get from few if any other types of finish.

Whenever you see this Triangle on a product made of sheet metal, it means that the manufacturer of that product has gone to the expense of using special sheets designed to best serve that particular use.

ARMCO

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY

Executive Offices: MIDDLETOWN, OHIO. *Export:* The Armco International Corp. *Cable Address:* "Armco—Middletown"

PRODUCERS OF

ARMCO IRON AND STEEL SHEETS

FOR EXACTING PURPOSES

"BE SURE IT'S MADE OF ARMCO INGOT IRON"

Character in every line and every inch of snowy canvas marks this proud aristocrat just as character created by an unusual blend distinguishes

Old Briar
TOBACCO

CHARACTER is as definite a reality in **Old Briar** smoking tobacco as in the smartest racing yacht. If you will try one package of this fine tobacco you will instantly realize its character—not merely by its fragrance, its appetizing taste, its smooth, full mildness, but because the choice tobaccos that combine to give **Old Briar** these pleasing qualities, have been skilfully blended to produce also a life and sparkle missing from ordinary blends.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.

15 cents

FORCES

(Continued from Page 11)

She stood at a deep, high window in her home and raised her eyes to the star-washed sky. "I'm thirty," her spirit cried; "thirty! I won't be beautiful much longer. Oh, God or Whatever you are, save me before I'm old and ugly. Deliver me from Ben and let me have a little joy out of life."

She was startled by the voice of the butler announcing her carriage. She was going to the opera with Ben. The diamonds on her smooth, white hands sparkled pleasantly as she tightened her cloak about her. The butler was only human, and she saw even in his eyes that she was beautiful. After all, she was but thirty. Rumor had it that the lovely Lillian Russell was much older than that. She was able to give a merciful little smile to her servitor. Deliverance would come.

But the years passed and Coralie was forty. There were tiny lines etched faintly in her exquisite face, and a suggestion of surplus flesh on the form that had been straight and graceful as a knife.

Frequently she wept now into her pillow and prayed that Ben would die easily and painlessly in his sleep. But suddenly Coralie was fifty and she was plump and gray and wore reading glasses and broad flat oxfords and she prayed no more. Neither did she care now for her collection of diamonds. Nor her fifteen servants, nor the string of glittering automobiles which had replaced her gorgeous horses. She saw herself old, finished, and knew now that there had been no Force working for Coralie Devore. She would die soon now. There were no more chances left. She could not crawl to anyone and say: "I was wrong. Diamonds are only shiny toys and clothes turn into rags. I'll take love instead." Too late. With life there are no practice shots. Fifty now.

She thought of her wedding day and of her amusement at Ben's small stature. She remembered the sound of her mother's weeping and how that had amused her too. She hated now the cool, insolent bride who had smilingly handed her over to years of fat, caressing hands. Thirty years of Ben and now he was ill. The doctors said that he had perhaps another year of life. Ironically enough, she cried and was frightened of losing him. She wanted to keep him now. She was too old for romance and high adventure. She wanted Ben to live. He still thought her beautiful. He still loved her, and she needed him now. She was frightened to be left alone in the unfriendly world, but the prayer which she had prayed would be answered now. Ben would die easily and painlessly in his sleep and leave her to grow old and helpless alone.

The years had brought so many changes. The Goldfeathers lived in a penthouse on Park Avenue now, furnished in the modernistic manner. Eric was a man. He was handsome just as Coralie had known he would be. He was taller than she, and his hair was darker than hers had been, but the clear-cut perfect profile was hers translated into masculine terms. He was her son, she said, as much hers in looks and character as though he had had no father, but people smiled politely and thought of the warmth and softness that made Eric so delightful a person.

There were talkies now, the radio, aeroplanes. Yes, there had been many changes, but Ben had clung to the house in Jersey and they still spent their summers there. The many cupolas upon the house screamed its age like crow's-feet beside a woman's eyes. There were flat, pink stucco places in New Jersey now with swanky patios and dazzling bright awnings held taut by bronze spears. Coralie liked them, but Eric stoutly maintained that the old cupola style was prettier, and was rewarded for his vehement argument by his father's rare smile.

In any case, Coralie would not have cared to build another house in this same town. It had gone off dreadfully with the years. There were rows and rows of shoddy bungalows now reaching from the ocean to the village. Squat, badly painted, badly built bandboxes with tiny porches upon which droves of swarthy babies crawled, and fat, tired young mothers scolded in loud, guttural voices. Sometimes of an evening Coralie would see these invaders, packed tightly in their aged, clanking automobiles, ride past. She hated them. She hated the babies who looked dirty. She hated the old people who sat on the tiny porches with far-away, unseeing eyes. She hated the young girls who shunned their homes and lived their summer on the beach, on the obstacle-golf courses and on the boardwalk. Coralie had seen them. Brazen, they were, with their tight-fitting bathing suits that revealed to all concerned the soft fullness of their young bodies. Their street clothes were no better. They wore sun-back dresses, sleeveless and short. Their mouths were red, their voices light as their laughter, and their laughter frequent. The hotel where Coralie had met Ben was gone now. It had been a fine hotel. Coralie wondered what her mother would say if she knew that upon its site were fifteen shacks that disfigured the landscape and housed close to a hundred people.

From her place at the dinner table Coralie could gaze far across the placid slope of her emerald-green lawn, between the iron bars of the gates, and see a bit of the ocean highway. Often across her vision would move laboriously a rusty, broken-fendered car. Once when one, extraordinarily crowded with people in bright-hued bathing suits, passed Coralie addressed her husband and son explosively.

"Good heavens!" she cried. "What can those people be like?"

"What people?" asked Ben, tranquilly.

"Why, the people who live in those grubby little bungalows, drive battered cars, spend all their time in bathing suits and ruin a place for a self-respecting person. What do you imagine they're like, Eric?"

Eric took a long, thoughtful draw on his cigarette. "Are you kidding me, mother?" he asked.

"Kidding you? No. I'm asking you what you think those people are like."

"I know what they're like, mother. They're strangely like us. They feel the heat of the city and come to the ocean for a breath of air. They can afford only a grubby little house, so they take it and are delighted that it isn't grubbier. The house is soon crowded, for they invite less fortunate friends and relatives."

Coralie laughed lightly, but she was conscious of a sudden, quick pounding in her heart and of Ben's black eyes fixed intently upon her son.

"Pity they couldn't all collect in one town and leave a few places unblemished," she said.

Eric got up and frowned irritably at her. "Mother, you're a snob," he said.

"I'm not. I love beauty, that's all. I hate to see a place disfigured."

"Oh, bunk. They're not bothering your house; you leave theirs alone."

It was in this way that Coralie came to know about Muriel. Not by name or sight at first, but only by intuition. Later she saw a small frail figure topped by a red bathing cap in Eric's arms. He was teaching her to swim. Coralie's fastidious soul rebelled at the simple explanation that suggested itself; but it was the only explanation that could ease her troubled mind, so she accepted it. Eric was a man and no doubt these girls were willing victims. One must expect to close one's eyes when one has a handsome, grown son.

But one night after Ben had gone to bed Coralie and Eric sat alone on the spacious veranda. Eric had been out. Coralie thought that the odor of cheap perfume hovered unpleasantly about him.

"Were you dancing, son?" she asked.

"No, we were sitting on the beach looking at the waves."

Milano—the pipe with the Hesson Guard—stays dry and sweet!

This is Demuth Milano No. 1544. If you prefer a rustic finish, ask for No. 1644

JUST AFTER you have smoked it, take out the stem and insert a corner of a clean handkerchief. Twist it around. Remove it. Is it still spotless? It is if your pipe is a Milano. The Hesson Guard* prevents all condensation of moisture in the shank. The smoke is drawn fresh and pure to the mouthpiece. You get nothing but the aromatic richness and fragrance of the fine tobacco flavor. The Milano is the pipe that stays sweet. And there is not even any bother in breaking them in . . . already caked, mechanically smoked for you with real tobacco.

Wm. Demuth & Company, New York, London, Chicago, San Francisco.

DEMUTH
MILANO
WITH THE
HESSON GUARD
$3.50

*Patented 12-22-25

400,000 GUESTS in nine months

More than 400,000 travelers chose the Hotel New Yorker in the first nine months after it was opened. What an amazing tribute to this new kind of hotel-living in New York! • There's no secret to our success—it's simply providing full value, the most for the money • Next time you come to New York try this great new hotel for yourself. Note the sensible prices in its Coffee Shop and other restaurants; the convenience of its tunnel to the Pennsylvania station and subway and its B. and O. motor coach connection. Enjoy the comfort and luxury that's provided in every one of the 2500 rooms—Stromberg-Carlson radio with speaker; both tub and shower, Servidor, circulating ice water • More than 1000 New Yorker rooms are priced at $3.50 for one person.

A private tunnel takes you from the Pennsylvania Station to your New Yorker room in 3 minutes.

Send $2 today for 1-lb. gift package of New Yorker Bonbonettes, the delicious new candies. Add 15 cents for points west of Rockies and outside the United States. Address Department 5-S.

THE NEW YORKER
Manhattan's Largest and Tallest Hotel
34th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City
RALPH HITZ · Managing Director

"We?" asked Coralie. Her heart had begun its insane beating again. She knew that her question had been sharp and thoroughly devoid of the light casualness she had intended.

"Yes, we. Muriel Stern and I."

"Who is Muriel Stern? Have I met her?"

"No. I'm afraid you wouldn't care to. She's one of the bungalow dwellers."

"Oh. I dare say some nice folks live in the bungalows," she said hollowly.

"There are five rooms in Muriel's bungalow and an awful lot of people live there. I don't think that you'd care to meet her."

"Why do you take this disagreeable attitude, Eric? Don't you want me to meet her?"

"Yes, I'd like you to."

"Well, I will if you'd like me to, but I don't see much sense in it. I've never met any of those people and there's no point in starting unless ——"

"Unless what, mother?"

"Unless she's an extraordinarily fine girl."

"She is."

"All right then, I'll meet her."

"But, mother, you won't let me down, will you?"

"What do you mean?"

"I've told her that you were a fine person, too, and I don't want you to disappoint her."

"Eric!"

"Well, I mean just that. I'll be frank with you, mother. I don't want you to meet Muriel and ritz her to a fare-thee-well. She's too decent to have that happen to her. If I bring you two together I want you to treat her nicely. None of this dear-me-how-common-everybody's-getting. Do you understand?"

"I guess, Eric," said Coralie coldly, "that you'd better keep the young lady's company to yourself."

Eric arose from the deep canvas chair and got himself a cigarette. He lighted it, then seated himself on the veranda rail.

"I don't want to keep her to myself. I introduced her to dad."

"Why to your father before me?"

"Oh, just because. He's crazy about her. She's teaching him to play obstacle golf. Look here, mother, you don't have to meet Muriel if you don't want to. That's all right with me, but I'm going to marry her."

"Eric, you don't mean that."

"I do."

"You haven't mentioned it to her, have you?"

"Yes. She's accepted me. We love each other. Her people are satisfied ——"

"Well, I should think they would be."

"Her people are satisfied," he repeated, "and dad is too, so there's only you. Now, you're the best mother any man ever had, but you aren't going to ruin my life. I'm going to marry Muriel and you have your choice between two things. You can welcome Muriel as a daughter or you can refuse to meet her and I'll still love you and drop around alone to see you after we're married, and things will be O.K. either way. Which will it be?"

There was no answer and he said again, "Which will it be?"

She lowered her face into her hands and he saw then that she was crying.

"Oh, come on, mother. Don't cry." He went to her and patted her gently. Later he brought her a glass of ice water and sat quietly by her side stroking one of her smooth, white hands.

He did not ask her again whether or not she intended to meet Muriel. He knew Coralie better than anyone had ever known her before. He knew that she would cry until convinced that it was useless, then she would do the proper thing.

And so it was. Coralie met Muriel. It was the next day. Coralie was driving along the ocean front when she spied Eric. He was playing obstacle golf on one of the tiny courses, and at his side, silent and respectful of the hole-in-one which she expected him to make, stood a small, frail figure. Coralie joined them.

It was a queer sight to see near the little artificial water hazard. A young man with an expression in which pleasure and apprehension mingled. A young girl clad only in her tight bathing suit looking with faintly troubled eyes upon the newcomer. An elderly lady faultlessly groomed, all silver and white and sparkling diamonds. And voices of disgruntled strangers saying, "Hey, kin we play through you?"

As she looked into Muriel's brown little upturned face, Coralie was conscious of the voices.

They were like offstage sounds calculated to heighten the effect of the drama. That's just what Muriel and Eric were doing. They were playing through her.

"I wondered," she heard herself saying in dulcetly sweet tones, "if you could have dinner with us tonight."

"Oh, I'd love to," Muriel said.

Coralie observed the golden brown of her eyes, the perfect white teeth, the beautiful rhythmic grace of the slender body. She withdrew from the absurd golf course with a quick smile and an apology for having held up their game.

Back in the car she cried a little, for she was remembering now the catechism which Eric had said as a baby, and she knew that she was no longer the nicest woman alive. She was remembering, too, the many clever baby sayings of Eric's, his sweetness, his strong male beauty; and she knew, as every son's mother must, that the chosen woman was woefully inferior to the man. She remembered, too, how she had believed in a mysterious Force which would eventually bring her all the good things of life, and she smiled wanly.

But, after all, time proved that Muriel wasn't bad. She was certainly not the rare woman in a million that Eric fancied her. Still, she was sweet, and if not exactly in awe of Coralie, there was yet a healthy respect which pleased the older woman. Too, Muriel appreciated beauty and admired with almost as much enthusiasm as they deserved Coralie's diamonds and linens and glassware.

Ben was ecstatic over Muriel, and Coralie said often that Muriel was a charming girl. To say otherwise was to pluck Eric from her life. But sometimes as she looked at Muriel she thought of the efficient nurses, the music teachers, the tennis coaches and all the others, and was saddened to think that it had all been for one small woman who didn't know what poultry shears were for.

Muriel and Eric were married in the large, gleaming parlor of the cupolaed house before the summer was over. It gave Coralie a weak, sick sensation to look at the wedding guests—friends of Muriel's, recruited from the bungalows. It was a very real pain to see Eric happily kiss his mother-in-law, a fat, uncorseted woman dressed in a sickening shade of purple. It was all a horrible, fantastic nightmare: The two screaming brats whom Muriel's sister had to bring; the vulgar congratulations and wishes of her friends; the honest exclamations of joy at the bountiful and elegant dinner; and Ben looking happier than he had looked at any time since his own wedding.

Coralie went with Muriel to help her change to her traveling clothes. She could not bear the thought of Muriel's dark tribe swarming through the dainty pastel beauty of the upstairs rooms. For her to go meant the others would remain downstairs, for they shunned intimate moments with her. Coralie was glad that they knew how to keep their places.

Up in the cool room which had always been Eric's guest room, Muriel threw her arms about Coralie.

"Oh, it was a beautiful wedding," she said. "I'm so deeply grateful to you for it."

Coralie smiled stiffly. "It was a pleasure to me," she lied.

"I'm the happiest girl alive." Muriel's young arms waved with aimless, excited abandon. "I'm so in love and so happy."

Coralie thought of her own wedding day. She thought of Ben's warm, thick mouth, his silly, unwelcome protestations of love. She thought, too, of Eric's handsome, grave face and his debonair manner.

"Why shouldn't you be?" she asked acidly.

Muriel laughed. "I should be," she answered. "But the point is I am. I always knew, though, that something beautiful would happen to me."

Coralie's eyes turned swiftly upon the young girl. "What did you say?" she demanded.

"I said that I always knew that something gorgeous would happen to me. Don't you believe, Mrs. Goldfeather, that there is some kind of angel or star or something that works for each of us?"

"I used to," Coralie admitted.

"And you don't any more? Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face. Our fates are all determined by some governing Power, and everything happens for a reason."

"That's absurd, child. When you get older you'll know that it is."

"Really?" Muriel's eyebrows raised slightly. "Well, maybe. It seems to me now, though, that it must be true. Look; suppose you hadn't been happy with Mr. Goldfeather? Let's suppose for the sake of argument that you've hated him for thirty years. We'll also suppose, if you'll permit it, that at some time you saw a man you actually fancied. Could you have left Mr. Goldfeather and gone with this other man? No. Something in your nature would have held you back from such a step."

"Why would it?" asked Coralie breathlessly.

"Because that's the way destiny works. Eric and I love each other, but I would have had to refuse him if he had been a poor man. If I had only myself to consider I would starve cheerfully with him, but I have others. My sister's husband is dying in Saranac and she can't work, for she is also ill, and there are her two small children and my mother to consider. You see? You were the instrument which my star used to provide my family with the necessities of life."

Coralie swayed gently and clung to the foot of the bed for support. She was seeing herself young and beautiful again, trembling with horror beneath the touch of Ben's fat hands. But she had endured it for the fleshy-faced woman in the sickening purple. She had thrown her youth and beauty away for the squalling brats and their mournful-eyed young mother. There was a Force, but she had not been its concern. She had been merely its tool. Back on that long-ago winter's day when she had stood with Ben at the altar and laughed at his insignificant height, the Director of all things had been saying: "That Stern girl who's going to be born in 1910 will profit by this marriage. What? Oh, it doesn't matter if the Devore woman gets a few diamonds out of it. The Stern girl is the one I'm interested in."

As Coralie stood leaning weakly against the bed there was a rap at the door and a voice asking, "May I come in?"

"Oh, it's my sister," said Muriel. "Come in, Rose."

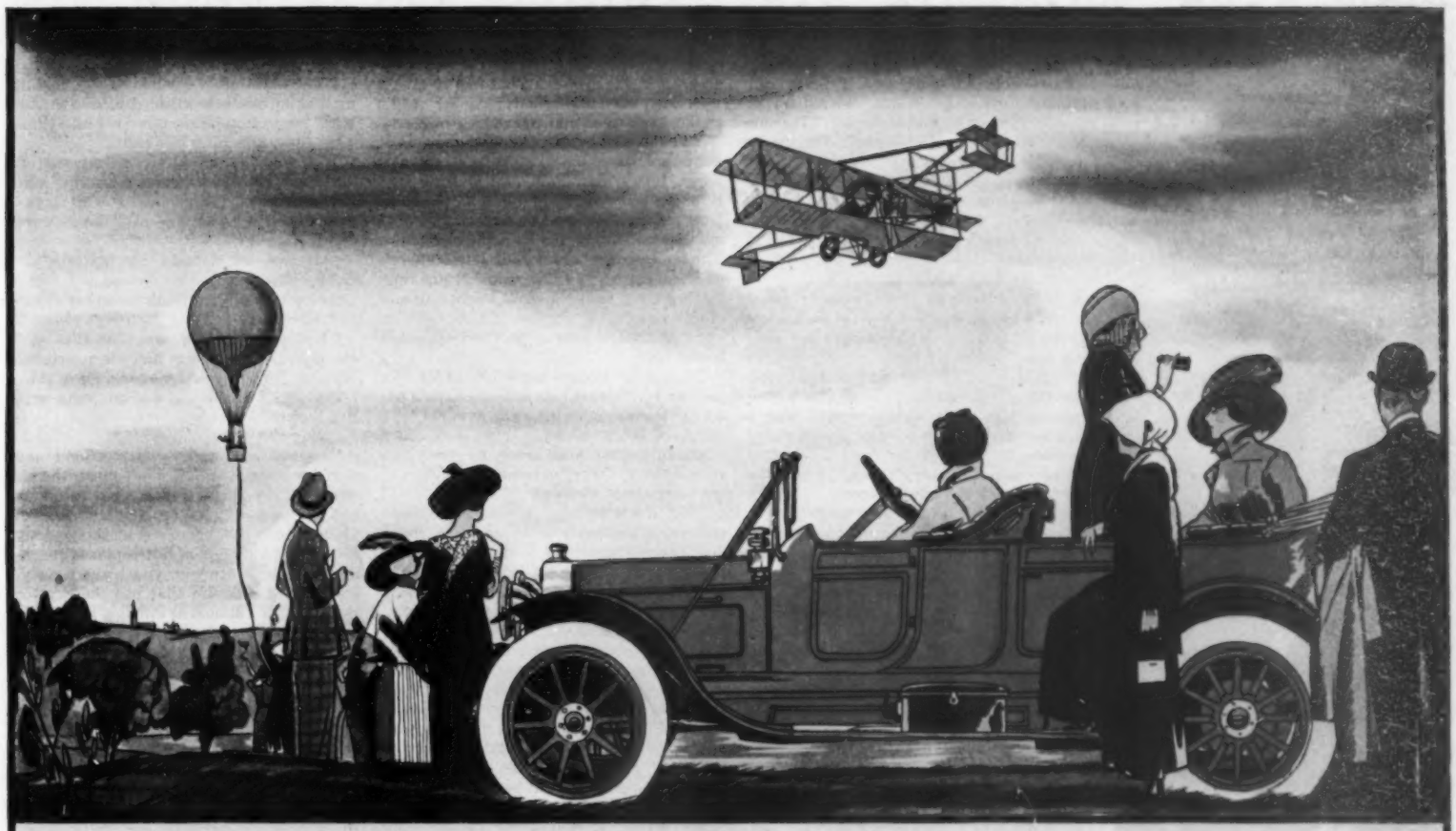
Rose came in. Her two children followed her.

"I just wondered if I could lay the kids down somewhere," Rose explained. "They're tired from so much excitement."

Muriel looked questioningly at Coralie. Coralie looked at the children. They were sticky-mouthed, disheveled and grimy-pawed. They were dirty and they dared to ask for a bed somewhere in her perfect, precise house!

But, after all, why not? They knew Coralie couldn't take the house with her when she left for the last time. They knew that some day they would run through it at will, for they had been destined to lie on linen and live in luxury when she, Coralie, had coquetted artfully one summer's day on a lake in this very town.

"Put them in the orchid room," she said weakly. "And ask your mother if she'd like to lie down too."



ONE THING HERE *is* STILL IN STYLE

THE CAR of 1911 bears scant resemblance to the sleek, smooth creation of today. Bodies, engines, chassis have been improved at almost every point by engineers and designers.

But there is one thing that has never changed. The gasket that safely sealed the oil in the crankcase of 1911 was a cork gasket. And the gasket which performs that all-important work today is still a faithful Armstrong's Cork Gasket.

No "improvement" has ever been needed in oil-sealing gaskets, because cork is so compressible, so lively, so resistant to liquids. It makes a perfect seal.

Cork gaskets insure the accuracy of our electric meters; they guard important points in electric power transmission systems; seal oil in, and dust out of, anti-friction bearings.

Now, too, cork—the outer bark of a tree which grows in the Mediterranean countries—grips the glass in automobile windshields and windows, enabling us to "crank" them up or down; it cushions the glass in headlights against breakage, gives the running-board sure footing, prevents body squeaks.

Light, workable, resilient, moisture-resistant cork is an important part of Armstrong's Linoleum. Armstrong's Corkboard insulates buildings against heat and cold. And specialized Armstrong's cork products reduce sound in factories, hospitals, libraries. Armstrong's Cork is important in the feeding and drawing of yarn in textile mills, and of paper in packaging machinery.

The Armstrong Cork Company, with ten thousand employees at home and abroad, plays an important part in the cork industry, from the stripping of the trees to the manufacture of finished cork products. For free booklet, "Cork," write to the Armstrong Cork Company, Lancaster, Pa.

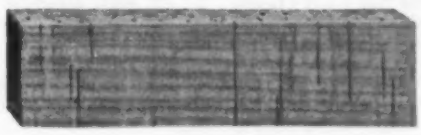
Armstrong's (A)

Identify Armstrong's Products by the Name and the Mark.

Engineers, Manufacturers, Business Men:

You are seeking ways to improve your product, more efficient ways to produce it. You want to reduce its cost to the user. If in your products or processes you need a material other than metal, consider the properties of the many forms of Armstrong's Cork. With its microscopic air-cell structure, cork is buoyant, elastic, resilient, compressible, and sound-absorbent. It resists the passage of heat, moisture, and liquids. It presents a gripping frictional surface, and stands up in service without progressive deterioration. Our Industrial Service Section, with ample research facilities, will gladly study your problems with you. Address Industrial Service Section, *Armstrong Cork Company, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.*

Armstrong's
CORK



Makers of Armstrong's Bottle Corks and Crown Bottle Caps, Armstrong's Cork Gaskets and Mechanical Specialties, Armstrong's Corkboard Insulation, Cork Pipe Covering and Insulating Brick, Armstrong's Machinery Isolation to reduce vibration, Corkoustic to absorb sound, and cork products of all kinds. Also makers of Armstrong's Linoleum Floors and Armstrong's Quaker Rugs.

Hear the Armstrong Quakers on the air every Friday, 10 P. M., E. D. T., WJZ and coast-to-coast network.

Work hard!
Play hard!
. . . you can't wear it out

HOEING a stubborn garden, shoveling balky ashes, taking the family on long motor trips, – all put a pretty tough strain on a sweater. Under hard usage, the average sweater is likely to bag at the elbows, sneak up in back, unravel and come to grief generally.

But try to wear out a Tom Wye. It can't be done!. Work in it, play in it, maul it and throw it around – still it holds its original shape. Yet with all its long wear, its comfort, its warmth, its inwoven quality, a Tom Wye costs no more than an ordinary sweater. Try one on today. You'll thank us for the tip. At better stores everywhere.

Knit Jackets, Fancy Coats, Shakers, Polo Shirts and Slip-Ons.

Tom Wye SWEATERS

Tom Wye, Inc., Winchendon, Mass.

RIVER TO THE SEA

(Continued from Page 30)

so arresting, however, as a message containing but a single word. Within an involuntary flash he had absorbed, "Torrington. Jumpers. Madeleine." Angrily he picked up the clippings, folded them and thrust them in his pocket as Lorry returned.

"I've got a confession to make," he said incisively. "As I picked up the newspaper cuttings I read your mother's telegram. I don't think I meant to, and yet perhaps I did."

"What difference does it make?" asked Lorry, wide-eyed. "A telegram isn't a letter; half a dozen people may have read this one."

"Since you feel that way, I'll tell you something else. I sent your mother a long message last night, delivery paid, and I consider her answer to you unbelievably heartless."

Tears leaped to Lorry's eyes. "I hate the sight of you!" she cried hoarsely. "You're dumb! You don't know anything! You're nothing but a sledge hammer and an ax and a hoe! Nobody's ever taught you how to behave!"

She burst into tears, throwing up her forearm across her eyes. In a moment he was holding her as he had held her once before. Her hand opened and closed on the sleeve of his coat, not in a caress but seeking support as naturally as it might have leaned on the wall or clung to a tree branch.

"Never again, Lorry," he whispered helplessly—"never again. Please believe me. Your mother is all right; she's a wonder, and if I ever say or think anything different again, I promise to bite off the end of my tongue and give it to you."

She released herself, dabbing at her eyes with an insufficient handkerchief as she started for the door. He followed her. They walked east and north. Presently he found himself at a counter in an establishment consecrated to the needs of the young and surrounded by a display of diminutive garments whose fascination left him spellbound. Was it because they were so dainty or because they were so small? He would never know. Lorry looked neither to left nor right, for she was wholly concentrated on jumpers. She bought them in three sizes, though identical as to pattern; one dozen of the first, two of the next, and three of the largest.

"They'll last for years and years," gasped Ken.

"Yes," she agreed absently.

He frowned distressedly, troubled by new evidence of his lack of discernment. Walking out of the shop and back by the way they had come, he was tamed and consumed by the realization that in all his encounters with Dora, Maddie or Molly, not once had he noticed the unvarying freshness of their unvarying garment. Out of this discovery, of Clayton Beale's mansuetude in the presence of his daughter, of Lorry's astonishing indifference to printed praise, no less than out of her suddenly tear-wet eyes, a veil was being spun through which he glimpsed, however fleetingly, a vision of some underlying permanence beyond. Why shouldn't that mystery content itself with wiring "Jumpers," and no more, since in the single word the inscrutable could become revealed even to such stupidity as his?

XI

"YOU'RE sure you don't remember anything I told you last night, Lorry?"

"Sure."

"Then I'll have to say it all over again."

"There's a rehearsal," she demurred vaguely.

"What time?"

"At two."

"And it's only eleven now! Let's take a cab, open all the windows and buzz around the park. Would you like to do that?"

"Yes."

He let two taxis go by because they looked dilapidated, but hailed the third, which was shiny and clean. Lorry tried to sit erect in the deep seat, but had to give it up. She pulled off her hat, gave her head a shake, sank back and relaxed.

"That's a lot better," he said, glancing at her appreciatively. "You're as strong as a horse, Lorry, but don't fool yourself into thinking you can gallop uphill all the time. Every chance you get you ought to let your muscles go sloppy the way they are now. The same thing goes for your voice. There's no harder work and no greater strain than singing eight times a week, month in and month out."

"I've always sung a lot," she answered confidently.

"You don't know what you're in for," he persisted. "Sometimes a show that's a big hit carries through winter and summer for a couple of years on end."

She turned her head slowly to give him a startled look. "Do you think this one——" she began, and stopped.

"No, don't worry. One of the reasons the critics had room to say so much about you is they had so little to say about what's known as the vehicle. If I'm any judge, it's not at all bad without being particularly good and will live twice its natural life simply because you're in it. In a way, that's a good thing—to have people say you make the show instead of the show making you."

He frowned. "Now, Lorry, you've got the foundation and the God-given talent to shake the ordinary and walk on the mountain tops if you try. But you've got to decide now; you can't wait ten years to make up your mind where and how you're going to head tomorrow."

She lifted her shoulders, turned from him, let her hands fall loosely in her lap and faced back again. "What do you want me to do?" she asked.

"To begin with, promise me you'll stick this thing out for the run of the show."

She hesitated for a thoughtful moment before she replied, "I promise."

"There's an exception to that—an exception of common sense. Do you know how your voice is made?"

"Not exactly."

"There are a couple of dinky cords in your throat, set side by side. A thousandth of an inch more, or a thousandth less, makes all the difference in the world. Ordinarily the contralto voice holds up longer, so remember you're in the lyric class, subject to a double danger. You can wear out your cords as half a dozen others have done in the past ten years, or you can wreck them with a crash on one cruel note. That's why I say there's an exception. Never give out everything you've got—not till you've had a chance to harden."

"All you've asked me to do," said Lorry judicially, "is to keep on doing what I'm doing now. You could have said that at the start."

"No, there's something more. For your own good, I hope you'll remember night and day that there's only one goal for a singer—only one ultimate crown. Other arts have a dozen Meccas, but the singer who doesn't make the Metropolitan stage has never arrived. Perhaps more perfect voices have and do sing off it, but they sing to a circle, never to the world."

"Like mother," breathed Lorry almost inaudibly.

He started to speak and caught himself, determined to keep off dangerous ground once and for all. Besides, there was the chance that she might go on. But she did not; at least not in the vein of her murmured words. She leaned forward to peer from the open window on the stark prospect of the leafless park. When she spoke, it was without turning her head:

"Mr. Smith asked me to marry him."

"What Smith?" demanded Ken, astonished out of the capacity for calculation.

"Mr. Talbot Smith."

"Turn around," he commanded, seizing her wrist. She obeyed. "When did he ask you?"

"The first time was while he was helping me out of the cab when you brought me back from Bodine's; then several times after that, including last night."

Ken was too angry, too deeply stirred, for invective. He sat back, gathering himself together, his fists clenched on his thighs.

"Anybody else asked you?" he inquired finally.

"Oh, yes, but nobody that matters."

"Broadwater?"

"Don't be silly. Mr. Broadwater's married already."

"I mean —— Oh, well, let that go." He sat again in silence and then resumed quietly: "You're going to get a lot of that, Lorry, but I'm sorry it had to begin with Bot Smith."

"Why?"

"Because he was my best friend and won't be ever again. I don't mean there's anything low about asking a girl to marry you as long as you hold to a decent sense of proportion. But there's something slimy about a man placed as Bot is placed reaching out to bite into your youth and beauty, grabbing at a future that has the sky for the limit. It's almost as low as if I'd tried it myself."

She turned on him a strange face, scornful and yet peculiarly alive. "You're queer," she stated.

"All prophets are queer," he agreed, still intent on his wrath. "Didn't I warn you, ages ago, back on Yellow Mountain, against scalawags, hangers-on, and all manner of helping, outstretched hands, palms up? Travel alone, Lorry, and travel high. When you get where you've a right to be you'll find that the men around you are somewhere near your size."

"I'm not very big now," she said in a small lonely voice, wholly unlike her positive self.

"But you're going to be!" he cried in an exasperation which deafened him to all but her actual words. "As for Bot Smith, leave him to me." He looked at her, startled by an agonizing thought. "Or do you like him? Is that what you meant?"

"No." Then she caught fire, smoldered and abruptly was aglow. "I don't like him, but if I did, what business is he of yours? Ben Stalker, or Talbot Smith, or even Mr. Broadwater—what business are they of yours?"

"None," said Ken, with a deadness of tone as sudden as her ardor.

"I want to go back, please."

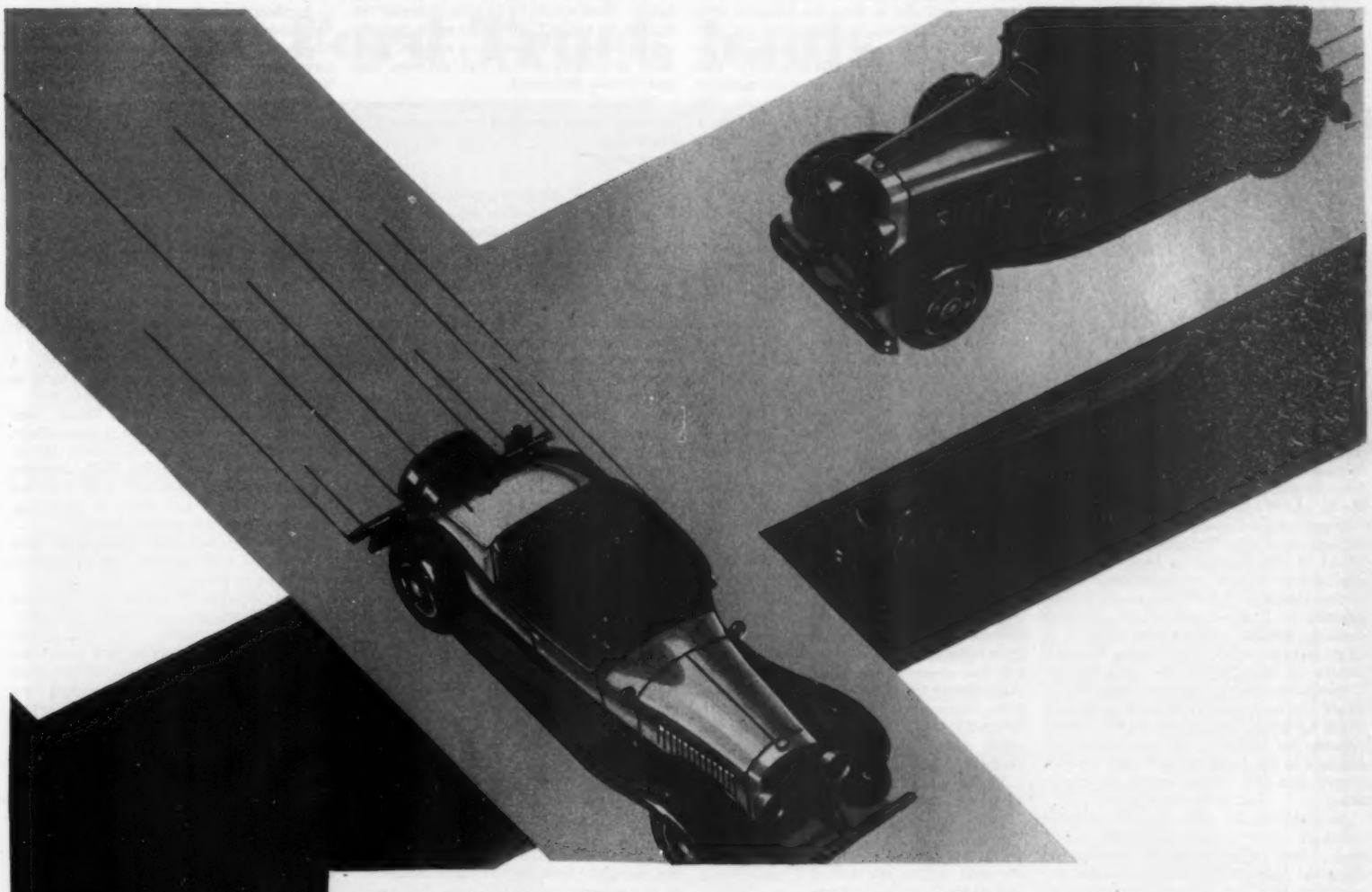
He struggled desperately for an orderly retreat to casualness and safety, but could think of nothing light enough to say. Arrived at his sister's door, he dismissed the cab, and they stood for a moment, neither of them thinking to ring the bell, not talking, not even looking at each other. Coming to himself abruptly, he pressed the push button, and again they waited in the peculiar silence of people who feel words hovering all about them and yet are at a loss to imprison the most inconsequent phrase.

A sense of inadequacy descended upon him and accompanied him back into the hills. In vain did he reason with himself, assembling and ticking off an imposing array of purposes accomplished. It appeared on the surface that as a general he had been no slouch either in tactics, disposition of his forces or attack. Everything had moved according to plan to the gaining of a first objective. Furthermore, so sound had been his groundwork that, unless some extraneous factor intervened, his army of one could go marching on to the greater victory without him.

Perhaps that was what was wrong with success, and the vague suspicion took the wind out of him. Here was a rummy deal: Self-obliteration had been his major aim from the start, yet, having attained it, all he got for his pains was a hollow feeling under his belt, as if he had gone too long

(Continued on Page 118)

ALL NON-FERROUS PISTONS HAVE ALUMINUM AS A BASE



Lynite Pistons Put Cars on a Higher Plane of Performance

Step on the foot-throttle.

With some cars the response is—"Let's go"—with others it's—"Let's *get* going".

Look at the bright side of the picture; quicker acceleration; more pulling power; greater speed with less wear on bearings and cylinders. Vibration reduced; gas going further and motors running cooler with less carbon.

It is aluminum pistons that make this difference—*and what a difference.*

Alcoa Aluminum Alloy, from which Lynite Pistons are made, weighs only ⅓ as much as the old-fashioned metals sometimes used for pistons, and carries heat away from cylinders 5 times faster.

The swing toward modern light, strong alloys is reflected by the fact that 79% of all makers of cars are now using Aluminum Alloy pistons as indicated by this list: *AUBURN · BLACKHAWK CHRYSLER · CORD · DE SOTO · DODGE DUESENBERG · DU PONT · DURANT · ELCAR ESSEX · FORD · FRANKLIN · GARDNER GRAHAM · HUDSON · HUPMOBILE · JORDAN KISSEL · LINCOLN · MARMON · NASH PACKARD · PEERLESS · PIERCE-ARROW PLYMOUTH · REO · ROAMER · ROLLS-ROYCE ROOSEVELT · STUDEBAKER · STUTZ · WHIPPET WILLYS-KNIGHT · WINDSOR.

*From 1930 Statistical Issue of Automotive Industries

Choose a car equipped with Lynite Pistons which place it upon the highest plane of modern performance. Ask any garage or service station about modernizing your present car by equipping it with Lynite Pistons.

ALUMINUM COMPANY of AMERICA;
2497 Oliver Building, PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

LYNITE PISTONS
AND CONNECTING RODS
MADE OF ALCOA ALUMINUM

(Continued from Page 116)

without his lunch. He had; for once in his healthy life he had forgotten to eat.

November opened with deceptive calm. Though since September he had been sleeping under blankets, the days, at least, had been warmed of their chill. Now the last withered leaf was fallen, the last tuft of grass laid flat; only the sentinel junipers and here and there a pine, etched against the distant sky, retained their foliage. But even they had turned to the black green of a six months' hibernation.

Man, no less than beasts and trees, is subject to the clime in which he lives. In the lackadaisical tropics he becomes lackadaisical, at the frozen poles he goes into semi-eclipse with the disappearance of the sun, but under the far-flung chilly sky of New England his reaction is far more subtle. An unconscious molding into the seasons lulls him in winter and revives him in spring, absorbing him within the pace of a uniform progression. Externals have an even trend, subject to no violences; life is dull—a long accumulation of infinitesimal incidents leading to a crabbed, sardonically contented old age. It is easier to be old in New England than in any other region on the face of the earth.

Something of this mild though inexorable influence had already begun to tinge Ken's habits of life, though he could not have analyzed or defined the beginnings of his acclimatization. He did things, quite complicated in their causal origins, without thinking, without even wondering why. A single instance will suffice, linking him intimately to the life of the grasshopper. Throughout spring, summer and fall he would sort out those books from his reading which he would like to read again. These volumes he placed on shelves beside the fireplace in the room he had fitted up as a library and den. They formed his winter store.

As with him, so with Mrs. Thorndyke, although conceding a nonessential difference. Just as he turned to snug escape along the magic paths of print, so did she withdraw into her woolens, and thus incased, sit rocking within the warmth of the kitchen stove, enumerating the past, unmindful of the future. The exact count of jellies amassed—crab apple, quince, currant, blackberry or wild grape—gave her unending satisfaction. The thought of provisions, shrewdly laid in according to the measure of a lifelong experience, was another source of content. Her morning and evening readings of the thermometer formed still another as she checked them with the accuracy of a statistical bureau against the performances of bygone years.

Neither last nor least among her treasures were the bits of gossip garnered throughout the summer into a sizable heap which she could nibble at, regurgitate and savor again, thus annihilating the unending hours. Had she been as generous to others in this regard as others to her? Had she made a spread of her overlord's alien affairs and sprinkled it with the pepper of added supposition? Even had he been interested, Ken might never know, for the gossip of New England is peculiar to New England. Though public, it yet remains secret, stirring within the fixed limits of a pool, possibly glimpsed by the outsider, but never sampled.

It should not be inferred, however, that he locked himself in. The top of Becker Hill was too evenly rounded and the road to the valley too steep to offer purchase for mountainous snow. A plow opened the turnpike from the village to Torrington, the meeting point of a web of state roads kept clear to the ends of the earth. In addition, it was his habit in inclement weather to carry chains and a shovel wherever he went. Thus equipped, he and his valiant roadster could venture forth whenever he felt restless.

During the weeks since his return from town he had not once visited the house on Yellow Mountain; not that inclination had been lacking, but through deliberate restraint. He would have enjoyed seeing Beale, perhaps to stir him back from ill-humor to profitable reminiscence. More actively still did he miss his contacts with the three children, accompanied by just enough bewilderment to sharpen the illumination of an occasional discovery. But back of these lodestones stood the memory of his discomfiture, thwarting desire. He could still see himself on his knees over a hole in the ground, gazing up at an apparition and destroying it with a hurled inanity.

The skies quit playing; winter laid its grip on the countryside with an illimitable finality. As far as the eye could reach across the rolling hills snow spread its endless blanket, streaked only with the shadow of denuded trees. The sun shone forth, breathed warmly and withdrew for the night. Where had been paper whiteness, a hard crystalline crust formed to greet the returning day with the shattered reflections of its myriad prisms. Feeling the boy stir within him, he dressed and went out. The crust held. Presently he was slithering and skittering over its surface, wishing he had skates, daring himself to go nearer and nearer to the brow of the hill.

On the very brink, suddenly and without volition, he sat. The jar formed a circular indentation which held him safe, but in his haste to rise he lost his footing, and the next instant was hurtling down the steep incline, revolving like a curling stone hurled at a distant mark. At first he tried to snatch at bushes and even at the peak of a jutting stone, but as his speed increased he gave his entire desperate attention to steering clear of such projections. Managing to stay himself for an instant in a sitting posture, he clamped his ankles tightly beneath him with his hands, and by advancing the sharp edge of one heel or the other, succeeded in holding to a true course.

Fortunately there was a narrow stretch of swale at the bottom, a marsh in summer, but now a level expanse. As he reached it, though sublimely breathless, he burst into a shout and threw out his arms. He shot across the flat and came to a violent stop with his feet against the boundary fence.

Climbing out on the turnpike with a quivering sigh, he turned to look back up the course he had run. He was aglow with satisfaction, filled with the inexplicable pride of the motorist who somersaults a ditch to find he still lives. He started to go home by the road, and coming to the point where the lane debouched from Yellow Mountain was struck by its air of disuse. Not only were there no tracks of wheel or foot, but its burden of snow, light and broken by reason of the brushlike thickness of the overhanging growth, had the symbolic stillness of a sepulcher. He felt a vague alarm, out of all proportion to its inconsequential origin. With Lorry gone, what might not have happened to the isolated household?

An hour later he came out on the relatively level space surrounding Log House and noticed on his right a ghostly, conical mound. What could it be? Then he remembered; it was the high pile of brush and litter, looking strange only because it was covered with snow. Whenever he had suggested having the bonfire one or the other of the children had protested for reasons of emotional greed. They were saving it, aware even at their tender age that, once burned, it would never burn again.

He became conscious of a thick haze of smoke issuing in two spirals from the chimneys of the house, and a moment after was standing at the door of the Beale studio, afraid to knock. All cause for alarm was gone, and with it his excuse for coming. From within came the sound of a piano so lightly played that it might have been an organ, a harp, or the muted strings of an entire orchestra. It dreamed in waves, rising to the tinkling of a breaking crest, descending slumbrously into the trough. He recollected he had seen the smoke from the edge of the clearing. Why had he not had the sense to stop there and then? It would have been so easy to withdraw unseen. But now, if he turned and tried to sneak away, there was the chance somebody might catch sight of his retreating figure. How would he be able to explain so strange an action? He could see it growing up, nourished by questioning wonder, gradually to solidify into a wall between him and Yellow Mountain.

While he stood in agonizing indecision the door swung open and he was greeted by Dora's soft voice: "Mother says for you to come in."

XII

KEN stood within the room. Upheld instantly by a double sense of warmth and well-being he watched Dora sway, float and settle beside Maddie and Molly. They were seated on the floor, cutting out pictures, and their grandfather was at his easel, which had been moved close to the south window. He was glancing out, intent upon what he was doing, but paused long enough to wave a friendly greeting. Madeleine Beale was at the piano.

Though inexperienced eyes could discern no difference in her garb, she was now robed in the warm, creamy white of cashmere. Noting that from where she sat, half facing the uncurtained north and west windows, she could scarcely have avoided watching his approach, Ken trembled at the narrowness of his escape. What would she have thought of him had he tried to slink off! She continued to play, not rudely but with a peculiar insistence which gradually assumed the form of a command.

"Sit down," the reiterated fugue seemed to say. "Sit down within."

He sank on the nearest chair, the children at his feet, and presently Molly had shifted to prop her back against his leg. A glowing fire, a veritable mountain of embers rising to a huge back log, warmed and purified the air. More of the heavy wood was stacked high in a cradle beside the fireplace, arousing his wonder until he remembered the strength which could hurl an easel, pedestal and all. He glanced curiously at Beale, working on in a comfortable negligence which, like his daughter's playing, managed to sound a note of inclusion. Here was peace; it refused to be destroyed, but welcomed the newcomer to immersion.

Later he could not have said how long it was before the low monologue of improvisation passed by a single imperceptible gradation into a triumphant rendering of the overwhelming Polonaise in F sharp minor. The player's mood drifted naturally into its transitions, from sadness to vigor and through death to glory but, faced with the master's conclusion, was forced to stop. Madeleine's fingers lifted from the keyboard, hung poised, then descended swiftly to lie clasped in her lap.

Molly had given up snipping for gazing. She held a tattered picture book, captioned in staring boldface type. As her mother ceased playing she twisted around to raise it appealingly to Ken, but he had embarked on a long journey and was not yet returned. She hitched herself impatiently toward Dora, caught her by the sleeve with her free hand and begged, "Please, Dora, what does it say?"

Dora turned with a lithe movement, let fall her scissors, took the book and read: "The prince was lying asleep on his left side, his cheek pillowed on the palm of his left hand."

Her voice, itself a reminder of music, penetrated to Ken's hearing, wafting him back to the present. He leaned forward, grateful for release.

"Where did you learn to read like that, Dora?" he murmured. "You read beautifully."

In the momentary stillness of the room his words carried farther than he had intended. Dora smiled at him as her only answer, but Beale, engaged in washing out his brushes, took it upon himself to reply.

"She learned the way we learn anything worth knowing—by absorption, by thumbing her nose at teacher! teacher! and kneeling in prayer before desire. Desire's the one and only master. Awaken the ear to music, the eye to beauty, or the hand to cunning, and the rest follows, day on the track of night. But if the heart is sodden the brain rots."

As though awakened, Ken arose to cross the room, his eye caught by the picture on the easel. Here was something Beale had never done before—a new birth, springing neither from the greatness which had been Clayton Beale nor from his uncertain second period. Transcending failing sight and shaking hand, his soul had projected a single juniper, cypresslike, against an aching field of white in blues and purples. Infinity—the illimitable and unanswering grave.

"You've done it," murmured Ken. "I'll take that at any price I can lay my hands on."

"For yourself?"

"As long as I live, and after."

"It's yours. You can have it for nothing."

"Oh, no. I can afford a thousand. A thousand wouldn't send three kids to school, but it would help, wouldn't it?"

"There you go!" rumbled Beale, exasperated. "You smell like a truant officer, too cut and dried to realize Yellow Mountain's a school and Becker Hill's another; as good as any endowed with milk-fed faculties, shekels and miles of plumbing. Get out! Go back and sit down."

Ken obeyed, but as he regained his chair he ventured, with a frown, "It all depends where you're going."

"Ha!" laughed Beale briefly, drying his hands in his smock. He turned, his whiskers bristling to a smile. "Still young, eh? Still keen on deciding where you and others are headed! We go the way our feet were set before they ever touched the floor, my boy. If a man's meant to be a utilitarian, neither poverty nor riches, walls nor rivers to cross, can keep him from a degree in law, medicine, engineering, dentistry, chiropractic or divinity. Preserve me from the elegiac bunk of unawakened geniuses, buried unknown in peaceful village graveyards. Give the clod a chance, endow him with money and the resources of Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Williams rolled into one, and what have you? A clod."

Ken had become sufficiently at ease to smile. "That settles the utilitarians," he conceded.

"Four-fifths, seven-eighths, perhaps nine-tenths of the civilized world," affirmed Beale with a sharp nod.

"But you can't let it go at that; there's one-tenth left to cover."

"Ah, yes; the rest," sighed Beale. "The resurgent tenth, the indomitable disciples of the futility of undying beauty. Blinded by a lodestar, they rise, pass, die, rot, yet beauty remains—unsmirched, enlarged, though never triumphant." He seated himself on a corner of the model throne. "Come here, Dora."

She arose readily and ran to him. He placed her on his knee, unbuttoned her jumpers at the neck and with an expert movement stripped her to the waist; then he seated her on the palm of his left hand and for a moment raised her aloft. Her eyes remained calm, but her lips broke into a smile and her head swayed, flowerlike, above her slender throat.

"There's futility for you," he murmured, letting her down to the firmer pedestal of his knee; "beauty embarking on its wayward way. I rumple her hair—so. Do you think I've changed its roots? I tell her to her face she's lovely. Do you think she didn't know it? I swear, smoke, drink, and I used to chew. She's seen me do them all and yet remains herself, nonswearing, nonchewing and the rest. She'll march to her appointed fruition, and the embattled self-appointed teachers of the world can't stop her."

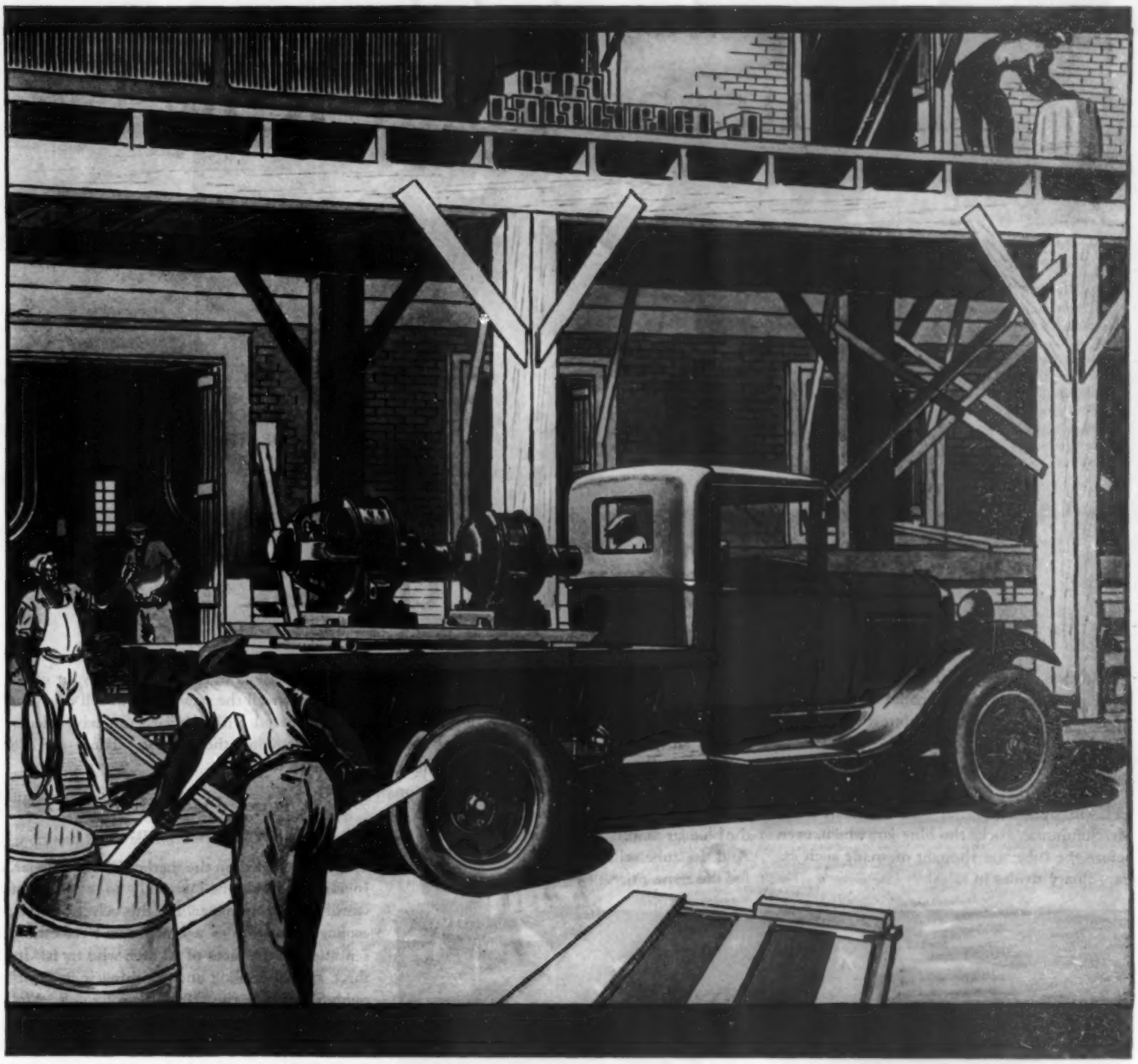
To the model always a reward for patient service. Dora looked up, perceived that her grandfather had finished and slowly slipped her arms around his neck.

"May we go out now?" she begged. "Just for a little while; just for a minute!"

"All right. Button yourself up and run along. Put on your coats and leggings."

(Continued on Page 122)

The Ford Truck hauls costs down



IN HAULING supplies on contract, where schedules must be met—or bettered—the Ford 1½-ton truck is prompt and reliable. For this, and for numberless other types of service, the Ford truck offers an additional haulage value, which is *economy*. It is low in first cost, and low in cost of maintenance.

The way in which fine materials have been incorporated into parts of simple and rugged design is one of the features which increase the ability of the Ford truck to move a load from here to there at a minimum of effort and expense.

Forty different kinds of steel are used, for example. There is no thought, in making the Ford truck, that one or two—or a dozen—kinds of steel will have to serve, if a larger number will give added strength, longer life, or greater reliability.

Ford policy has always been to use the best possible material for each part, and then, through large production, to give it to the public at low cost.

Other features of value are the new spiral bevel gear rear axle; the two optional gear-ratios; 4-speed transmission; provision for power take-off mounting; larger brakes; heavier front axle and spring; dual rear wheels, available at small additional cost; and a chassis of 157-inch wheelbase, available for carrying light but bulky loads.

Standard bodies are the platform, stake, panel, and hand and power-operated dump types. Both open and enclosed cabs can be provided. All are equipped with Triplex shatter-proof windshields—an additional safety feature. Go to your Ford dealer and see how well this truck can serve your hauling needs.

Ford

The Ingram $5,000 Contest *has started*

an International Row!

TEXAS
BACKS THE TUBE

CANADA COMES
OUT FOR THE JAR

What do you think?

INGRAM'S $5,000.00 contest long ago overflowed America into Canada! The battle of tube vs. jar has now reached almost every country where men want Cool shaves!

Mr. Crawford, our Southwestern Manager and a tall Texan, too, is certain that the new tube will win by a mile! But our Canadian head, Mr. Stenhouse, backs the blue jar, which, even before the tube was thought of, made such extraordinary strides in sales!

At headquarters, too, opinions are divided, and lots of hot arguments break out here at home.

What's your opinion? It's a simple contest, easy to enter—free from bother and red tape, and an excellent test of your business judgment.

Shortly before January 1st, Ingram's went on sale in the new tube. Of course, it's still sold in the blue jar as well. And the tube sells for the same price.

All you are asked to do is to submit your opinion of how well the new tube will sell this year—as compared with the jar. You have plenty of time to enter the contest. There are 328 chances to win!

Here's a Little History to Help You:

Originally placed on the market in the blue jar, Ingram's has climbed steadily to a place of world-wide prominence. For this velvet-smooth, *cooling* cream brings a bracing and refreshing sensation to the faces of all men who try it! Its three special cooling and soothing ingredients tighten and tone the skin *while you shave*. And your skin will be innocent of those fiery little razor nicks that make shaving an ordeal for so many men!

The figures below show how successful Ingram's has been. Sales for the last four years were as follows:

1926	751,392 Jars
1927	1,148,628 Jars
1928	1,560,828 Jars
1929	1,992,998 Jars

INGRAM'S

"The Tube is a Pipe!" says C. M. Crawford, Manager of Southwestern Branch.

"There's a superstition, or maybe it's a fact, that all Texans are good guessers. My guess is that the new Ingram tube will win this contest in a walk. How many men prefer a tube? Nearly all of them—in this country, at any rate! So I pick the new Ingram tube to win—and win by a mile!"

C. M. Crawford

"The Jar Can't Lose!" says J. G. Stenhouse, Manager of the Canadian Branch.

"Texas to the contrary, the old Ingram jar has always been the All-American favorite. A million shaving men are used to it—they like it. If likes and dislikes could be changed in a day, I might advise you to back the tube. But my tip is that the jar will end with a good big lead."

J. G. Stenhouse

328 Cash Prizes

Some men, we know, prefer a tube. But a million men already swear by the blue jar that lifted Ingram's to its outstanding popularity today!

To make Ingram's obtainable in a form attractive to all men, we've brought out the new tube to take its place beside the jar. Remember—it's all the same *cool* cream . . . *cool* . . . *Cool* . . . *COOL* . . . *COOL*. The difference rests only in the packaging.

We don't know ourselves whether the tube or the jar will make the biggest success. Both are going fast. See the column to the right for details of the contest. And think, for a moment, of the sales figures for the jar, printed on the page to your left. Note how sales have grown. Consider the relative merits of the jar and tube.

Then write, *in 75 words or less*, how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have on the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give $5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize	$1,000.00
Second prize	$500.00
Third prize	$250.00
Next 325 prizes	*each* $10.00

Have you ever tried Ingram's? It brings a brand new sensation and luxury to your morning shave. You'll know it's different when first you put it on your face. For Ingram's is the pioneer cool shave.

We'll gladly send a 10-day supply of cool Ingram shaves free on receipt of the coupon. But, whether you use Ingram's or not, enter the contest. Do it today!

Shaving Cream

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness, we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.

2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.

3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest, but none must exceed 75 words in length. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.

4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.

5. Address contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 233, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

Clip Coupon for 10 COOL SHAVES

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 233, General Post Office
New York, N. Y.

I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

(Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free sample.)

(Continued from Page 118)

The children went streaming through the kitchen, Maddie for once stealing the lead, Dora close behind, though hampered by the business of buttoning up, and Molly whimpering because she was a bad third. Ken scarcely noticed them go, for directly upon the falling of Beale's last word he had turned to fix his eyes on Madeleine. She had changed her position. Faced about on the bench, she sat reclining against the keyboard, her long arms outstretched on either side. The placidity in her face encouraged him to let a look of appeal creep into his gaze.

"You mustn't mind him," she said, in a voice as soft as Dora's, her eyes directed not on him but toward her father. "He was talking at me, not to you."

Beale's hands, so firm in their strength a moment before, dropped laxly at the wrist to hang between his widespread knees. He sat staring at the floor and, despite his obscuring beard, a maskliike expression seemed to spread slowly over all his features.

"I am his phantom stranger," continued Madeleine evenly; "his river to the sea, all his philosophy of dead ashes on the tongue. Perceiving, he is denied perception; that's his cross, his share in the hard luck of the world. He can't conceive of a life completed within its span and set aside. He can't believe I'm here, and not here—even though I wear an eternal symbol. Worshiping beauty, he destroys it, and it maddens him to think I've found a way to make it live. I'm dead, buried, but not rotted. Where I walked in beauty, there I walk still, and I'll never, never go back—not in myself, not even in Lorry. He's a strong man—a very strong man—but look at him! I am supreme here, unconquering and unconquerable, not in myself—oh, no!—but because—because ——"

"Because a man named Brown had to crawl away and die," interrupted Beale's sonorous rumble.

His daughter's eyes swerved from him to rest on Ken's rapt face.

"Is there anything else you've been wanting to know?" she asked with a simplicity that robbed the words of censure or condemnation.

"No," he murmured, rising and steadying himself on the back of his chair.

He stood there, longing to go, to escape, to think, yet powerless to move. The children came trooping in, eyes ablaze, cheeks aglow, and with bits of scintillating snow crust still clinging to the fuzzy wool of their coats and leggings.

They freed him. They rushed toward the fire to warm their tingling ears and fingers, but as he started to make his exit, murmuring indistinct good-bys, they paused and turned.

"Your pants are worn out!" shouted Maddie, wide-eyed with discovery.

"Oh, Maddie!" crooned Dora reprovingly. "Even if they are, you shouldn't say it."

"His pants are worn out!" chanted Molly. "His pants are worn out!"

He felt around himself with an exploratory hand. It was true—extensively true—and he faced about in the doorway with amazement in his eyes. Then came recollection, and he laughed.

"I did it sliding down Becker Hill," he explained. "I slid all the way from the top to the turnpike."

He backed out. Hurrying home, he was glad of the ludicrous incident, for without it he would have remained forever lost within the maze of thoughts aroused by the astonishing things he had heard. Had he come away as one walking from a confessional or from a court of justice, how would he ever have found the courage to go back? But his seatless trousers had changed all that. They, and not accusation or confession of murder, would remain in supreme possession of the moment of parting.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 17)

that Dennis always had in family and position, and he was too old to lose it then.

"You're too good-looking," said Dennis. "You get that from your mother's side. That's the trouble—too good-looking. I saw you out the window, Sue."

Then there was a faint pink in her cheeks, exactly like the pink in Dennis' face.

"Say," said Jeff Pingree, "maybe I'd better be going."

"No," said Dennis, "no, you don't. Sue, I saw you with John Scarlet. Is there anything between him and you?"

Jeff was used to faces changing when questions were asked sharply. The light from a flame seemed to flicker across her face, but she did not turn her head away.

Dennis Swale hitched forward in his chair. "You haven't answered me. Speak up. What is there between you and Scarlet, Sue?"

"Nothing," she said. "Why should there be? Father! What's the matter, father?"

Her voice made Jeff turn quickly. Dennis' face had grown brick red and his eyes were glazed and staring.

"Father," cried Sue Swale. "What's the matter, father? Don't you"—suddenly her voice had broken—"don't you know I love you? I wouldn't hurt you, dear!"

"Pingree," said Dennis Swale—his voice was hoarse and thick—"get me a glass of water. You lied then, Sue. I saw it in your face."

"Don't!" cried Sue. "Father, please don't look like that!"

"Give me that water. Thanks," said Dennis Swale.

Then Jeff Pingree remembered that his own glance met Susan Swale's. Though they did not speak, they might as well have spoken, because her eyes were deep with fear and crying out a thought.

"It would kill him!" she was saying, just as plainly as though she had spoken, and they both had seen it, Jeff and Sue. It had been there for a moment in that room; for a moment among the voices and sounds from the street outside the shadow of death had been beside them, touching Dennis Swale. And again her eyes were speaking, deep and dark against the stillness of her face.

"It would kill him," they were saying. "It would kill him, if he knew!"

Dennis leaned his head against the wall, and the ugly red was draining from his cheeks, leaving them a sickly white. It was the first time that Jeff Pingree had seen him look so old.

"Father," Sue was saying, "why do you hate him so?"

And when old Dennis answered, everything he said was true. He was standing for his type. He was standing for his thought, guarding a narrow way.

"Sue," he said. At first his words came slowly. "Are you listening to me, Sue? When you get as old as I am, ideas take a shape. They are not cloudy to me the way they are to you. They get etched out in your mind. They wake you up at night when you get old. They touch you with their hands. It's an idea—do you understand me?—not a person that I hate. Don't think I haven't eyes. This town is changing to a common humdrum place. Is that any reason I should change? We've stood for something here that's sinking down. Once we were Haven's End, and it's the Scarlets now. They are changing it to suit themselves. I've seen them put their hands on everything. Do you think I want a Scarlet walking in my hall and looking at my portraits?"

"Father!" cried Sue. "Don't get so excited! Father, please—there's nothing ——"

"Yes," old Dennis said, "you think that it is nothing. Is it nothing to try to be what we used to be—gentlemen and ladies? Is it nothing to see the name of Swale turning into Scarlet. If I had a son ——"

"Here now," Jeff Pingree said. "Dennis, it don't do any good ——"

But his words stopped, lost beneath the voice of Dennis Swale.

"Don't you stop me, Pingree," old Dennis said. "I've got a right to speak, if it's the last thing I ever say, and I wish it was the last, with a Scarlet reaching for my house. Are you listening, Sue? You say it's nothing, and your mother says it's nothing. 'Dennis,' she said this morning, 'you're nothing but a fool. You're living on illusion. Who are you, Dennis Swale?' Well, an old fool can't change. Are you listening to me, Sue?"

"Yes," said Sue, "I'm listening. Father—please ——"

Dennis pulled himself out of his chair, and leaned on his gold-headed cane.

"Then listen to this," he said. "I want your promise. You're through with Scarlet, if you don't want to see me dead. I won't have it, do you hear me? I've got other plans."

She must have seen death on him, just as Jeff Pingree saw.

There was a silence broken by Dennis' heavy breathing.

"Don't look like that!" cried Sue.

"Did you hear me? Do you promise?" shouted Dennis Swale.

"Yes," said Sue, "I promise. Please don't look like that."

Dennis squared his shoulders and sat down.

"Good," he said. "You won't break your word. I thought you'd understand."

Jeff Pingree remembered that he was almost frightened. Once the thing was over he could see it all more clearly. He had never known the strength in Dennis Swale. He had bent her to his will as though he had laid his hands upon her. He had played upon her sympathy and her habit of obedience without a thought that matters might be different. It was like the Swales. They never thought, once they were moving toward their ends.

"Sue," said Dennis, "they say I'm hard, and I suppose I am, when I've set my mind. I want you to marry a Swale. I want a Swale in the Swale house after I am gone."

Dennis cleared his throat, and tapped his cane upon the floor. He had no idea that his wish was fantastic, because it was too much a part of all his eccentricity.

"I've been thinking," said Dennis. "There isn't much left for me now but thought. There's a connection of ours, an Arthur Swale living in New York. I've taken the liberty of writing him ——"

"Do you know him?" asked Sue Swale.

"I've taken the liberty of writing him," said Dennis, "asking his son to visit us. He may be here any time."

"Any time?" asked Sue with a strange note in her voice.

"Yes, any time," answered old Dennis. "You may go now, Sue."

"There's one thing," said Sue Swale. "When I promised, I didn't say ——"

And then her face turned red. A heavy step was on the stairs, regular and plodding, and then John Scarlet was standing in the doorway, holding his new straw hat. He looked at Dennis Swale and smiled, though he must have known what Dennis thought, because his smile had lost its confidence and friendliness. Johnny Scarlet was not the same man as he had been on the street. Beneath the eyes of Dennis Swale his ease was falling from him, revealing an awkward shyness. His heavy fingers moved nervously on his hat brim, and he shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

"Don't look at me like that," he seemed to say. "Why should you look at me like that? I'm just as good as you."

But Dennis Swale kept looking, incurious and cool, reading the plainness of Johnny Scarlet as he might have read a printed sign.

"That's right," he seemed to say, "take off your hat. The Scarlets have always taken off their hats, when they've spoken to the Swales.

"Did you want to see me, John?" he asked.

"No, sir," John Scarlet answered. You could tell he knew what was going on, Jeff Pingree always said, but the Scarlets were always obstinate, though they were slow to anger.

"No, sir. I—I was taking a walk with Sue."

"Were you?" said Dennis. "Don't let me keep you, John. Show her the house lots on the common pasture. That used to be a pretty walk before you ripped it up."

"You don't like 'em, do you, sir?" John Scarlet said.

"No," said Dennis Swale. "I don't like anything you do."

"Well," said John Scarlet, "there're two ways of looking at everything. We're bringin' business into town."

"John," said Sue, "please be quiet."

"Yes," said Dennis Swale, "gasoline pumps and the motor trade."

"Well, you don't want everything to be dead, do you?" John Scarlet said. "We have to hustle these days to make a living, Mr. Swale."

"John," said Susan Swale. "Please, John."

"All right," said Dennis, "hustle then. Show her the house lots, John." And he smiled and nodded as they walked out down the stairs.

"That finishes him," he said; "Sue won't break her word."

You might have thought Dennis was head of a royal house engaged in the diplomacy to weld an empire. He adjusted the folds of his antiquated cravat and smiled, but there was no humor in his eyes.

Though Jeff Pingree had never liked the Scarlets, he felt sorry for John Scarlet then. "Godfrey!" Jeff Pingree said. "But you're a narrow man."

"Yes," said Dennis Swale. "That's why I get what I want, Pingree. There'll be a Swale in the Swale house after I am gone."

"But why do you care?" Jeff Pingree said. "Now look here, Dennis Swale ——"

Dennis put on his old felt hat, and flicked at the papers with his cane. "Pingree," he said, "you're one personality, and I'm another. It's the name, and things may be better some day. I've been in the house a long time I can remember—there has to be a Swale in it. You wouldn't understand."

Even when Dennis was gone, Jeff Pingree always said that he could feel him in the office still. The letters on the tin boxes were cold and sharp, like the voice of Dennis Swale, and nothing was the same as it had been half an hour before.

He stooped and picked up the papers from the floor; arranging them in little piles upon his desk. Then he looked out the window, over the roofs of the houses toward the river. It was already growing dusk and the mist was beginning to rise from the marshes where the coolness of the evening struck the water.

"I've got to be on his side," Jeff Pingree said. "I'm his lawyer, but it isn't right. No, sir, things don't go that way."

It was time for him to be going home, but something told him that it was not finished yet.

When he heard voices in the hall he was not surprised. First he heard Sue and then he heard John Scarlet's voice, ominous and angry.

"Won't it?" John Scarlet said. "I'll see him just the same."

(Continued on Page 128)

Come one · Come all

NATIONAL HOME FURNISHINGS STYLE SHOW

in your community
Sept 26th Oct 4th
daytime and evening features

Dependable home furnishings counsel is assured when you go to the Furniture Merchant in your community displaying this emblem. He will be your host for the National Home Furnishings Style Show—the outstanding event of the year for home-lovers. Don't miss this. Be sure to attend!

Your local Furniture Merchant, displaying the emblem shown below, invites you to be his guest at the National Home Furnishings Style Show to be held in his store, as in other leading furniture stores throughout the country, Sept. 26 to Oct. 4.

Plan now to attend. A visit will repay you many times over. For here you will find the newest modes in furniture, floor coverings, lamps and home decorating accessories. You will see the beautiful new finishes, the latest upholstery fabrics, the contributions of the entire Home Furnishings Industry to the comfort and convenience of your home! * * * Bring the family. Young and old will enjoy this educational treat. Unique features are being planned for both daytime and evening guests. Advertisements in your local newspapers will carry details. * * * Keep abreast of home furnishings progress. A well-furnished home, in this advancing age, means much to your future. Thus the slogan, "First Furnish Your Home—It Tells What You Are," is indeed worth heeding * * * The National Home Furnishings Style Show . . . in your community September 26 to October 4 . . . Don't miss it!

© 1930, N.H.F.P.

. . . FIRST FURNISH YOUR HOME

IT TELLS WHAT YOU ARE

Hoosier's latest *triumph*...

©H.M.C.,1930

ONE of Hoosier's Style Show Specials—the new Tu-Tone Kitchen and Breakfast Group in spring-green and ivory. Available en suite or individually. A splendid value

FURNISHINGS that can be re-arranged and re-grouped from time to time are as essential for the kitchen as for other rooms in the house.

The group here shown is but one of Hoosier's many significant contributions to new beauty and efficiency for kitchen and breakfast room. And for more than thirty years Hoosier designers and craftsmen have led in anticipating the ever-changing needs of America's finest homes.

No matter what kind of kitchen you now have... large or small, new or old... it can be made colorful, attractive, and modernly efficient with Hoosier portable equipment. The cost is surprisingly low.

In addition to cabinets and side units in many styles and finishes, Hoosier also leads in the manufacture of smart breakfast room outfits, drop-leaf and extension tables, buffets, servers, and chairs. Kitchen and breakfast room pieces to match are obtainable in the latest oak and enamel finishes. See the special Style Show groups at your nearby Hoosier dealer's. Write us if you do not know his name.

Some of the Hoosier groups are finished in the maple and walnut of Early American. Others are smartly enameled and designed in the modern manner. Drop-leaf or extension styles —here your every preference finds expression

Only Hoosier franchise stores can show Hoosier Portable Kitchen and Breakfast Room Equipment. Watch for your local dealer's advertising.

HOOSIER

POSTPAID—The new Hoosier Style Book, color-illustrated, gladly sent on request. Address Hoosier Mfg. Co., 930 Sidney Street, New Castle, Ind.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF KITCHEN AND BREAKFAST ROOM FURNITURE

KARPEN RELATED GROUPS

invite you to be "different"

Like you, the mode is tired of "ordinary" furniture and commonplace rooms. It says, "Have a living room that's really yours, wholly delightful and individual." And to help you, it offers a widely varied choice of Karpen Related Groups. These charming productions with the new comfort and durability of Suspended Web Construction are not matched in the old way, but harmoniously fashioned in design and coloring. The refreshing Cottage Room, at right, and the distinguished Town House, below, show what pleasing interiors can be created with Karpen Related Groups in a wide range of prices. The Cottage Room sofa is only $119.50; the sofa in the Town House is $350.00. Other groups are priced upwards from

Karpen 50th Anniversary Chair, $50

This chair, outselling any piece Karpen ever produced, typically Karpen in its craftsmanship, comfort, and compelling beauty, is a worthy anniversary offering. In a new range of fabrics and colors, with carved mahogany cabriole legs; Karpenesque inner-spring construction, hair and cotton filling. Featured for our 50th anniversary by Karpen dealers at $50.

$155 for three pieces. You will probably want to use some of the decorating suggestions and piquant color combinations in these two interiors to make your home more interesting. These and other Karpen Groups will be featured at Furniture Styie Shows all over the country September 27th to October 4th. Plan to visit the exhibit of your nearest Karpen dealer.

Dealers Now Showing the New Karpen Inner-Spring Mattresses, the Super Mattress, $69.50; the Slumber-lure, $44.50; the Karpen-rest, $27.00. All guaranteed 10 years.

EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE KARPEN FURNITURE

KARPEN *Furniture*

Mail this coupon for "Beautiful Interiors" and nearest dealer

A colorful, absorbing book on interior decoration by Edgar W. Jenney. Send this coupon now, with 10c for mailing costs, to S. Karpen & Bros., 801 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago; 37th and Broadway, New York; or P. O. Box 604, Huntington Park, California.

NAME OP-9

ADDRESS

CITY AND STATE

30

The ROME Ensemble

THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE IN A SHOWING OF STYLE

THE modern woman demands something more than comfort and utility in the appointments of her home. She is a devotee of style and beauty. She knows color and design. Her taste is cultivated and refined. She is informed, detests spuriousness and expects authentic value for her money.

Rome Quality merchandise will satisfy her judgment in every respect. Rome "De Luxe," the bedspring luxurious, has been a standard of excellence for over a decade. Rome "Slumberon," the mattress luxurious, is peer and companion to "De Luxe." This is assurance of its fundamental quality—its authentic value.

The Rome Ensemble—bed, bedspring with tailored *cover, and mattress—is the last word in modern equipment for tranquil and refreshing sleep, plus that *something more* which justifies pride of possession.

* Broadcasting from the University of Pittsburgh, after an investigation of bedding equipment, H. M. Johnson, Ph. D., of the Mellon Institute, pronounced in favor of the open coil bedspring with tailored cover; and T. H. Swan, Ph. D., of the same Institute, spoke of the "aesthetic and hygienic value" of coil bedsprings with covers.

ROME PATENTED
UNITS-OF-FOUR
HINGE-TIED
INNER SPRING
COIL
CONSTRUCTION

The ROME Company, Inc.

CHICAGO • NEW YORK • BOSTON • BALTIMORE • ROME, N. Y. • SAN FRANCISCO

Featured by KROEHLER DEALERS

New 1931 Kroehler designs

Kroehler has designed three new living room suites that definitely establish three new peaks in both style and value. Superseding all previous Kroehler achievements, these colorful, comfortable davenports and chairs tower above all other furniture values.

Inspect these new Kroehler Suites during National Home Furnishing Style Show Week (September 26 to October 4). Verify these new super-values. You will find them dominating the Style Shows of your leading furniture stores.

Reflecting the faultless taste of America's foremost furniture builder, these new Kroehler Suites challenge comparison with the most costly furniture in new beauty—in new style—in new coverings of rich, lasting mohair. They challenge, too, in durability. Non-warping frames of finest hardwood! The famous Kroehler Spring Steel Underconstruction! Only Kroehler with tremendous volume production can build this proved quality into furniture selling at such reasonable prices.

The three Kroehler suites illustrated are typical of the many smart new Kroehler styles that will delight you at your local Furniture Style Shows. The name of your nearest Kroehler dealer will be gladly sent upon request—also an authoritative book on home decoration, "Enjoyable Living Rooms by Kroehler."

KROEHLER MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
or STRATFORD, CANADA

Factories at: Chicago, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Kankakee, Ill.; Bradley, Ill.; Dallas, Tex.; Binghamton, N. Y.; Los Angeles, Calif.; San Francisco, Calif.; Cleveland, Ohio. *Canadian Factories:* Stratford, Ont., and Montreal, Que.

Custom-made Suite
No. 937—2 pieces—$230

(At left) No. 937—Kroehler's finest quality. Luxurious serpentine front sofa and lounge chair to match. Covered all around in rich, green mohair. Reversible cushions of jacquard moquette. May also be had in a choice of many other attractive mohair colors and in tapestry. The two pieces, $230. Arm chair to match to complete three-piece suite, $77.00. $230

Standard Quality Suite
No. 244—2 pieces—$150

(At left below) No. 244—Typical two-piece suite from the Standard Quality group. Large sofa of extended front design and extra deep cushioning. Smart button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich taupe mohair with reversible cushions of colorful jacquard moquette. Same suite available in many beautiful colors of mohair and in tapestry. The two pieces priced at only $150. Extra chair to harmonize, where three pieces are desired, $48.50. $150

Sterling Quality Suite
No. 443—2 pieces—$190

(Above) No. 443—A super-value at the moderate price quoted. Large davenport and matching button-back chair. All-around covering of ashes of roses mohair, with harmonizing, colorful figured jacquard moquette on reversible cushions. Also available in other colors of mohair and in tapestry. Two pieces, only $190. Extra matching chair to complete a three-piece suite where desired, $63.00. . . . . $190

All prices are cash prices
All prices slightly higher in Western Canada

Davenport Beds with Any Suite
No. 1244—2 pieces, $180 No. 1443—2 pieces, $220 No. 1937—2 pieces, $250

KROEHLER

LIVING ROOM FURNITURE & DAVENPORT BEDS

(Continued from Page 122)

And next, Sue Swale and John Scarlet were in the office. The light was growing dim, but Jeff could see the flush upon John Scarlet's face. He was scowling and his hands were clenched and Susan Swale was standing just behind him, calm, aloof. She had told him everything—Jeff Pingree could see that—and now she stood there, watching.

"Well, go ahead," said Sue. "It won't do any good."

John turned upon her as though they were alone. "You love me, don't you?" he said. "You said you did."

"Keep your voice down," said Susan Swale. "What difference does it make?"

"If you love me," said John Scarlet, "do you think I'll let you go?"

"John," said Susan Swale, "I wish you wouldn't shout."

"Look here," John Scarlet said. "Who do you think you are? The royal family? Why should your father put on airs? He's a citizen in a small town just the same as us. You know that everybody's laughing at him. You've told me so yourself. Is he crazy? What's the matter with my loving you, I want to know?"

"John," said Susan Swale, "won't you please be quiet?"

"No, I won't," John Scarlet said. "And you needn't be so high and mighty, Sue. I made you say you loved me."

"Really," said Susan Swale, "I don't know why I did."

"Pingree," said John Scarlet, "she loves me. Do you hear?"

"Yes," said Jeff Pingree. "Yes. I hear. Sit down. You, Sue, sit over here. You needn't holler so."

John Scarlet sat down clumsily and mopped his forehead, and Jeff knew the way he felt, bewildered and utterly alone.

"Mr. Pingree," John Scarlet said, "I don't know what to do. I didn't know she loved me."

Susan's lips curled upward and her voice was very low. "I wish to goodness I hadn't told you that," she said.

"Mr. Pingree"—John Scarlet mopped his forehead again—"she won't let me see the old man. You're his lawyer. You've got to see him for me."

"Well," Jeff Pingree said, and he put his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, "what do you want to say?"

"I want to ask him what he's got against me." There was something hopeless in John Scarlet's voice. "I can look after Sue."

Jeff Pingree cleared his throat. "Now, John," he said, "there's no use getting hot about it. You're all right, but you're different from the Swales."

"Why am I different?" John Scarlet said. "We've always lived in town."

"Yes," Jeff Pingree said. "But you and I, John, we're different from the Swales."

"Why?" said John Scarlet. "I tell you I don't see."

"John," said Sue, "there isn't any use. Didn't I say I promised?"

"And it doesn't mean a thing," John Scarlet said. "Can't you see that? Your father's got ideas, Sue—haven't you laughed about 'em?"

"Yes," said Sue, "but I'm not laughing now. John, you'd better go." Sue was stronger than he was, even in his anger. For a moment her voice was like the voice of Dennis speaking, and anyone could tell that she was sending him away. "I said I loved you," said Sue Swale, "and now you'd better go."

"Look here," John Scarlet said. "Don't put on airs with me. That's all over now."

"John," said Sue, "I don't want you to come home with me. I'm telling you to go."

It might have been Dennis speaking, because Sue had her pride, like all the Swales.

"All right," said John Scarlet. "That's enough. I'm through with you, Sue Swale."

"Good-by, John," said Sue.

For a moment she stood listening to his footsteps on the stairs and then the door slammed, making the floor shake. Then Jeff Pingree felt her eyes were on him and he turned to look. Her lips were trembling and her dress was crumpled like a faded flower.

"Well," said Sue, "that's that."

"I wish it was," said Jeff, "but it isn't anything at all."

Then Jeff did not know how it happened, but her head was on his shoulder and her arms were around his neck. It was horrible to see her crying because something had snapped inside her and her whole body shook with sobbing.

"Jeff," Sue Swale was saying, "you've got to take me home."

They did not speak a single word as they walked up the street; it was dusk by then and the street lights were on and the moths were flying about them, white against the darkness of the trees. Jeff Pingree had the feeling that everyone was watching and that everybody knew.

Sue Swale turned toward him as they reached the great front door. It stood framed in its carved arch with its tarnished eagle knocker, and the leaves of the ivy on the bricks were whispering in the wind.

"Don't tell about it, will you, please?" she said.

Then they were in the hall where the lamp on the table was already lighted, and the shadows of the hall seemed to close about them eagerly, and the portraits of the Swales were staring at them from the shadows—sharp-nosed men and stern-faced women aloof in ancient vanity.

Sue's mother was standing in the hall. She was in a black silk dress with ugly, dowdy lines. She had given up trying to be beautiful years ago. Her face was harshly wrinkled, almost bitter, but her eyes were brightly suspicious and there was a bitterness to her voice, though it was hardly more than a whisper.

"Sue," she said, "what's your father been up to now?"

"Nothing, mamma," said Sue.

"Sue," said Mrs. Swale, "what's the matter?"

"There's nothing," said Sue. "Nothing."

"Oh!" she said. "It's John Scarlet, is it?"

"No, mamma," said Sue.

"Then go upstairs," said Mrs. Swale, "and wash your face. I want to speak to Mr. Pingree. Pingree, you come here."

Then they were in the parlor, standing in the dusk, and Mrs. Swale had closed the door. The parlor was musty and very still. There were mirrors behind gilded chandeliers which seemed to be shining from the light of vanished candles. In the dusk there was a great teakwood cabinet which some Swale had brought back from the China trade, and figures of little men and animals, carved upon it, seemed to be walking in the dusk.

"Pingree," said Mrs. Swale, "what's Dennis been up to now?"

"Nothing, ma'am," Jeff Pingree said. "Nothing that I can say."

"He's shut in the library," said Mrs. Swale. "Sue's been crying. Do you think I am a fool?"

"No," said Jeff. "I won't say that. You're a smart woman, Mrs. Swale."

Her eyes kept darting back at him from the wrinkles of her face. "Pingree," she said, "I'm too smart for you. What's Dennis been up to? Is it about John Scarlet?"

"Ma'am," said Jeff Pingree, "everything is confidential. There's nothing I can say."

"I saw it coming," said Mrs. Swale. "The preposterous old fool!"

"Now, don't say that, ma'am," Jeff Pingree said. "Dennis is all right. He's proud, that's all."

Then Mrs. Swale laughed harshly. It was shocking to hear her laugh. "Don't I know about the Swales? Don't I know he's going mad?" she said.

"Now, ma'am," said Jeff, "he isn't going mad. He just keeps thinking of the Swales."

"Yes," said Mrs. Swale. "You can't forget 'em in this place. After all, who are the Swales?"

"Really, ma'am," Jeff Pingree said, "I should think you ought to know."

And still her eyes were on him, and she laughed again and it wasn't right to hear her laughing.

"Yes," she said, "I know. One of them was a Puritan and one of them was a pirate. And the rest of them were tradesmen. But what have they ever done?"

"Done?" said Jeff Pingree. "Why, ma'am, they've been here three hundred years, or mighty close to that."

"Look here," said Mrs. Swale, "that's enough of that, Jeff Pingree. I've lived on legends long enough. They make me sick—you understand?"

"Ma'am," said Jeff, "I didn't mean——"

Suddenly she seized his arm and Jeff Pingree started because her touch seemed cold as ice. "He's ruined my life," she said, "but he shan't ruin hers."

"Now, ma'am," said Jeff, "you can't stop Dennis. He's a devil when he doesn't get his way."

Jeff Pingree walked down the hall and opened the great front door. The hinges creaked and the evening breeze came in fresh upon his face. A feeling came over him, as it often had before, when he stood upon the doorsill looking across the lawn, that he was glad to go. There was a sensation of something just behind his back. The tall clock was ticking on the landing where the stairs went upward in a graceful curve, and everywhere there was a sense of waiting. Old loves, old hates were pulsing through the air, like the whisperings of a hundred secrets. With the slamming of the door, the whisperings seemed to rise into a shout, and the whole shape of the house was distorted in the dusk into unreality.

He could remember when he was a little boy, barefoot in overalls, peering through the bars of the high white fence before the Swales' front lawn. An old man, his grandfather, was with him, leaning on a cane. His grandfather had started as a cabin boy and ended as a mate back in the China trade.

"It's the Swale Mansion," his grandfather was saying. "There ain't no house like it in the county. Look at the garden hedge; it came from England. Look at the carvings; shipwrights made them. Captain Daniel Swale built it out of privateering money and I've seen him. Yes, sir, I've seen him; a little man with a face like a stone. They're harsh gentlemen, the Swales."

The shadow of the elm trees was like a black veil upon the roof, and all the old stories Jeff had heard seemed to gather like old goblins in those shadows. There were stories of men playing cards for gold, of coaches with silver-studded harness.

Then the bell of the old First Church was ringing, striking out the hour of seven o'clock as Jeff Pingree walked down the path toward the street. The street lights were glowing through the elm trees, and now and then a motor car would pass, throwing rivulets of light upon the lawn, and, as he walked, the bell was striking in time with his slow steps.

"Swale," the bell was saying, "Swale, Swale, Swale."

Jeff Pingree's mind was in a narrow channel as he approached the street. He was not aware that anyone was near him until he opened the front gate.

"Here!" said Jeff Pingree. "What are you doing here?"

It was John Scarlet. He was a bulky shape in the half light, and the light upon his face gave it a curious whiteness.

"I've come to see Swale," John Scarlet said.

"The more fool you!" said Jeff Pingree. "You can't see Swale."

"You watch me," John Scarlet said. "I'm going up to slam that knocker and have a talk with Swale."

"Now, John," Jeff Pingree said, "don't go off half cocked."

"You're afraid of him, aren't you?" John Scarlet said. "Listen, Mr. Pingree. Why is everyone in town afraid of this place? Do they think it's full of ghosts?"

"Yes," said Jeff Pingree, "that's what. It's full of ghosts."

"It's full of rubbish," John Scarlet said. "I'll tell Swale what I think of it tonight."

It wasn't right, Jeff Pingree always said, and John Scarlet wasn't himself that night, and Dennis was too old for a scene like that.

"No, you don't," Jeff Pingree said. "John Scarlet, you go home."

"You're an old man," John Scarlet said. "You step aside. This is my business, not yours, Mr. Pingree. I've got to do something, I tell you. Don't you see I love her?" And somehow all the loves and hates of Haven's End and all the vain desire and all the pain came into John Scarlet's voice like a wave that seemed to break against a rock.

"No, you don't," Jeff Pingree said. "Don't you lay a hand on me or I'll summon you for assault! Don't you lay a hand on me——"

Then they were wrestling on the lawn. That was the only way Jeff Pingree could describe it.

"You old fool!" John Scarlet said. "Won't you get away?"

And suddenly Jeff Pingree felt as dry as dust and all his thoughts seemed old and wrinkled.

"You won't go there," Jeff Pingree said. "You take your hands off me."

He could not see plainly as they were wrestling on the lawn, because his mind was filled with the indignity of it. John Scarlet was gripping him by the shoulders when, suddenly, his hands fell away as if the whole thing had been a dream.

"Hey!" John Scarlet said. "Who's that?"

Neither of them had noticed what had happened. Jeff Pingree always remembered that everything was so sudden, that there was no beginning.

He turned toward the gate following John Scarlet's glance and then he stood like John Scarlet, motionless and staring. A motor had drawn up to the sidewalk and a man was standing before it. It was one of those long runabouts, covered with nickel trimmings. Jeff Pingree remembered that there was a bag and golf clubs tied to the trunk rack, but he was looking at the man.

He was tall, Jeff Pingree remembered, and thin. In the dusk there was an opulence and cool authority such as our town once had a hundred years ago. There was an air of insolence and faint amusement, as that stranger spoke, but somehow the voice was familiar.

"Excuse me," he was saying, "do you hear me now?"

"Hey?" said Jeff Pingree. "What's that?" The stranger's face was in the shadow, but Jeff knew he was amused.

"This is an eccentric place," the stranger said.

"Hey?" said Jeff Pingree. He was feeling a trifle dizzy; his dignity had left him on the lawn, but there was something he resented in the voice.

"I said eccentric," the stranger said. "It seemed perfectly natural to see you two sporting on the lawn. I'm sensitive to changes. Just as I came off the main road, I felt a strange miasma."

"Say," said John Scarlet, "what do you want?"

"Now you ask me," the stranger said, "could you tell me where a place is, called the Swale Mansion? That's the word, mansion, and I don't see any mansion here."

"Don't you?" John Scarlet said. "Well, this is Swale's house."

The stranger walked a little nearer, peering through the dusk, and then Jeff Pingree saw his face. The nose was long, the eyes were steady, the lips were set and narrow.

"Where is the Swale house?" the stranger said.

"There," Jeff Pingree pointed. "Don't you see it, mister, right there in the trees?"

"Really?" said the stranger. "Is that shack all it is?"

"How do you mean, a shack?" John Scarlet said.

"Excuse me," said the stranger. "Do you take a pride in it?" And then his tone became conversational, almost pleasant. "I thought it was a mansion, do you see? Are you interested in anticlimax?"

"Say," John Scarlet said, "are you trying to be funny?"

(Continued on Page 130)

THE TASTIEST MENUS ARE MADE WITH AN EYE TO COLOR

THE WOMAN who makes an art of hospitality (and that includes husbands!) knows the value of visualizing menus. Experience has taught her that colorful foods which are good to the eye are quite as good to the palate. And that is why she prefers the glass-packed products. Her own eyes can judge both color and quality *before* she buys. ● By keeping a variety of glass-packed foods on her shelves, making up a menu is little more for her than a matter of shuffling jars and glasses. With utter confidence in their goodness, she can choose for luncheon some wine-red beets and plump and tender lima beans . . . a glass of amber kumquat preserves for steaming Boston brown bread . . . and a jar of golden brandied fruits, to finish things off with a flourish. ● And she can be sure that the tempting colors of these glassed products will fulfil their promise of superior flavor. For glass protects and permanently preserves all the *original* luscious flavor of fine foods. And only the choicest foods *can* be packed in a glass container. It is the packer's challenge to his customer to inspect *in advance* what she buys. . . . Glass Container Association of America, 19 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

SEE WHAT YOU BUY
BUY IN GLASS

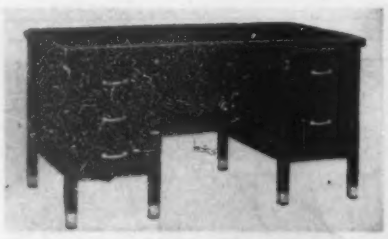
DESKS *designed for* Modern *business*

THE ART METAL DE LUXE DESK

NEVER before have executives and professional men been offered as fine a desk in steel as this. There is dignity in the massive proportions; exquisite beauty in the two-toned walnut finish; velvety smooth operation of the drawers.

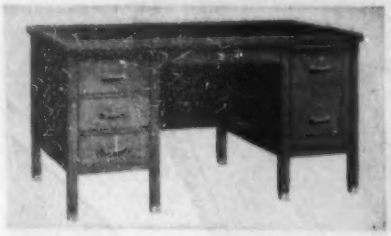
This desk is one unit of the Art Metal De Luxe Suite, which includes roll top desk, table, typewriter desk, file, wardrobe, telephone stand, costumer and waste basket.

A DESK PLANNED FOR BUSY MEN



THIS Art Metal "2600" Line Desk is specially planned for the convenience of busy men . . . from the "Artolin" top to the bronze footings with their Bakelite treads. The drawers glide in and out at a finger's touch. Compartments are adjustable to suit the individual user, and drawers are interchangeable. There is a complete line of desks available in Art Metal "2600" quality to meet the needs of executives and staff.

THE BIGGEST VALUE IN GENERAL CLERICAL DESKS



ONLY enormous production facilities could make this Art Metal "1500" line desk available at the price. It is Art Metal quality all the way through—the same fine steel construction; the perfect writing surface of washable "Artolin"; the interchangeable drawers; the automatic control lock; the solid bronze hardware; the handsome olive green or wood grain finishes; and, underneath, the strength of ageless steel.

Besides desks, Art Metal makes every type of office equipment—all built of enduring steel—all smoothly efficient. We shall be glad to supply catalogs on equipment for any type of business. Just check your requirements in the list below.

Some Prominent Art Metal Desk Users

Manhattan Life Ins. Co. New York
Elder Mfg. Co. St. Louis
East Ohio Gas Co. Cleveland
City of Boston Boston
Wheeling Steel Corp. Wheeling, W. Va.

☐ Desks ☐ Upright Unit Files
☐ Plan Files ☐ Counter Height Files
☐ Fire-Safes ☐ Horizontal Sectional Files
☐ Shelving ☐ Postindex Visible Files

Art Metal Construction Co., Jamestown, N. Y.
Branches and Agencies in 500 cities

Art Metal
STEEL OFFICE EQUIPMENT

(Continued from Page 128)

"No," the stranger said. "I've sense enough for that. It never works now, does it? I came here to find a palace and to marry the girl. And look at that, I ask you. I came to see the cradle of the race, and will you look at that?"

"Say," said Jeff Pingree, "who are you, mister?"

"Swale," the stranger said. "I'm Sinclair Swale." And then he began to laugh. And he was like all the Swales; his laughter was short and harsh, without a trace of humor.

"And there's the Swale Mansion," he said. "Does anyone live there named Dennis Swale? He must love fiction too." And he began to laugh again. It wasn't right, Jeff Pingree always said, to hear a Swale laughing at the Swale house. It was sacrilegious and unholy, the way he laughed, and all at once beneath his laughter the place seemed pitiably small. The trumpets were playing before the walls of Jericho, throwing shadows down.

Jeff Pingree could not speak. The shock of it was physical, almost like a blow which struck to the very heart of things. He could see why Sinclair Swale was laughing, and that was the worst of all. Suddenly all of Haven's End seemed as anyone might see it, forgotten and gone to seed, and crumbling to decay. Then Jeff Pingree started, because he heard John Scarlet speaking in the slow way of all the Scarlets, the very words he could not say.

"You ought to be ashamed," John Scarlet said. "You ought to know what's decent—stop that noise."

Though the light was very dim, it was clear that Sinclair Swale was smiling. Somehow he was like all the Swales. He was jesting with the Scarlets as the Swales had always jested. You might have thought he was a ghost, Jeff always said, rising from the dark to smile.

"Is this a lecture on etiquette?" inquired Sinclair Swale.

"Maybe it is," John Scarlet said, "and maybe it isn't, but I don't care. I live in this town, and no outsider laughs at it—like that—while I'm around. If you don't like it, keep it to yourself—and wait. I'm not as smart as you are, but I can shut your mouth. I haven't finished yet."

"Please," begged Sinclair Swale, "don't stop on my account."

"Don't worry. I won't." Against Sinclair's polite inflection, John Scarlet's voice had a surprising strength.

"I suppose," John Scarlet said, "there ought to be someone else here to tell you, but as there isn't, I'll do just as well. If my people built this house I wouldn't laugh at it. It's a good house, a fine house, and we've got fine houses in this town. No one could build a house like it now, and you ought to see that much. And I've traveled about some. I was over in the war, and I've seen other buildings, but none of them were better than this. I remember thinking of it often when I was away. And in case you want to know it, fine people have lived in this house and died here—ladies and gentlemen such as don't live now, perhaps. We've had 'em in this town. And the people who live there now are fine people—all of 'em too good for you. I never thought to be standing up for this house. I've never been inside of it except once, but I know this. It's too good for you—and now get off this lawn!"

Sinclair Swale had been listening, as though in polite absorption. "Are you through?" he asked.

"Yes, I'm through," John Scarlet said. "I'm waiting for you to move."

Sinclair Swale drew his hands very slowly from the side pockets of his coat, and stood very still, but there was a tenseness in his stillness.

"I've got another suggestion," Sinclair said. "Now we're on the subject—suppose you get out of here yourself."

And then another voice broke in, so suddenly that all of them were startled.

"Just a minute." Dennis Swale was speaking. He was not ten feet away, bareheaded, leaning on his cane, and his words were almost gentle. "I'm here now, John." Jeff Pingree always said that you could only guess. You could not tell how long Dennis had been there, or what he might have heard, because he gave no sign. He simply stood stiffly formal, looking at Sinclair Swale, a stout small shadow of a man, but for some reason no one spoke. Dennis moved two paces forward and peered intently through the dusk.

"You've got our nose," he said. "You're Sinclair Swale. Don't apologize. I said I'd expect you any time."

All the Swales had manners. If that young man was ill at ease he did not show it.

"I thought I'd be here early in the afternoon," he explained. "I thought I should put up at some inn until morning, you see, but when I found I was right in front of your house. . . . Hadn't I better wait till morning?"

"Don't apologize," old Dennis said. "A Swale is welcome any time, day or night. Shall we come in? Pingree, I want you too. John Scarlet, where are you going? I want you to come in. It isn't every night we see a Swale."

"Thank you," said John Scarlet. "It's getting late. Maybe I'd better be ——"

"No, you don't," said Dennis Swale. Suddenly he seemed childishly garrulous. "No, you don't. You found him, John. You've got to show him in. A Swale is welcome day or night. Come in where there's light. I want to see you better, Sinclair Swale."

There was no way of telling what Dennis Swale had heard, but he must have known that he was cruel then. There was no need of asking John Scarlet to the house, except to gratify a sinister dislike, and to see John Scarlet's pain.

There was something unholy in Dennis' triumph, once they stood inside the hall, where the lamp on the side table showed the lines on every face.

"Here we are," said Dennis Swale. "Pingree, close the door."

Dennis' lips were twisted in a thin, impervious smile, and his eyes were very clear. He rubbed his hands softly on the gold head of his cane, and gazed at Sinclair Swale. All the world seemed shut out, once Jeff had closed the door. In the shadows on the landing where the white stairs curved the tall clock was ticking in its slow even way, and that noise was time itself, moving evenly in a great unbroken stream. The hall and everything in it seemed a part of that level cadence, once Jeff had closed the door, and a new vividness came over everything with that dull steady sound, and everything seemed centered around that stranger, Sinclair Swale.

He was standing with his back to the row of portraits. He was looking up the stairs and frowning slightly, as though some thought had disturbed him, but it was natural to see him standing there. There was life in him like the life of all that house, an ease, an elegance. Jeff Pingree could never describe it. He always said that you might think, once you saw him, that all the talk about the Swales was true. White buckskin shoes, white broadcloth trousers, lean hands half hidden in the pockets of his double-breasted coat, the lean watchful face, the sharp eyes, the thin lips—they all contrived to make a timeless memory of something else, and he seemed to be all the Swales.

Dennis was the first who spoke, almost as though he did not know that he was speaking. "It's the blood," said Dennis Swale. "I'm glad to see a gentleman again."

Before Sinclair Swale could answer, John Scarlet stepped heavily toward the door. "Mr. Swale," he said, "I've got to be going now."

"No, you don't," said Dennis quickly, "no, you don't. This is Mr. Scarlet, Mr. Swale. The Scarlets have always been in town—yes, always. Sue"—he raised his voice—"where are you, Sue? Here's your cousin, Sinclair Swale!"

"Mr. Swale," John Scarlet said, "I guess I don't belong here ——"

(Continued on Page 133)

WRITING *is their* JOB . . .
and they choose the CORONA
as 7 out of 10 *successful writers do . . .*

DAMON RUNYON, who, in his own words, was "the first sporting writer to carry a Corona portable typewriter into a big league press stand." He adds, "In a few months they all had them, and you rarely see a sports writer without his faithful Corona."

AT RIGHT

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE, collie and all. "I have six Coronas," he reports. "I have never owned any other kind of typewriter, except one which I used for a day, and then discarded."

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE, author of "The Trembling Flame," "Speaking of Women," and many other novels, considers the Corona "an indispensable part of my equipment."

EVERYONE has writing of some kind to do. Here's ALICE LOCKWOOD ANDREWS, teacher in the Benjamin School for Girls and graduate student at Columbia. She says, "Nine years ago, when I was an inexperienced teacher in Monona, Iowa, I started to use a Corona, and it has been on the job ever since."

"Most of the famous writers that I know prepare their manuscripts on a Corona portable typewriter."

This statement was recently made by the editor-in-chief of one of America's greatest magazines.

Thousands of typewritten stories and articles cross his desk every year. The most successful authors and journalists are among his contributors. And his acquaintance extends to almost the entire literary world of America.

And yet he is unable to name many writers of note who do not use a Corona!

Endures hard use

Why? Simply because the Corona stands up (on its own four feet, too—not on the bottom of its case) to the hard use that professional writers give it.

Anyone can operate a Corona, and there is no need for anyone to know how to mend it, because it never gets out of order. Its construction is simpler than that of any other portable typewriter, and yet, without being a miniature edition of a big typewriter, it can do everything a big typewriter can do.

And some things a big typewriter can't—such as harmonize with the furnishings of a library or a bedroom, occupy a small space, fit into a case and be carried about. Many attractive colors.

Small down payment

Try a Corona for a week, free of charge. Your dealer will gladly lend you one. Ask him about the easy payment plan. Corona is now supplied in three models:

CORONA SPECIAL, $39.50 (the compact folding typewriter)

CORONA STANDARD, $60.00 (with four-row, single-shift keyboard)

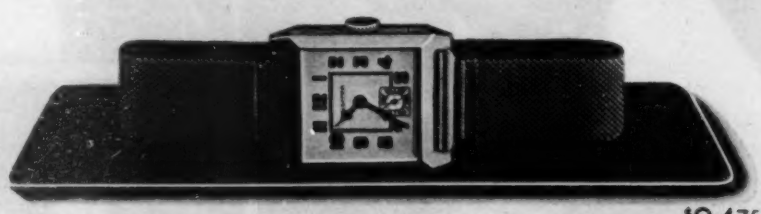
CORONA PROFESSIONAL, $65.00 (with tabulating key)

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC 1826 New York Life Building, 51 Madison Ave., New York City.

BULOVA *Watches*

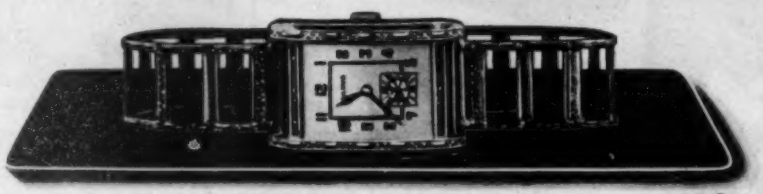
BERNICE: 15-jewel movement; smart model; beautifully engraved case $24.75

MISS AMERICA: 15-jewel; 4 simulated sapphires or emeralds; flexible bracelet $37.50



ENVOY: 15-jewel movement; radium dial; woven mesh band to match . . $24.75

GLADIATOR: 17-jewel; radium dial; smartly engraved; flexible bar-link band $42.50



PRESIDENT: 17-jewel; curved to fit the wrist; smartly engraved; link band . $50.00

Abreast of Fashion... In step with Time

IF timekeeping dependability in a watch is as important to you as beauty and individuality—then the new BULOVA models now being shown by your jeweler will doubly appeal to you!

With handsome flexible bracelets or bands to match, each BULOVA timepiece presents a complete ensemble, admirably expressing the fashion of the day. Whether you pay $25 or $2500—each is a dependable timepiece—for BULOVA watches vary in price *only* as they vary in design.

BULOVA WATCH COMPANY, Fifth Avenue, New York . . . In Canada: Sterling Tower, Toronto

300 times a day, broadcasting stations nationwide send Bulova Time Signals into the air—a fitting service to a nation of busy people!

LISTEN NIGHTLY FOR BULOVA RADIO TIME ANNOUNCEMENTS

(Continued from Page 130)

And then he stopped. He seemed to have forgotten what he was saying. Sue Swale was coming down the stairs, but John Scarlet's eyes were fixed on Sinclair Swale. He must have seen him change, because anyone with half an eye could see. His faint amusement and aloofness left him, and a surprised intentness took their place. For a moment one could read his thoughts as easily as John Scarlet's, though Sinclair did not speak.

"You're beautiful," he was saying. "Oh, Lord, you're beautiful!"

Although he did not speak, Sue must have understood him, for she smiled at him serenely, unembarrassed by his stare.

"Yes," she seemed to say, "I know I am. Tell me—didn't you ever think of that?" And anyone could tell he had not thought of that, but only for a moment, and then his face was still, and his smile was faultless, formal and polite.

"Hello," said Sue.

"Why—hello," said Sinclair Swale.

Then their hands met and their glances met, and then Sue Swale was laughing. "Why are you so surprised?" she asked.

"Sue!" It was John Scarlet speaking in a hoarse, choked voice, and Dennis Swale turned toward him.

"Don't interrupt them, John," he said. "Don't they make a pretty couple standing by the stairs?"

"Look here," John Scarlet answered, "if you think I'm going to stay ——"

"Yes," said Dennis Swale, "I think you're going to stay. Look at them. Do you think she likes him, John?"

Dennis knew what he was doing. There was no doubt of that, and he was taking pleasure in his knowledge. There was a ring of modulated voices. Over everything was a suavity and ease that was bright like burnished metal, and politeness in a shimmering veil seemed to cover John Scarlet's anger and his pain. There was a perfection which John Scarlet must have felt, which made him dull and clumsy, impotent of thought and speech—and all the while Dennis Swale was watching.

"He's got manners—don't you think?" murmured Dennis Swale. Words, polite and musical, were drifting through the hall, and as Sue Swale stood talking John Scarlet must have seen that she was jewel-like and unattainable for him, vanishing like a filmy cloud blowing out to sea.

"You know," Sinclair was saying, "this reminds me of an English house. It has the same *patine*."

Through the curtain of those words Sue Swale looked up and caught John Scarlet's glance, and then she looked away, back at Sinclair Swale.

"You're beautiful"—anyone could see his thoughts running through his words—"oh, Lord, you're beautiful."

"Manners," murmured Dennis softly. "yes, we have 'em still." Then he raised his voice. "Sue," he said, "bring the lamp. There are some things I want to show him. Come along, John, I want to show you too. There're the portraits and the silver. Have you ever seen them, John?"

Dennis Swale was off. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to show the treasures of the Swales.

He stood pompously erect, stirred to pedantic eloquence.

"Father ——" began Sue.

"I know," said Dennis, "you always try to stop me. I want Sinclair to see." And he pointed to the even line of the pictures on the wall. And then, Jeff Pingree always said, they seemed to be surrounded by blurred, smoky faces of the Swales. "That old one"—Dennis' voice kept running through one's thoughts, and surely no one listened carefully, but he was used to that. "There's Col. Richard Swale, who came from Norwich with the first plantation. He was the town's first magistrate. He had a Scarlet whipped once. Did you ever know that, John? And there's his son. The paint is cracking badly. And there's his grandson, Michael Swale, at the age of ten. He ran away to sea."

"Now I know where I got my nose," murmured Sinclair Swale.

"And there's Pierre Levesser, a collateral branch. He was married to a Swale. Distinguished, don't you think? And there's his wife—a trifle hard, but beautiful; yes, beautiful. They were married in the old First Church. Every hour you can hear their wedding bell. And there's Captain Daniel Swale, the privateersman, and his wife. I'll show you his ships in the library. Copley did them both."

His voice was all about them, as they walked along, and Jeff Pingree wished that he would stop. Sinclair Swale was walking beside him—cynical, polite, glancing carelessly at the pictures, but always back to Sue, and anyone could tell he was not listening.

"And here's the silver," Dennis was saying. "Those tankards were the second Richard's—English made."

"He must have been a heavy drinker," Sinclair said. "We're always too intense. Don't you think so, Cousin Sue?"

"Those bowls," said Dennis Swale, "were taken off a British man of war. Those jars came from the China trade."

"Beautiful," said Sinclair, and he looked at Susan Swale.

"And here"—old Dennis was holding a bottle in his hand—"this is Madeira. It traveled in a ship's hold to Charleston and then back. It's the last bottle. Shall we take it in the library? Get the glasses, Sue."

"I'll help," said Sinclair Swale. "I'm always fond of glass."

Dennis touched John Scarlet's arm. He had seen him move toward Sue. He had watched him all the while. "Let him help her, John," he said. "Will you please come with me?"

As they were walking down the hall, Jeff Pingree heard a voice.

"The old school," Sinclair Swale was saying, "and very nicely done."

Then they were in the library, Jeff and John Scarlet and Dennis Swale. The light from a lamp on the center table could not drive the shadows from the rows of books. The oil paintings of the Swale ships were very dim, and the air was musty with cigar smoke and old leather. Dennis glanced slowly about the room and smiled, and moved slowly toward the fireplace and stood upon the hearth.

"John," said Dennis, "how do you like the house?"

John Scarlet turned and faced him. "I stood and took my whipping, Mr. Swale," he said.

"Out on the lawn"—Dennis did not appear to hear him—"you stood up for this place. I heard you. Why did you do that?"

"Mr. Swale," John Scarlet answered, "I know why you brought me in—to show me that I'm not fit to be here. You wanted her to see me beside—him. Well, I stood and took my whipping."

"That's enough," said Dennis quickly. "Be quiet. Here they come."

Sue came first with a silver tray and glasses, and Sinclair Swale, who was just behind her, had an enigmatic look. Sue's face was flushed and her chin was high. Anyone could tell what had happened. Sinclair Swale had not been afraid to touch.

PHOTO. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

"Fill the glasses, Sue," said Dennis, and he stepped forward from the hearth.

"No," said Sue, "I won't."

"Let me," said Sinclair Swale.

"Yes," said Dennis, "let him, Sue."

Then Jeff Pingree became aware of something. Dennis was standing beside the mantel, short and stout, holding his wineglass in his fingers, but he was no longer a garrulous old man in a broken-down old house. Suddenly he was urbane and cool. He had been playing with them all the time. His will had made them move. As he moved forward with his wineglass in his fingers, Sinclair Swale seemed young and callow.

"I hope you've liked my house," said Dennis, and all the wrinkles deepened about his eyes and the corners of his mouth.

Then that young man was looking at him as though he had just seen Dennis Swale, and he must have caught some hidden shade of meaning. "I wouldn't have missed this for the world," he said.

"Neither would I," said Dennis. "Here's to you, Sinclair Swale."

Their glasses touched, and Dennis set his glass upon the table.

"I hope," he said, "you've nothing to complain of. I've tried—please believe me—I've tried to give you a pleasant memory."

Sinclair Swale raised his eyebrows. There was something about it that was out of his experience, something out of tune. He was searching for an answer to a riddle, but Dennis gave no answer.

"Complain?" laughed Sinclair Swale. "I've never had a better time."

Dennis sighed and nodded. "I'm glad," he said. "I'm sorry you must be going. We don't have much good company."

"But I'm not going," cried Sinclair Swale. "Don't worry about that!"

Dennis' voice became harsh and flat. "Yes," he said, "you're going. Yes, you're going now."

"But why?" cried Sinclair Swale.

"Because I heard you laughing," Dennis said. "Thank God I heard you laughing. I asked you here. You've been here. Now you're going."

"But look here," cried Sinclair Swale, "I didn't mean ——"

"I don't care what you meant," said Dennis Swale. "You've been amused, and so have I. Pingree, Mr. Swale is going out. Will you show him down the hall?"

"Mr. Swale," Jeff Pingree said, "he wanted me to tell you something."

Dennis Swale was standing by the fireplace, his hands behind his back, and Susan and John Scarlet were by the window, side by side. It was curious to look at John Scarlet; he was thinking, but you could not tell what he thought. Something strange had happened, but Susan Swale was smiling at him, and she reached and touched his hand.

"Well," said Dennis, "what did he want to say?"

"He wanted me to tell you"—Jeff Pingree paused, because the whole place seemed unreal, and everything that had happened seemed impossible, until he looked at Dennis—"he wanted me to tell you that he was ashamed. Those were his words—ashamed."

"Good," said Dennis, mildly. "He was a nice young man. Pingree, I want you to draw a contract. We've been talking. There's paper on the desk. In the event of John Scarlet marrying my daughter—do you hear me, Pingree? I'm not dead yet—in the event of John Scarlet marrying my daughter, John Scarlet agrees to use his influence to divert the motor traffic as I may direct, and to cease dividing the common pasture into house lots. Scarlet understands. I told you we'd been talking, and they both agree—do you hear me, Pingree, they both agree—that their first male child shall take the name of Swale. There will be a Swale in this house—do you hear me?—after I am gone."

NEW easier way..

to clean furniture and woodwork

THERE'S nothing else like the Las-Stik Polishing Cloth, even at twice the price. Saves hours of work. Picks up dust. Doesn't scatter it.

To bring back original beauty to floors, woodwork, and furniture, simply wipe with Las-Stik Polishing Cloth. No greasy film. Harmless to finest finish. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Get one today. Get another for your car to remove mud and dust. In red, white, and blue metal can. If your dealer can't supply, we'll mail prepaid for 50c. The Las-Stik Manufacturing Co., Hamilton, Ohio.

Las-Stik 30¢ POLISHING CLOTH

Free To Every Woman this VALUABLE BOOK

How to Drape Your Windows

Send today for your free copy of this amazing $1.00 value book. 80 pages of interesting facts and beautiful illustrations answer every question regarding window draping and color harmony. With it as a guide, you can easily and economically plan the most simple or intricate decorative schemes—make your home the envy of every visitor. Simply send us your name and address and a copy will be mailed to you.

And when you receive the book—ask the nearest Kirsch Dealer to show you the world's finest line of drapery hardware.

Kirsch
DRAPERY HARDWARE

KIRSCH COMPANY
600 Prospect Ave., Sturgis, Michigan, U. S. A.

You may send me free the new book by Kirsch, "How to Drape Your Windows."

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

Built for Comfort!

Genuine black kid. Soft, easy fitting, comfortable. Strongly built for long wear. Placed-right Arch Support relieves ailments, ends pain. Snug-fitting heel, foot-conforming last. No wrinkled linings during life of shoe. Features you've long wanted at a price you know is right. Sizes 5 to 15. Ask your dealer.

$5 Pac. Count $5.50 Little more for sizes 11, 14, 15

M. T. SHAW, Inc.
Dept. 7, Coldwater, Mich.

Shoe Dealers write at once!

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

A color photograph

What grade is in the can? Here is your guide.

Grade 1

Sliced—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed—The same fine pineapple in crushed form—packed in the same rich syrup as above.

Tidbits (Salad Cuts)—Grade 1 slices cut into small, uniform sections—packed in the same rich syrup.

Grade 2

Also comes in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. Grade 2 syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

Grade 3

Broken slices packed in the same syrup as used in Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit is of good, wholesome quality.

Rich, ripe . . . dripping with golden juice. That's how DOLE pineapple comes to your table.

And there are *three* grades to choose from—DOLE 1, DOLE 2, DOLE 3—each with its number *stamped in the top of the can*. The new grade numbers (fully described in the column on the left) are a wonderful help in menu matters, for they let you know when you make the purchase exactly what grade of pineapple is inside the can—just the grade to fit your particular need.

"Give me some pineapple with the name DOLE stamped in the top of the can." *That's the accepted modern way of buying Hawaiian Pineapple.*

DOLE

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY

Honolulu, HAWAII *Sales Office:* 215 Market Street, San Francisco

This richly illustrated recipe booklet is yours for the asking

Let us send you "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden." It is a story book and a recipe book rolled into one. The story? A tale of far-off Hawaii and how James D. Dole started the Hawaiian Pineapple industry. The recipes? Unusual new ones—39 desserts, salads, main courses—prepared exclusively for this booklet.

© 1930 H. P. Co.

Mail to:
HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY *Dept. S-110*
215 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ S-110

PATENTS, PROFITS AND PIRATES

(Continued from Page 5)

Get the air away from it and it might work. Hence, the vacuum bulb. After many failures and many long hours of sleepless toil, I sent out and bought some cotton thread. We had succeeded pretty well with our vacuum. We carbonized the cotton thread.

"The lamp flared up with a beautiful light. 'Quick, quick, get the resistance,' I said to the boys, and we found that it was all that I wanted. We all sat down around that lamp and watched it burn. We hadn't slept two winks in several days, but there wasn't a man who wanted to sleep then. How long would it blaze? That question had more wakening power than all the black coffee in the world. The lamp blazed for forty-five hours, as I remember now, and I knew then that the great problem of lighting the world by incandescent light was solved.

"We then formed the Edison Illuminating Company, and raised money, and began to spread out. The light had awakened great public interest. Special trains were run to Menlo Park to bring the crowds of business men and sight-seers. I remember one night the aldermen of New York and men of big business like Mr. J. P. Morgan, father of the present financier of that name, came out.

"And a funny thing happened. A trouble maker came with them, determined to prevent a successful demonstration. That fellow brought along a little piece of heavy wire, and while the aldermen were looking at some lamps strung between two bare mains, the boob sneaked up and short-circuited the mains with his wire. He was about the most astonished man in the party when only three of the lights went out. You see, I had taken the precaution to put in several fine pieces of copper wire as fuses. The fellow was put out—not the lights."

Birth of the Great White Way

Mr. Edison, once aroused to reminiscences, can talk more interestingly than any other man I have ever interviewed. His natural wit and good humor serve him well as a conversationalist. He told with twinkling eyes and beaming face of the ups and downs he had in trying to popularize the incandescent light in the early days, and put it upon a paying basis. The installation and equipment of the first central supply station; the opening of executive and operative headquarters in a converted residence at 65 Fifth Avenue, right in the midst of the fashionable residence district of New York City in the early 80's; the trouble he had in finding workers who were canny in handling the current, who would not melt an oil can by placing it between two conductors, nor tackle a live wire with a screw driver; the time W. H. Vanderbilt came to see him about installing a plant in his palatial mansion on Fifth Avenue, and how Mrs. Vanderbilt nearly swooned when two wires got crossed and scorched the walls of her library—all these narratives, when Mr. Edison himself tells them from memory, lend a new romance even to the Great White Way as we see it today when the sun goes down in Jersey and Broadway grows vivid with incandescence.

"I don't get up to New York City often," he said, "but the few times I have been there in late years and witnessed the great spectacle of skyscrapers all aglow with millions of those bulb lights, there naturally comes to a man of my age a very fond memory of the first little lamp we turned on in that city some fifty years ago."

"And where was that very first light turned on?"

"Well, the first of all was turned on at 65 Fifth Avenue, which we rented for an office. The converted private residence was brilliantly lighted, and attracted crowds of people. But the first light from a central supply station was farther downtown. We opened that on the afternoon of September 4, 1882."

Newspapers of date of September 5, 1882, attest the infallibility of Mr. Edison's memory. Files of that date show front-page headlines such as this from The Sun: Edison's Light Turned On. There was little form or ceremony. The reporters found the man whom they had already dubbed Wizard of Menlo Park standing by his "Jumbo dynamos" and wearing a high-crowned derby hat and collarless shirt.

"That was down at 257 Pearl Street," said Mr. Edison. "We had several dynamos driven by direct-connected engines. Each could supply 1000 lamps. Only the Herald Building, which was then downtown, and thirty or forty merchant buildings were connected when we opened."

"Is it true that you served your first subscribers free?"

"Yes, we gave away the lights for the first three months, I believe."

"Was that because the public was skeptical, or because the cost of electric lights was higher than gas at the beginning?"

"Neither. We wanted to get experience before we loaded up the system to capacity; hence, no charge was made. When, later on, we began charging, the unit was sixteen candle power. The price was based on gas lighting—approximately the same as a gas burner. Then came the fullness of our day. Electric lighting was no longer just a trick for circus crowds. It was the biggest business in the world. But with its growth came the litigation—the pirates. I have already told of the great sums of money we spent to sustain my patents. Why, a college of technology could be founded with the funds we paid out in defense against infringement."

"Then came the movies. Did the pirates still pursue you?"

"Not so numerously; not so persistently; but, yes, they did," laughed Mr. Edison. "I believe I prefaced these remarks by saying that I am not in a complaining mood at this late day. Least of all do I hold any grievance against the fellows who are putting on the movies and the talkies. It is true that in the earlier stages of the kinetoscope and the vitascope, and later on when we started the talkies with the kinetophone, we had some litigation. I frankly acknowledge that on one of the patents I had filed claims that were a little too ambitious, too broad, and one of the courts threw us out. But we modified our claims and the patent was reissued to us, and the picture people recognized our rights and paid us royalties until the patents expired."

Persistence of Vision

"Now, concerning the origin and the gradual stages of development of motion pictures, there ought not to be the slightest disagreement or dispute. There is no misunderstanding among men of science; none among the screen folk, themselves; none in the minds of persons who have read the standard books on the art; and certainly none among the keepers of records in the United States patent office at Washington. The science is based upon what might be termed in layman language a frailty, or defect, of the human eye. The eye does not lose sight of an object the instant vision is intercepted. If I should place before your eye a photograph and then instantly shut off the range of sight, the impress of that photograph upon the retina of your eye and upon your brain would still remain for just a fraction of a second. Leave the explanation out of this interview, but you would still 'see' that vanished picture for a period of from one-tenth to one-seventh of a second.

"Now, suppose somebody—anybody—should devise a machine that will place before your eye, let us say, fifteen or twenty or even forty or many more photographs in a second of an object or person in motion. The eye is incapable of losing sight of the image in one position before another picture of the image in another fractional movement follows. Thus, by taking advantage of this delinquency of the eye, the illusion of motion is produced. We call this physiological phenomenon 'the persistence of vision,' and ever since it has been known—years, if not centuries ago—it has been within the reach of any man to invent motion pictures, with a great big if—if the photographs could be produced fast enough. Several men of inventive minds tackled it years before I did. But they were handicapped by having no known process of instantaneous photography. Anybody with the first tinge of gray about his temples will recall the time it used to take the old-time photographer to get his tintypes, or daguerreotypes, and how exasperated he would get when the baby gleefully kicked and gooed and simply would not 'be still and see the little birdie come out.' Well, what chance did those worthy pioneers in motion pictures have against such odds? The time hadn't come."

Making the First Movies

"Dry plates didn't come along until later, but many very creditable efforts to produce motion pictures had been made long before that. I believe Coleman Sellers and Henry R. Heyl, both identified with the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, went as far as it was humanly possible at that time—away back in the 60's and 70's—to realize upon the possibilities I have already described involved in the persistence of vision. They certainly deserve unstinted praise, and I believe Sellers got a patent on his machine, which he called a kinematoscope, and they actually staged a show of moving pictures in Philadelphia. Eadweard Muybridge, too, an enterprising photographer in California, undertook to settle a bet of $25,000 made by Leland Stanford, the famous horse fancier, that a trotting horse in motion, at some time of its convolutions, had all four feet off the ground. Muybridge made some progress in recording by photography several different positions of his horse. I think he placed several cameras in a row and set up strings so the horse would click the cameras. The whole story is fully told by Terry Ramsaye, himself a modern movie man, in his history of the picture industry.

"Frankly, I began working upon motion pictures after looking over the toy called a zoëtrope, or wheel of life. You can find them in any toy store. Pictures of a series of figures showing fractional parts of the motion of an object, like a boy skating, are put on a strip of paper. The paper is placed inside a cylinder. The cylinder is on a pivot and can be revolved. Then the figures on the paper seem to be in motion when viewed through the openings. My experiments with this philosophical toy are told in W. H. Meadowcroft's Boys' Life of Edison. Mr. Meadowcroft has long been my assistant in the laboratory.

"After prolonged experimentation, I concluded that if the art of producing motion pictures was ever to be reduced to practice and commercialized, a camera would have to be made possessing these features:

First. A single lens viewing the scene from a single and fixed point of view, like the human eye, instead of using several lenses as others had done.

Second. A long, tapelike sensitive film moving intermittently with respect to the lens and rapidly enough to utilize persistence of vision.

Third. A shutter for instantaneously exposing the film at each minute period of rest.

"All these essential features were finally worked out in the laboratory, and it was absolutely the first machine for taking motion pictures ever put together which

(Continued on Page 137)

A
LIFE-SAVER
for old Paint Brushes

Savabrush has been doing this life-saving trick so long and so well, it really deserves a Carnegie medal. No matter how far-gone a paint brush may be, Savabrush can restore it. Loosens the paint, varnish, shellac or enamel—sends new life coursing through the bristles—puts Mr. Hopeless Brush back into use!

A 10¢ carton of Savabrush has enough overnight-magic in it to save two brushes.

At paint and hardware stores everywhere! If your dealer is not supplied, send us 10¢ and we'll mail you a package postpaid. Schalk Chemical Co., 349 East Second St., Los Angeles.

SAVABRUSH

The Jones Family
Announces the Opening of the 48th Season for the national distribution thru the JONES DEALERS of

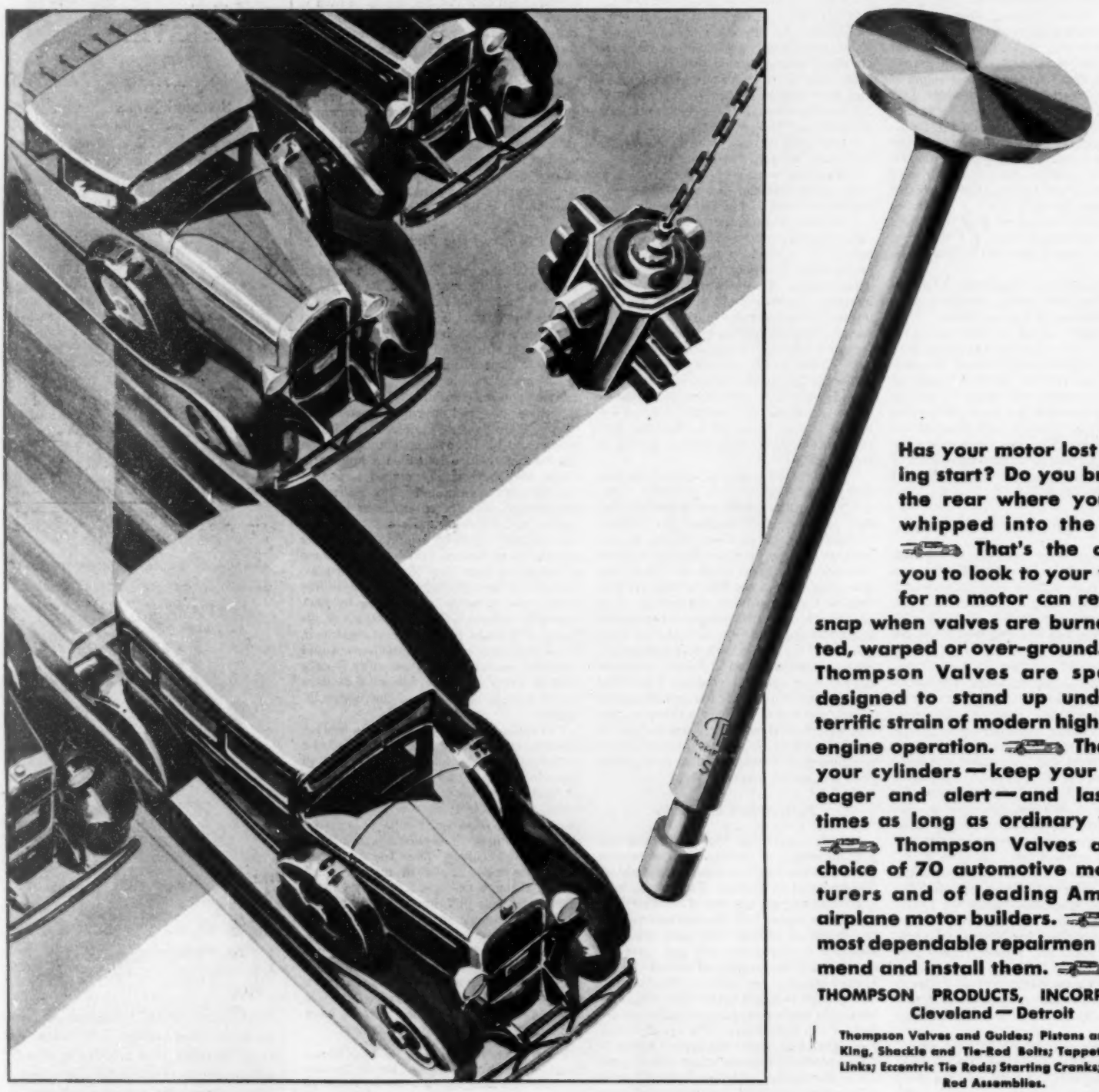
JONES
DAIRY FARM
SAUSAGE

NOW READY
at the better class markets.

Made from corn-and-milk-fed young pork and pure spices—Jones Dairy Farm Sausage is a *primary product* which means that all the loins and other "choice cuts" are used in making it just as Milo and "Aunt Sally" Jones made it nearly 100 years ago.
SHIPPED DAILY FRESH FROM THE FARM.

JONES DAIRY FARM
Fort Atkinson, Wis.
In the heart of Wisconsin's great dairy country—owned and operated by the Jones Family since 1834.

DO YOU FLASH AHEAD OR STRAGGLE BEHIND



Has your motor lost its flying start? Do you bring up the rear where you once whipped into the lead? That's the cue for you to look to your valves, for no motor can retain its snap when valves are burned, pitted, warped or over-ground. Thompson Valves are specially designed to stand up under the terrific strain of modern high-speed engine operation. They seal your cylinders — keep your motor eager and alert — and last four times as long as ordinary valves. Thompson Valves are the choice of 70 automotive manufacturers and of leading American airplane motor builders. The most dependable repairmen recommend and install them.

THOMPSON PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED
Cleveland — Detroit

Thompson Valves and Guides; Pistons and Pins; King, Shackle and Tie-Rod Bolts; Tappets; Drag Links; Eccentric Tie Rods; Starting Cranks; Brake-Rod Assemblies.

Thompson Valves

(Continued from Page 135)

embraced the requirements for the ultimate and permanent success of the enterprise. And, even then, my pictures were far from perfect. There was too much flicker. Honestly, I was puzzled and a little bit disgusted. I won't say discouraged, for I had trained myself from boyhood never to get discouraged over anything whatever. In fact, I have always had my doubts about anything that worked well the first time."

"How did you get rid of the flicker?"

"About that time a man named Armat—Thomas Armat, now a wealthy and prominent resident of Washington, D. C.—came along with a remedy for that flicker trouble. Finally, I said to him, 'All right, Armat, come along with your ideas, and we'll put yours with mine and perfect the darn thing'—and we did. Armat's help had to do with the projection of the picture. My camera for taking the pictures was sound in every particular."

Having consulted Mr. Armat upon the part he played, I am authorized to quote him as saying this:

Yes, my help had to do with the method of projection. When Mr. Edison produced his perforated film, his camera and his kinetoscope, he produced the first machine of any kind, direct vision or otherwise, for producing actual scenes over an unlimited period of time, and, as a matter of fact, he left very little else to be done.

"George Eastman contributed a vast deal when we got him interested in speeding up the sensitiveness of his film," Mr. Edison added. "There was the trouble which all pioneers and predecessors had faced."

Here Mr. Edison confided that it isn't often that he gives much time to answering squibs in newspapers, but when he recently read where some fellow had written that Edison had never invented anything essential to the development of the movies, but had only helped to popularize them with the use of his name, he got to thinking of those other fellows who waited until Shakspere was dead to stir up the question: "Did Shakspere or Bacon write Shakspere?"

Descendants of the Kinetoscope

"I wondered what the Bard of Avon would have said if one of those critics had called upon him in his lifetime and asked him: 'Mr. Shakspere, can you prove your authorship of Mark Antony's oration and of Hamlet's soliloquy?' Oh, well, I'll take my chance with Shakspere so long as there are books in every library like the ones called Edison, His Life and Inventions, by Dyer, Martin and Meadowcroft, and A Million and One Nights, by Terry Ramsaye.

"Ramsaye has covered the whole ground in two big volumes, after prodigious research all around the earth. He is a movie man, himself, but wrote for the industry as a whole and not for any special interests. He describes minutely the work of the early inventors, and gives them all credit for what they did. So do I. But you may quote right here Ramsaye's conclusion, which anybody may find in his very complete history of the motion-picture industry."

It is provable that there is not now, and never has been subsequent to the year 1888, any motion-picture-film machine whatsoever of any relation to the screen art of today that has not descended by traceable steps from the kinetoscope.—A Million and One Nights.

To this Mr. Edison added the statement that in sustaining his reissued patent, to which he has already referred in this interview, and on which the entire industry paid him royalties for cameras and films, the court had before it and fully considered the work of all prior inventors—prior to 1888.

And then I asked him about the talkies. What part had he taken in the creation of this newer and finer art?

"Well, I see by the papers," Mr. Edison smiled back, "that the potentates of the talking pictures are celebrating this year as the seventeenth anniversary of that growing industry. That would fix the birth of the talkies in 1913, and this tallies exactly with the time I sent from this laboratory the kinetophone and put talking pictures on the stage. To be perfectly exact, however, this is the eighteenth, not the seventeenth, anniversary of that invention, for we had talking pictures here in the laboratory in 1912, a good whole year before we ventured forth with the machine to produce sound pictures.

"We opened up the first night at Keith's Colonial Theater—now the Walter Hampden Theater—in New York City, on February 13, 1913. I am reminded of the date by Samuel Tauber, then manager of that theater, who quite recently grew reminiscent for the New York Times and told some funny stories about having passed out the word, after the manner of theatrical managers, that 'Mr. Edison, in person, would be present,' and then had a hard time explaining my failure to come before the curtain and make a speech when the audience called for me."

An Unwelcome Time Saver

"The show went off pretty well for the first week, but in the second week the sound projector got out of gear. It was a rather crude affair, anyhow. We had a wire hooked up with the orchestra and run back of the stage. Of course, this wire was out of sight to the audience. Well, it synchronized all right at times. I believe it did better later on in Boston. We had a minstrel show. The tenor sang Silver Threads Among the Gold, and a chorus sang The Star-Spangled Banner. But, while this was a real talking picture and there was no trick like having somebody, or a phonograph, talking behind the stage, and while it antedated the present talkies by ten years, I want to say right here fairly and honestly that no permanent success could have ever attended the talking picture until the loud-speaker was invented. The early contraptions were too mumbly, too subdued—not enough volume to the sound. Nothing could be done about it then. Not until the amplifier, or loud-speaker, was invented was it possible to make any permanent progress. De Forest supplied that link in the chain."

"Mr. Edison, when and how did you get the sobriquet, 'wizard'?"

"Oh, some of you newspapermen, with your fanciful way of putting things in headlines, dubbed me that away back in the phonograph, incandescent days. And now one of my biographers insists upon saying, 'Edison never fails in anything he undertakes.' None of these things is true. I have never liked to have that word 'wizard' applied to me. It bears an ironic inference that my creations came by magic, or sleight of hand, or some incomprehensible legerdemain, or jugglery with natural laws and physical forces. Whatever I may have accomplished in my life has been the result of hard, persistent labor. It is very silly to say that any man never fails. I have had as many failures, no doubt, as any person who has attempted to do things out of the ordinary line of human endeavor.

"Why, the very first electrical invention I ever took part in was a failure. I refer to that little device for recording the votes in Congress. I was then working as a telegraph operator, and a pal of mine named Sam was the copartner in the invention of a machine which could be controlled by a push button, and would record the names of congressmen voting 'aye' and 'no,' and put them in their right columns. Sam and I thought we would net about $50,000 out of that machine, but when we appeared before the congressional committee and demonstrated our device as perfectly efficient, we were promptly told that of all the things which Congress did not want, ours was the one. Why, there could be no delaying the count by filibustering on the part of the minority with that contraption around, we were told, and we had to pocket our losses for experiments. Later on, I believe

COMFORT IS IN FASHION

—which is another way of saying that, at the first sign of cold weather, men with low shoes should put on Spats. When purchasing Spats look for the name "Standard". It means authentic style, snug fit—and long life. "Standard" Spats have been made by the same organization for almost sixty years. It is not strange therefore that the materials developed during these years especially for "Standard" Spats are the finest obtainable in the world. "Standard" Spats are made in a wide range of colors.

S. RAUH & COMPANY
650 Sixth Ave., New York

"Standard"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
S P A T S

we applied the principle to a call box, and that earned some profit."

"Speaking of failures, Mr. Edison, wasn't your most colossal, most tragic lapse in life your failure to follow up 'etheric force,' which you first discovered and named in 1875 and which Marconi long afterward named 'wireless telegraphy' and which we call radio today?"

I asked this question sympathetically, but without the slightest trepidation. I had several times been sent to interview Mr. Edison in my long service as a newspaper reporter, and I had always found him possessed of a winning candor—a candor that met me halfway even when my errand was embarrassingly delicate. I had long ago familiarized myself with the fact that Thomas A. Edison discovered and named, but let the little spark we know now as radio slip through his toiling, tireless fingers a full quarter of a century before Guglielmo Marconi was ever known.

"The point is well taken," said the great inventor, smiling with unfailing frankness. Then, solemnly: "I had no time to continue with the etheric phenomenon in 1875. But I did some work in the line of radio. I patented a radio system for ships at sea which I afterward sold."

"Was this the patent you let Marconi have?"

"Yes, I sold it to Marconi. But it was only from ship to ship. Not very far apart. I admire Marconi very much."

I explained to Mr. Edison that even the Encyclopædia Britannica carries a bald statement of this discovery, as though it were of vast importance unexplained. Would he not now relate the circumstances? He replied:

"Certainly. I then had a little workshop in Newark, New Jersey. I had several assistants, as I have always had in my research work. On the evening of November 22, 1875, while experimenting with a vibrator magnet, I noticed a tiny spark coming from the core of the magnet. Oh, well, we had seen it before, and for the moment we believed it due to inductive electricity—nothing out of the ordinary."

The Aliases of Radio

"But when we hooked up a small wire and found that we could get that spark again by turning the wire back on itself; and when we saw that the spark could be imparted to the gas-pipe system of the city of Newark, which had no insulation, I knew that it was a new kind of electricity not amenable to the laws of voltaic, or static, or induced electricity.

"The newspapers got wind of it at the time, and the scribes wrote highly colorful accounts of this mysterious force—'wonderful discovery,' they called it. The Scientific American sent an electrical expert down to Newark and he put the phenomenon before the scientists and physicists of that day and time as something unquestionably new and mysterious."

I here insert the comments referred to by Mr. Edison, having found them among the very old files in the science division of the New York Public Library:

> Tested in whatever way the experimenters have been able to devise, the new current refuses to obey any of the established laws of electricity; further than that it traverses metallic conductors, manifests itself as light and can be controlled by making and breaking connection. Among its observed peculiarities may be noticed its lack of polarity, indifference to the earth—and, consequently, its capability of transmission through uninsulated wires—its power of producing action when turned back upon itself, its independence of electric nonconductors and seeming lack of mechanical and physiological effect. Mr. Edison has proposed the name of etheric force.
>
> —SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, December 25, 1875.

"Yes, I called it etheric force to distinguish it from the electricity we had been working with—the electricity which Benjamin Franklin drew from the clouds with his kite; the electricity which S. F. B. Morse sent chattering over the telegraph wires. Sometimes, I find by looking over my old notes and diagrams, I called it etherism, ethericity and etherodes. But, called by whatever name I then gave it, that spark in my workshop in Newark turned out to be what Hertz called electric force later on, and what Marconi called his wireless telegraphy still later on, and what has now come to be called radio, and flashes sound over sea and land and transmits photographs around the earth and fills the homes of people with speeches and music—and all sorts of things."

Strange Things to Come

"I took it with me to Paris and had it in what was called 'Edison's black box' at the International Exposition, but as far as I ever got with it was the ship signals I sold to Marconi. Maybe I was occupied with other research work for which I had obligated myself to backers. My friends say it was water that ran by my mill. It was more than that. It was milk spilled from my pail, for I had it. But I have never wasted time grieving over spilt milk. There are too many mysteries to be unraveled yet, and I find a new interest in whatever comes along."

"Are you working on something new now, Mr. Edison?"

"Several things. One of them is about ready. I have had eighteen men experimenting with me on it for the last eight years. I won't say anything further about it right now, for it hasn't passed the final test. All I can say now is that it is about ready."

"Have you read the reports from the recent world power conference held at Berlin, where Sir Arthur Eddington, the British astronomer from Cambridge, spoke upon subatomic energy?"

"Yes, he spun quite a yarn about the possibility of putting to use the limitless energy stored away in matter. He builds up a very pleasant speculation for physicists everywhere in predicting that the day will come when enough power may be carried in a teacup of water aboard a big steamer in Southampton to drive that big ship across the ocean and safely into New York harbor. That would do away with all the floating lighters and derricks and cranes now employed to load a ship with fuel. Good stuff that is for newspaper readers. But my own comment on it would be that Sir Arthur Eddington is basing too much upon assumption. Give me a few assumptions and I might, if I were of a mind to, make prophecies that would delight and startle the most sanguine dreamer, for I have, as the public may know, already given much time to that matter of concentrating motive power for ships. Chemistry has many things in store. There are many things yet hidden in the subatomic theory. But the fellow who brings them out and puts them to the use of mankind has got to take off his coat and roll up his sleeves and do a lot of experimenting."

"Another scientist predicts that within 200 years, at the present increase of population, there will be 5,000,000,000 people on the earth—more than the earth can furnish with food and sustenance. Any comment?"

"I believe he bases his calculation upon the assumption that it takes two and a half acres of land to produce a living for each human being. More assumption. Who knows but that, with further development of mass production, two and a half acres of land may be made to produce enough food for a whole town or county? Why, the crop overplus is right now the curse of agriculture, and the machine age is just beginning. Look what Burbank did in just one short lifetime in increasing the productivity of plant life. Botany has long been a neglected science, but it holds much in store for a hard-working inventor."

"Do you think the next thirty years will bring as many marvelous inventions as the last thirty years?"

"Yes."

"What will be the next most useful, epoch-making discovery?"

"I don't like to guess."

Depend on the Francisco *for* COMPLETE COMFORT

— regardless of the weather!

Plenty of heat for every part of the car — front seat and back seat.

COMFORT all the way — to the theatre and back home again —no matter how cold or blustery the weather!

The Francisco is *guaranteed* to deliver more heat than any other car heater. And Francisco heat is almost instant heat because it is taken direct from the manifold—a heat source 3 to 7 times more effective than any other point on the motor. It is healthful heat because the Francisco heats fresh, uncontaminated, outside air and delivers it into the car. A complete change of air takes place every 2 to 3 minutes.

This year the Francisco is *better than ever!* A new electric blower unit floods the car with heat even when the radiator front is closed—and for 25 minutes after the motor of your car is stopped! Push button control regulates the volume.

The standard Francisco is priced from $3 to $10 (extra for V-type motors). De Luxe outfits, with quiet-operating electric blower unit, at higher prices. At supply stores, car dealers and garages everywhere.

THE FRANCISCO AUTO HEATER CO.
Columbus, Ohio. . . . *In Canada:* The Francisco Canadian Auto Heater Co., Hamilton, Ontario

The Francisco Car Heater

This new style in TRAVEL . . .

BY ORVILLE S. CAESAR, *President*
OF THE GREYHOUND LINES . . .

You can go almost anywhere in the United States today by bus.

More than 48,000 buses serve the public, on regular schedules, over 782,000 miles of highway. Last year 422,000,000 passengers traveled from one city to another by bus. This, in brief, summarizes the public service rendered by the bus companies, which have written a new chapter in the history of American transportation.

Our own company, the Greyhound Lines, has served the public in such a way that increasing patronage has made it the largest highway transportation system in the world. Our lines extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada into Mexico, and serve practically every city of importance in America.

If you have traveled by Greyhound Lines you will realize why we have grown so large. If you have still to make your first Greyhound trip, you will discover these advantages of our service:

ECONOMICAL . . .
Travel by Greyhound bus is economical. Savings average one-third to one-half usual travel cost. Passengers often say, "I can't think of an easier way to save money than this, and it's a pleasure besides." We have no excess charges—no extras. Our drivers do not expect or accept tips for looking after your comfort. Our rest stops and restaurants are carefully selected and supervised. Food is of the finest and is most inexpensive.

RESPONSIBLE . . .
The Greyhound Lines represent an investment of many millions of dollars in buses, garages and terminals. They employ more than 9,000 people. Back of this financial stability it is our sincere desire to protect our reputation for the best in highway transportation and to deserve the continued patronage of the traveling public.

We are in the transportation business to stay and must satisfy the public, as well as comply with every requirement of the public utility and other commissions created by law. Every Greyhound bus is numbered. The name of each driver appears on the badge on his cap, and should you have the slightest complaint, a report to any of our offices can be and is promptly handled.

COMFORTABLE . . .
"Luxurious" is a better word than "comfortable," particularly as applied to the hundreds of new coaches recently added to our fleet. These coaches ride on cradle springs and six huge balloon tires. The individual reclining chairs are air-cushioned. The windows are easy to raise or lower. In bad weather the coaches are kept comfortable and the air fresh by Tropic-Aire hot water heaters. Owners of expensive automobiles often declare that Greyhound coaches ride more comfortably than their own cars.

DEPENDABLE . . .
Greyhound service is dependable. Our coaches leave on time and arrive on time without exceeding speed limits. The Greyhound Lines have set new records for safety in transportation, and while these fine records are made by our careful drivers, the drivers themselves give much credit to our mechanics and inspectors. These men take each coach as it finishes a trip and go over the engine, brakes, tires, lights—every vital part is checked. It is this thorough-going inspection which makes Greyhound buses so safe, so quiet, so dependable.

ENJOYABLE . . .
Let me urge you to make your next trip by Greyhound bus. You will find our stations conveniently located in both the downtown and neighborhood districts. You will find our coaches clean and freshly laundered. And as you roll out of town and glide smoothly along the highways, you will enjoy all the pleasures of a cross-country motor trip with none of the weariness and strain of driving yourself.

SPECIAL CHARTER COACHES
You can charter a Greyhound coach for special trips—football games, lodge or society meetings, club outings, conventions or parties. You may charter a coach by the hour, day or week with a seasoned Greyhound driver in charge. It is cheaper, too. By going in a chartered Greyhound you keep your crowd together—everyone enjoys the trip.

YEAR ROUND SERVICE . . .
Regular Greyhound service continues the year around. Our coaches are as warm and clean in winter as your own sun-parlor. Our stations, rest and restaurant stops are always open.

If you would like to visit Florida, the Gulf Coast or Southern California economically this winter, come with us. Meanwhile, stop in at one of our ticket offices for a Greyhound timetable, and a copy of our new booklet, "Scenic Highways," or if you prefer, use the coupon below and we will mail you copies.

GREYHOUND *Lines*

GREYHOUND LINES
11th St. and Walnut Ave., Cleveland
PACIFIC-GREYHOUND
9 Main Street, San Francisco
EASTERN-GREYHOUND
133 West Water Street, Syracuse
8th Avenue at 51st Street, New York
PROVINCIAL TRANSPORT
1227 Phillips Square, Montreal
PICKWICK-GREYHOUND
312 Ry. Exchange Bldg., Kansas City
NORTHLAND-GREYHOUND
509 Sixth Avenue, N., Minneapolis
RICHMOND-GREYHOUND
412 East Broad Street, Richmond, Va.
SOUTHLAND-GREYHOUND
Navarro and Pecan Sts., San Antonio

AN INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL SYSTEM

SEND COUPON FOR BOOKLET

(Address nearest Greyhound office listed at left)
Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of the illustrated booklet "Scenic Highways."

Name .....

Address .....

What JACKSON *and* O'BRINE *say about* KENDALL....

FOREST O'BRINE <<< DALE "RED" JACKSON
World's Record Endurance Flight
LAMBERT FIELD
ST. LOUIS MUNICIPAL AIRPORT
Kendall Refining Co.
Bradford, Penna.
Aug. 17th, 1930
Dear Sir: Att. Mr. I. H. Shearer.
After 647 hours, 28 minutes, and 30 seconds of sustained flight, we again hold the world's record for refueling endurance flights.
We are proud of our success, and happy to share it with you, for we realize that credit for the flight is due in no small measure to the high quality of Kendall Oil. All through the 27 days we were up, Kendall maintained constant oil pressure and the crank case temperature never exceeded 150 degrees Fahrenheit. Equally important was our extremely low oil consumption.
In the skyways or on the highways, our hats are off to Kendall Oil. When we chose Kendall, we felt sure we had the finest oil in the world—now we know we had!
With best wishes for continued success, and popularity your oil so richly deserves, we remain,
Yours very truly,

Photograph shows smiling Jackson and O'Brine just after setting the new World Refueling Endurance Record of over 647 hours sustained flight. Kendall in motor.

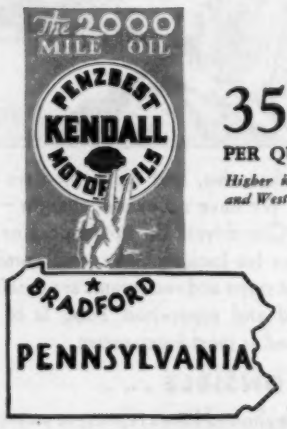
...proves *that it pays to be a* CRANK *about* OIL.....

WORDS fail to tell the true story of Kendall superiority . . . only performance can do that. . Performance such as won for Jackson and O'Brine a record that is remarkable *beyond words*.

Kendall endurance is an accepted fact among aviators and large motor fleet owners. To motorists it holds assurance of motor car performance that can well make any hardened driver sit up and take notice. *2000 miles* on a single filling is everyday performance when the oil level is merely maintained.

Such results are possible only because every drop of Kendall is refined from the finest and most expensive crude oil obtainable (100% Pennsylvania, Bradford grade). Even special refining methods have been developed by Kendall to bring to its highest perfection the native richness of this remarkable oil.

If you've thought all oil was more or less alike, make this practical test—try one filling of Kendall, maintain the oil level, and get endurance and mileage that will prove conclusively that it pays to be a crank on Kendall. Look for the red and white Kendall sign. KENDALL REFINING CO., BRADFORD, PA.



35c
PER QUART
Higher in South and West

KENDALL OIL

THE 2000-MILE OIL

Merely maintain the proper oil level

There's always one best in everything—even among all the admittedly fine Pennsylvania oils. Up in the hills near Bradford, Pa., is nature's richest oil field, producing the finest and costliest crude oil in the country. Kendall is the only nationally used motor oil made wholly from this finest Bradford grade crude.

USE THE AIR MAIL

RILEY AND HIS FRIENDS

(Continued from Page 9)

when he felt his way up a ladder and painted a show sign above the entrance to some store, his feat was properly regarded with wonder and admiration. The reader need not be informed that Riley never enjoyed the advantages of a college education. He just traveled around and met people and worked in a newspaper shop at Greenfield and read a great deal, but the gift of song seemed something which simply came to him without being acquired.

After his fame had become established he did not brag very much about the Leonainie achievement. Riley was still out in the tall grass, obscure and unknown, but he had begun to write verse. In a spirit of mischief, and to find out if his verse really had any merit, he enlisted the help of the editor of the Kokomo Dispatch, and this editor published to the world the fact that a man in his home town had discovered, in an old book, some hand-written verses and, because it was supposed that the book had once belonged to Edgar Allan Poe, some of the home people thought that Poe might have written the verses, but they did not care to express a positive opinion until they had referred this long-lost poem to the literary experts. The first verse went as follows:

Leonainie—angels named her;
And they took the light
Of the laughing stars and framed her
In a smile of white:
And they made her hair of gloomy
Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy
Moonshine, and they brought her to me
In the solemn night.

There were four verses in all, and probably it was the last verse which fooled the students of literature, because it was written in topnotch style and read as follows:

Then God smiled and it was morning,
Matchless and supreme.
Heaven's glory seemed adorning
Earth with its esteem:
Every heart but mine seemed gifted
With the voice of prayer, and lifted
Where my Leonainie drifted
From me like a dream.

The literary editors of the country were simply bamboozled. They agreed that Leonainie could not have been written by anybody except Poe. Even William Cullen Bryant went into raptures. Then, when the truth came out and it was learned that a deliberate hoax had been perpetrated by an unknown greeny of Greenfield, Indiana, Riley received a terrible scorching and lost favor, even at home, and was fired from his job; but, at least, he had called attention to the fact that he was on earth and that he knew how to write lilting and musical rimes.

The names of many of the friends of Riley will come out as we check over the letters and quote sentences here and there, but certainly no reference to the Indianapolis crowd would be complete without mention of Booth Tarkington. Tark was one of the grandest audiences that Riley ever assembled in front of him, and the feeling of intense regard was mutual. Years ago Tarkington wrote something about Riley which I am going to quote briefly, because he said, in his delightful style, the things I have always wanted to say. Here is an extract from an estimate of Riley by Tarkington:

"He held a literally unmatched power over his audience for riotous laughter or for actual copious tears; and no one who ever saw an exhibition of that power will forget it—or forget him. There he stood, alone upon the stage, a blond, shortish, whimsical man in evening clothes—a figure with a whole lot of style, and a whole lot of his own style too! He offered a deferential prefatory sentence or so; then suddenly face and figure altered, seemed to merge completely into those of a person altogether different from the poet, and not Mr. Riley, but a Hoosier farm hand, perhaps, or a thin little girl, stood before you, done to life. Then the voice came, done to life, too—done to the last half-audible breath at the end of husky chuckle or wistful sigh. There was no visible effort on the part of the magician; the audience did not strain or worry for him as audiences so often do for those who entertain them, because his craft lay not in contortion but in a glamouring suggestion that held spectators rapt and magnetized."

Nobody can beat that for describing Riley! The most amazing single fact about him was that he had an almost hypnotic influence over his audiences. His listeners sat out on the edges of their chairs and listened to him in a sort of entrancement. He wrote a great many things which were simply made to order for those gifted mortals who stand up at dinner parties and do things. For instance: "That old sweetheart of mine"; "Good-by, Jim; take keer o' yourself"; "There, little girl, don't cry"; "The raggedy man"; "On the banks o' Deer Crick"; "The gobble-uns 'll git you ef you don't watch out" and "Out to old Aunt Mary's." They were done on public and semipublic occasions by such good impersonators as Nat Goodwin, Sol Smith Russell, Miller Kent, David Warfield, Fred Burton, Wilton Lackaye, Maurice Barrymore and a dozen others. They scored heavily when they recited the Riley classics, but the best of them never came within a mile and a half of Riley. Sir Henry Irving was right when he said that Riley, on the stage, would have been one of the great character actors of his day.

You may think that we of the hinterland are raving when we tell about James Whitcomb Riley, but what we say is gospel. We brag about Gen. Lew Wallace, Booth Tarkington, Maurice Thompson, William M. Chase, George Barr McCutcheon, David Graham Phillips, Gene Stratton Porter, Kin Hubbard, Ray Long, John T. McCutcheon, Albert Beveridge, Elmer Davis, Edward Eggleston, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Charles Major, Robert Underwood Johnson and other bona fide Hoosiers of distinction, but we do not go into convulsions of rapturizing except when we attempt to give an accurate description of the country boy who came up from Greenfield.

He was cast in a mold used only once. The stories which might be told about him, and the stories he told, if set down by his surviving admirers, would fill a book larger than H. G. Wells' Outline of History. How are you going to describe a man who lived a full life but never went to a race track or watched a game of tennis or showed the slightest interest in golf or sat at a desk and transacted business? It is a matter of record that he consistently refused to talk into a telephone. He and Will Rogers have found it possible to put on one-man shows that filled the largest auditoriums without the assistance of music, spotlights and vaudeville trimmings. When Riley gave one of his triumphant performances, he had nothing to back him up except a small table, a pitcher of "lecture juice," as he called it, and a solitary tumbler. And when he waited in the wings, about to register one of his unfailing successes, he was always in a tremble and despondently convinced that he would be a failure.

Enough of the prelude. The promise was to give you some extracts from the letters he wrote.

After much sorting over of the gorgeous material contained in this huge sheaf of Riley letters, I have given up the attempt to observe anything like a chronological sequence, and will merely select a heap of the galley proofs and then attack them just as they come, selecting a nugget now and then for purposes of exhibition. The selections I print make up merely a one-half percentage, but the idea of this article is not to forestall the book but merely to use a little of the copyrighted material so that we may get some notion of Riley as a letter writer and learn something about his friendly attitude toward nearly all of his correspondents. Much of the material not used is just as interesting as the little fragments which have been picked out, so here goes.

One of Riley's dearest friends was Capt. Lee Harris, who lived back in Greenfield. Captain Harris had been Riley's school-teacher, and it is said that he diverted Riley from the yellow-back novel to good literature. In October, 1876, Riley, signing himself Troubled Tom, wrote Captain Harris as follows:

"I have been thinking of you all day, and wondering were the Muses on good terms with you this 'misty-moisty weather.' I've had a perfect nightmare of 'fine frenzy' and erupt occasionally in such hemmorhages as:

"Rain! Rain! Rain!
Till the heart is sullen and sad.
And rain! rain! rain!
Till I naturally 'go to the bad.'
And O! to be buried alive—
Resurrected and buried again
Were a fate it were easier far to survive
Than this terrible doom of the rain!"

He was all wrapped up in Joel Chandler Harris, and here are some boiled-down extracts from letters to Harris:

"Truly, you've a way of making me positively young again, at times—and not only young, but grinningly, gigglingly, rapturously childish—just as I first was when the whole world about me seemed a tingling delight—the morning summer-sun a dazzling, dewy, blossomy sleight-of-hand performance that made a youngster catch his breath in just such hysteric ecstasies as overtake him in the first long sweep and swoop of a woodland swing. . . . What's it I'm a-hearin' 'bout you-all tryin' to let on you're sick. Hit's all des a scannal-a-shame, fo' the livin' God, fer a grea'-big cum'bous heavy-sot man lak you is, a-quilin' down an' a-actin' up lak you de mos' misfo'tunate creetur wot range de wile-woods o' dish eartly worl'! . . . It pleases me greatly to see what seems, at least, evidence of newer and worthier ambitions in our present writers—many of them: The old classic splints are being loosened and taken off, and the long-cramped mental members are limbering at the joints, as it were, and striking straight out from the shoulder, and I would rather have you call my verse *Nature* and *American* than this hour to find myself the author of 'Queen Mary.'"

Already you have heard something about the poem in imitation of Poe which so ruffled the literary world. In 1886 Riley wrote to a correspondent, C. B. Foote, who had dug up, at Kokomo, the old Ainsworth Dictionary in which the verses of Leonainie had been "discovered." In Riley's letter to Foote occurs the following paragraph, which tells of what happened to him after he had been exposed as a faker:

"Papers everywhere lit into me—friends read all this, and stood aside—went round the other way. The paper upon which I gained the meager living that was mine excused me—and no other paper wanted such a man—wouldn't even let me print a card of explanation—not for weeks, while I stood outside alone, and walked around the Court-House square at night, and through the drizzle and the rain peered longingly at the dim light in the office where I used to sleep, with a heart as hard and dark and obdurate as the towel in the composing-room."

Along in '93 he wrote some letters of advice to Mrs. Lucy S. Furman, who was

If you have "adopted" a dog, you should learn how to care for it. Did you know that all dogs and puppies *must* be wormed? Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules for dogs and Sergeant's Puppy Worm Capsules for pups is the safe, effective treatment.

A Famous Dog Book Free . . .

For complete information on how to care for dogs, write for a *free* copy of Sergeant's Dog Book. It contains information on the care, feeding, and diseases of dogs. A new edition is now ready. 48 pages, illustrated. *Write for your copy.* Our veterinary will advise you about your dog without cost.

Give your dog Sergeant's Dog Food, the complete ration that contains plenty of freshly cooked beef. If you cannot obtain Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food, write us.

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORP.
1093 W. Broad Street : Richmond, Va.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT"
Sole Canadian Agents: Fred J. Whitlow & Co., *Toronto*

Before Ronson, lighting a lighter was a trick to be learned.

With Ronson, a gentle pressure automatically actuates a powerful spark-making mechanism—and there you are! *"A flip, and it's lit. Release, and it's out!"*

As necessary and reliable as a watch. See all the new 1931 models now. Ask your dealer for a demonstration. $5. and up at smart shops everywhere.

Art Metal Works, Inc., Aronson Square, Newark, N. J. *In Canada:* Dominion Art Metal Works, Ltd., Toronto

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

ALLEN-A DEVELOPS A NEW KIND OF FALL UNDERWEAR

—that keeps you comfortable when it's cool . . . or warm

HERE is the most remarkable underwear you have ever seen or worn. Men, by the thousands are taking to it . . . It is made of a newly perfected fabric. So light and elastic that it *feels* like a summer weight garment, in spite of its slightly increased weight. So amazingly absorbent that it keeps your skin *dry* and *cool* at all times . . . That is why it protects you when it's chilly in the mornings and evenings —*without making you uncomfortably hot during the warm parts of the day* . . . Try this new Allen-A Underwear this Fall and enjoy new-found comfort. Ask for Style 610. Full or three-quarter lengths, in white only. $1.50 the suit. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct, giving your size.

The Allen-A Company
Kenosha, Wisconsin

NEW HOSIERY STYLES FOR MEN
The new Allen-A hosiery styles for Fall and Winter, are like importations in everything except price. In silks, lisles and wools — with smart clock patterns predominating. 50c to $1.50.

attempting verses in dialect. It is too bad that these letters cannot be quoted in full, because they explain the why and wherefore of all the queer spelling in his Hoosier poems, but at least we are going to quote the following:

"In dialect be as conscientious as in your purest English—seeing to it always, with most vigilant minuteness, that your unlettered characters are themselves in thought, word and deed. In your lettered introductions, descriptions and interludes use all the masterly arts at your command, but in their thought, action, language and the rest, remember no vaguest betrayal of the author's presence must be seen or felt."

In 1892 he wrote to a friend of his, Mr. Elvin, regarding some autograph fiend up at Crawfordsville who had been pestering him, and here is a gem which was included in a short letter to Mr. Elvin:

"You're right, too, about shuttin' off the autographic industry of old Pontius Pilate down to Crawfordsville:

"Ponchus Pilut, Dam his melts!
He's got gall ef nothin' else!!
See him roast in hell's hot core
'Fore I'd write him one k-yard more!!!"

He had a favorite nephew, Edmond Eitel, who went away to college in 1903, and here is a brief extract from a letter which Riley wrote to the young collegian, worth reproducing because it is certainly done in his most figurative style:

"Your old uncle's mighty tickled with your letter, though I'd no idea how short it was till I looked it all over carefully and found, by both page and envelope it wasn't a telegram. . . . Glad your first impression of Cornell seems favorable to the University. That's right. You speak kindly words of and to it always, when you meet it on its lonely rounds. Bring ever a smile to its wistful features by chucking it under the cornice and patting it on the cupola!"

He wrote to his brother-in-law, Henry Eitel, from Dumfries, Scotland, in 1891, and this time we are going to pick out a couple of longer sections because one is a delightful tribute to Burns, and the other is a killing recital of his experience with candles in the Scotch hotels:

"Here in the city where Burns died so prematurely, I fully realize the reason of such an act on his part and most heartily indorse it. Have today visited the house he first occupied upon his coming here, and also house in which he died—something better than the first, I was glad to note,—this latter bearing newly printed placard above the door, 'Burns' House—To Rent.' I could have cried. Some time later we were persistently fortunate enough to find the young man who seemed to have the house in charge, and by him were admitted and shown through it. I think all three of us did quite a quantity of hard breathing and thinking as we reverently moved from room to room—main room and kitchen parallel below—then at back of narrow, winding, stone stairway above, and—the room in which the last work of the great poet's pen was done,—most exquisite, tender, loving, human songs, that clamber still and twine and bloom about all hearts. . . . The candle, here throughout the United Kingdoms, seems to attain a priceless value. Were I addicted to a solitaire bosom-pin I would gladly, proudly discard it for a candle! It is a strange passion that fastens on the tourist here before he has even time hastily to spit on his hands and wot. From our different rooms the three of us sit on in the loitering gloom of night, covertly listening for the stealthy scratch of the match that signals the lighting of the first candle—sometimes Reed's, sometimes Fishback's, and sometimes even mine. Ha! how the waiting twain swoop then upon the glare! With bated breath and cushion-footed tread how they burst in upon their fellow to spend a social hour—or two with him—with him! And as at last the final guttering—the supreme death-rattle of his candle 'aches on the senses'—how low and tender are the good-nights to him, as his guests severally depart, each in the barred security of his own room trimming his virgin taper and lolling back for the luxury of a long hour's midnight read in bed, and to note drowsily through the window-slats the singular phenomenon of the actual twilight yet merge into actual dawn."

Always he was going out of his way to encourage young writers. Many of you remember Paul Dunbar, the young Negro poet who died in 1906. Riley was the first man to recognize the real quality of Dunbar's verse and to give him publicity and praise.

From the Brown Palace Hotel, in Denver, November 27, 1892, Riley wrote Paul Dunbar as follows:

"See how your name is traveling, my chirping friend! And it's a good, sound name, too, that seems to imply the brave, fine spirit of a singer who should command wide and serious attention. Certainly your gift—as evidenced by this 'Drowsy-Day' poem alone—is a superior one, and therefore its fortunate possessor should bear it with a becoming sense of gratitude, and meekness,—always feeling that for any resultant good, *God's* is the glory—the singer but His very humble instrument."

Here is just a line from a letter which he wrote to Charles A. Dana, the powerful and hard-to-please editor of the New York Sun, away back in 1888:

"Your good comment I would rather have than fine gold; so it is that, although a very wealthy man is now addressing you, he still remains too poor in speech to pay you a tithe part of his gratitude."

To most of the reading public back in the 90's, Eugene V. Debs, of Terre Haute, was a flaming red who incited rude men to violence and had proved to be a dangerous enemy to society. As a matter of fact, Debs was a gentle sort of character—a dreamer who was trying to fashion some sort of Utopia with the wrong kind of tools. Riley and Debs were great friends for many years, and we simply must quote part of one letter which Riley wrote to Debs in 1890:

"I've been anything but a well man for a long, long time, and in consequence I've simply been deprived of the pleasure of expressing to you, until now, my ripest, richest gratitude for your recent floral remembrance. As Tom Moore sings in effect,

"You may break—you may shatter the little
bench-legg'd poet if you will,
But the scent of Debs' basket of roses
will cling round him still!

"May this find you as glad at heart as your gift made me and may your gentle interest in all human kind never wax nor wane though all the stars of heaven keep up their speciality."

Among the many notables who became eagerly interested in Riley's verse was Andrew Carnegie, who sat down in 1911 and wrote Riley a long letter of praise, to which Riley responded, in part, as follows:

"Your humble 'pard,' as you are so gracious to designate him, was delighted beyond measure to receive the kind word from you. It was like having the endorsement of the countrymen of Burns. And in my quiet modest way I have tasted somewhat of that overwhelming gratification which must be yours in your glorious work for humanity."

He wrote many letters to William Carey, one of the influential men in the publishing world, and the temptation is strong to pick

(Continued on Page 145)

"Thought I had you at that water hole, Bill!"

"Yeah? Well, I'm here to tell you . . . . "

Health! Having a grand time with a great game—and they'll have just as much fun tomorrow across the directors' table.

This business of being *well*, which is the thing that makes life worth living, is not as difficult as most people make it. According to the doctors, the rules for most of us are few and simple: eat, exercise, and sleep right; keep yourself internally clean.

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure or inability to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that goes with this failure) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease." Just as the doctors agree in blaming this condition for most of our sickness, so they agree also on the safe way to relieve it—keeping clean inside by the Nujol type of treatment. Crystal-clear Nujol is not a medicine at all. It contains no drugs. It is not absorbed, and therefore cannot make you fat. It is colorless and tasteless, and children love it.

Nujol

health

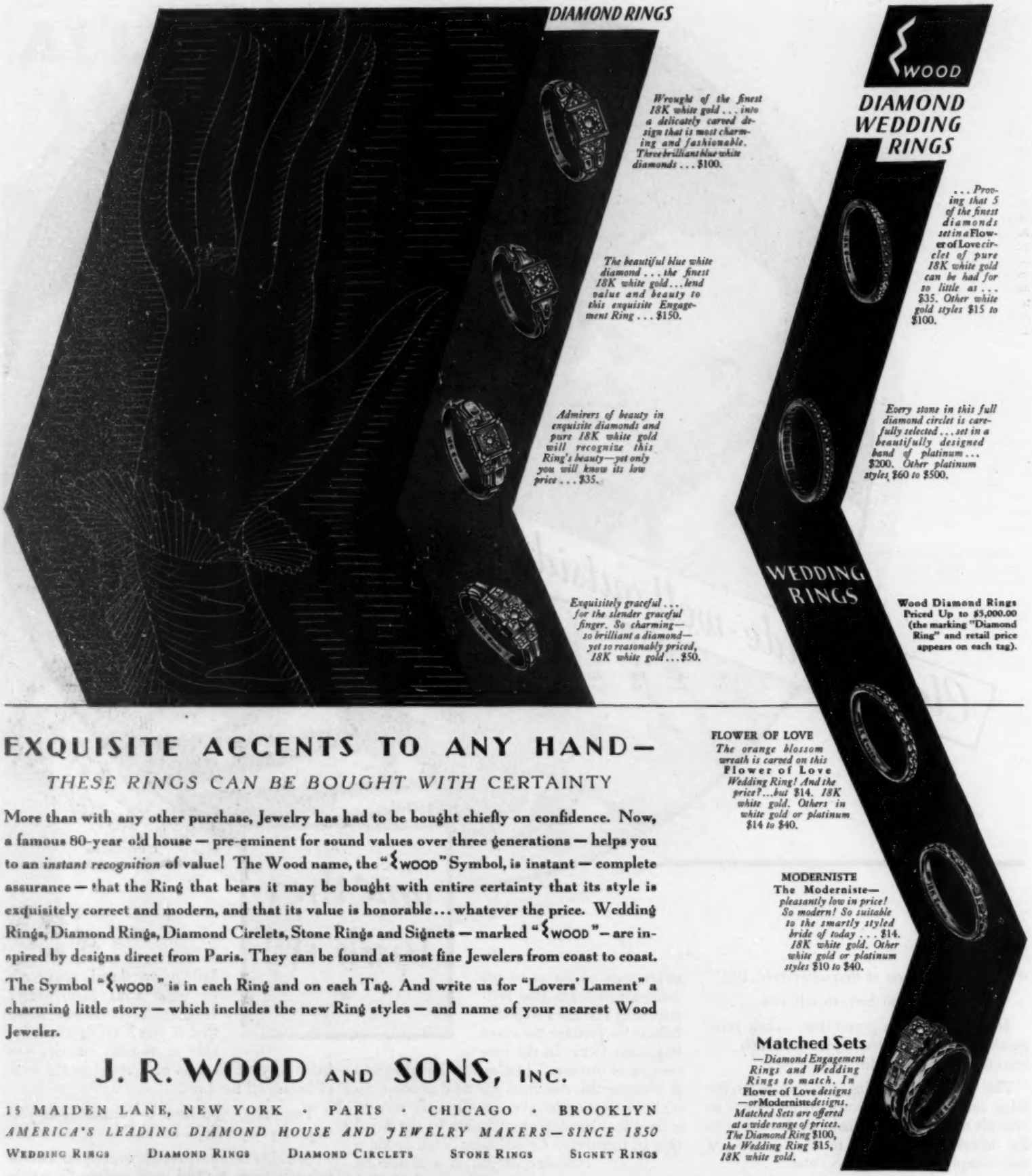
The tonic effect of Nujol on the whole body is due to the way it helps you without the weakening effect of drugs. As Nujol is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Why? Because it's common sense that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of keeping in the best of health all the time.

Two things you have to remember if you want to enjoy "Nujol health."

One. Don't expect results overnight. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully and normally and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two. Be sure you get Nujol. Your druggist has this pure and drugless product in a sealed package, trademarked "Nujol" to protect you.

Here's a way to get a result you know is good for you without using drugs you know are bad for you. Why don't you try it?


DIAMOND RINGS
Wrought of the finest 18K white gold . . . into a delicately carved design that is most charming and fashionable. Three brilliant blue white diamonds . . . $100.
The beautiful blue white diamond . . . the finest 18K white gold . . . lend value and beauty to this exquisite Engagement Ring . . . $150.
Admirers of beauty in exquisite diamonds and pure 18K white gold will recognize this Ring's beauty—yet only you will know its low price . . . $35.
Exquisitely graceful . . . for the slender graceful finger. So charming—so brilliant a diamond—yet so reasonably priced, 18K white gold . . . $50.
WOOD
DIAMOND WEDDING RINGS
. . . Proving that 5 of the finest diamonds set in a Flower of Love circlet of pure 18K white gold can be had for so little as . . . $35. Other white gold styles $15 to $100.
Every stone in this full diamond circlet is carefully selected . . . set in a beautifully designed band of platinum . . . $200. Other platinum styles $60 to $500.
WEDDING RINGS
Wood Diamond Rings Priced Up to $5,000.00 (the marking "Diamond Ring" and retail price appears on each tag).
FLOWER OF LOVE
The orange blossom wreath is carved on this Flower of Love Wedding Ring! And the price?...but $14. 18K white gold. Others in white gold or platinum $14 to $40.
MODERNISTE
The Moderniste—pleasantly low in price! So modern! So suitable to the smartly styled bride of today . . . $14. 18K white gold. Other white gold or platinum styles $10 to $40.
Matched Sets
—Diamond Engagement Rings and Wedding Rings to match. In Flower of Love designs—or Moderniste designs. Matched Sets are offered at a wide range of prices. The Diamond Ring $100, the Wedding Ring $15, 18K white gold.

EXQUISITE ACCENTS TO ANY HAND—

THESE RINGS CAN BE BOUGHT WITH CERTAINTY

More than with any other purchase, Jewelry has had to be bought chiefly on confidence. Now, a famous 80-year old house — pre-eminent for sound values over three generations — helps you to an *instant recognition* of value! The Wood name, the "WOOD" Symbol, is instant — complete assurance — that the Ring that bears it may be bought with entire certainty that its style is exquisitely correct and modern, and that its value is honorable . . . whatever the price. Wedding Rings, Diamond Rings, Diamond Circlets, Stone Rings and Signets — marked "WOOD" — are inspired by designs direct from Paris. They can be found at most fine Jewelers from coast to coast.

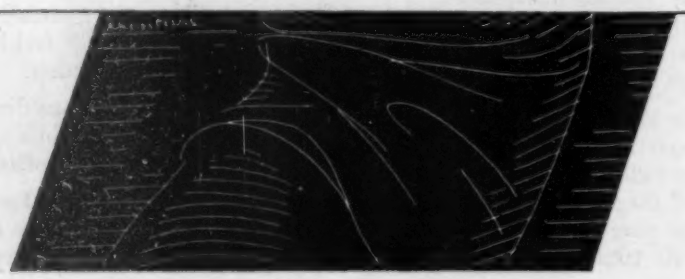
The Symbol "WOOD" is in each Ring and on each Tag. And write us for "Lovers' Lament" a charming little story — which includes the new Ring styles — and name of your nearest Wood Jeweler.

J. R. WOOD AND SONS, INC.

15 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK · PARIS · CHICAGO · BROOKLYN

AMERICA'S LEADING DIAMOND HOUSE AND JEWELRY MAKERS—SINCE 1850

WEDDING RINGS · DIAMOND RINGS · DIAMOND CIRCLETS · STONE RINGS · SIGNET RINGS



WOOD

This "WOOD" Symbol appears in the Ring and on the Tag. Look for it when buying Jewelry. It guides you to Certainty *of value. Paris-inspired style. Good Jewelers display it.*

(Continued from Page 142)

out a dozen paragraphs, including a wonderful account of what Sir Henry Irving did for him in London, and of his meeting with Coquelin, etc. The only one we are going to quote was written October 15, 1895, and this is a part of it:

"I've been at work as never before on earth! and though showing little or no sign of it physically, my reporting *dingus* is all out of whack. So that socially half the time I am trying to explain to friends why I fail to keep my appointments with them, the other half the time I agree to do anything I designate and then promptly forget all about it—or I'll write it down so I can't possibly forget it—evidently to no other purpose than designate the fact that I can possibly forget it! . . . Mr. Booth Tarkington—an especially gifted and 'veritalented' young friend of mine—is going to New York to 'brush up ag'in' things' gently in the art, dramatic and literary line; and just now I've given him a letter to you, believing that your very alert perception and adroitness of management could do the boy a world of good. In a histrionic way he has proved himself an embryo Irving. And in dramatics has written his own play; while in art and literary lines he is a youthful Du Maurier, and mark! none of these talents he has yet ripe for marketing, only he wants and desires to see and know the real producers at their desks—in their dens—studies—clubs, etc. etc., and as the Irishman said of his Savior 'Spake to him the same as one man would spake to another.'"

He was very fond of Bliss Carman, and wrote him often, and here is just a small part of one letter written in 1904:

"Just now I'm showing some really serious symptoms of long overwork, and my best friend, who is first a physician, says I must at once rid myself of all responsibilities now so weighing me lop-sided—and instead of any work, for a long indefinite time I'm just to shed my literary overalls and go gamb'lin' round the pastur'lands a-doin' nothin' but browsin' and grazin' on the coarsest grass and fodder findable—and no more tryin' to kick the stars loose for a long, elaborate, listless, loitering, lazy year, anyhow!"

He came to know Mark Twain, and here is part of a letter which he wrote Mr. Clemens in 1890—the "funniest piece" mentioned in the letter being The Jumping Frog:

"Uncle Mart was a printer, and when I set up pi for him I was also old enough to read some, and then read the funniest piece and the best (because of its absolute life and character plausibility or veracity) I'd ever seen put down in type: and yet I so consider it. Well, you wrote it, and I've loved you ever since—the more so since my rare fortune of meeting you and knowing you even for the briefest two or three times we have glimpsed by each other on our common pilgrimage to—what or where we'll cheerily discuss, no doubt, when we get there."

This marvelous comment on Rudyard Kipling was part of a letter he wrote to Madison Cawein in 1891:

"Have just got hold of Kipling's Departmental Ditties (what a waxy mouthful o' cumbersome title that is!) & Barrack-Room Ballads (Oouh! rest your jaws at the acheend of the title entire!) He's a queer cuss. Some of him's wonderful—and there's a spoor of genius strung clean through whatever he does. But he is not ripe yet, or planted next field to the punkins:—His 'plunk's' all right, but his 'meat's' too 'pethy' and too pale a pink! Lo, he must lie yet a while in the dew and gasp with his pores and suck in sweeter juices, and more of the mellowing brand—not the maddening kind. He's so near being perfect, it would be bad as Chatterton should he fail now—and he won't."

Of the several letters to Bob Burdette, only one will be mentioned, and that was written in 1897:

"Fact is, old feller, I believe I'm a-lovin' you just a little more and more, and gentler and gentler all the time. Is it 'cause I'm a-kindo' clockin' along to'rds the dusk of things? No odds!—it's very lovely, just the same; and my Thanksgiving impromptu, all honestly and fervently reads:

"'To all, each day—or blithe and gay
With summer sun, or drear and gray
With winter weather—come what may
It yet should be Thanksgiving Day."

At the end of November, 1903, Riley was in Chicago to make an appearance at the old Central Music Hall. I am almost sure it was his last appearance in Chicago. The hall was jammed and he received an ovation, as usual. Before starting West he found time to go to the Studebaker Theater, with John McCutcheon and me, and witness a performance of my first straight comedy-drama, The County Chairman. Riley approved of it because it represented the Hoosiers of the 80's as human beings, instead of scarecrows, and talking the lazy talk of the countryside instead of whining a bad imitation of the down-east Yankee dialect. Our distinguished guest was very much out of patience with such plays as Blue Jeans, Lost River and The Vinegar Buyer. He said that they were libels on the Hoosier ruralites, and he was right. He departed, and within a couple of days we received a letter written from the Savery House, Des Moines, Iowa. We and other of his friends never have been able to decide whether he was simply spoofing us or whether he really had a lingering ambition to appear as an actor. At any rate, the letter has been preserved and treasured, and here it is:

"*Dear friends:* Ever since our parting I've been having a steady flow of bright surprising ideas—not the least of which is naturally in the interest of our sadly declining Drama and to the effect of obviating the present coyness of the general public in being discovered in questionable propinquity to the Box Office. In brief, the idea is that A's next play be written expressly for and around us three fellows. Say! Won't that fetch 'em! Only thing troubles me is that I didn't think of it and spring it for discussion at our joyous 'Bird Center' Social Function and Banquet in the Jury Room last night.

"Hastily but ever heartily yours,
"J. W. R.

"All this, of course, strictly mum, but think it over!"

In 1877 he wrote a most amusing letter to his friend John M. Anderson regarding the famous Leonainie hoax, and a part of this letter simply must be quoted, because it refers to the abuse heaped upon him by an irate press. He says, referring to the poem:

"It was the means of duping that owlwise institution almost from A to izzard; the outgrowth simply of an idle scheme of mine to demonstrate the theory I held and hold, that all that is necessary to make a poem successful and popular is to prove its author a genius known to fame. This I accomplished with the assistance of a friend of mine, a journalist, who gave it to the world, with a cock-and-bull story about its being found, in faded ink, on the flyleaf of sôme 'quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,' for the poem was a 'chow chow' imitation of the lamented Poe."

The above may well be followed by a brief extract from a letter written by Mark Twain in 1891 acknowledging receipt of a poem which Mr. Clemens had received from Riley:

"I thank you ever so much for it. But—when it comes to reciting it, I can't even remotely approach you. You are the only man alive that can read your poems exactly right. There are poets who can't read their works worth shucks; and if they should offer to read their poems to me I should easily have the grit to say, 'Oh, gimme the book and lemme show you *how!*'—You just make me tired.' But I should never say that to you; no, I take my hat off to you, my boy; you *do* know how."

Rudyard Kipling, at that time living in Brattleboro, Vermont, received a volume of Hoosier poems and in thanking the author said, among other things:

"It came in this morning—all gallant and gay in the beautiful green livery. The Century folk certainly know how to turn out a book just so. I let the morning's work slide and went through it at once—which was weak of me. . . . I choked and 'tis your blamed verses that are the only ones I know that can make me gulp."

It is simply too bad that at least a column or two cannot be given to the letters he wrote to his dearest friend, Bill Nye. He wrote a very remarkable letter to Nye's mother soon after the death of Nye. It should be read by those who suffer from the delusion that the poet's mind was set very largely upon frivolity:

"Very bravely I shall keep the faith in the Something just ahead when we shall meet, all the happier for the long delay. Of course we talked of you. Oh, but you'd be flattered if you knew the good things said behind your back! And we were glad and sad—rejoiced and grieved; but mainly, I think, we were happy—happy in the assurance about us all the time that our dear Edgar was there and wanting us to be happy, and wholly so himself when we were. In all sacred truth do I believe this, and am so resigned. So again and again I told Frank, and more and more I think he feels the same, and will grow only the more certain of it as the years go by. First my mother, years and years ago,—then a brother, twenty years of age,—then my father, four years since—all gone away, but not dead I know. 'Surely,' I think, 'everybody must share with me this blessed assurance and be glad thereof till God's hand beckons us.'"

I will not attempt to quote from the many long and amusing letters to Bill Nye himself. You will have to read them later on, when you get the book.

Here is an odd bit of something that he wrote in 1897 to Arthur H. Scribner, the publisher:

"From the throne of your desk you again demand tribute of him in prose! For three days therefore I have gone mooning and muttering about, and yet no fitting result. Prose, simply, likes me not, nor can I mix its elements with any skill, or knead or bake the stuff to any proper finish.—I will get in too little 'XXX Family Flour' and too much baking powder.—In fact, prose is the only verse I write that is worse than my other verse."

A most amusing reference to his own personal appearance, contained in a letter to his brother John and written from California, in 1892:

"Your justly celebrated brother is gittin' jes' a little hotter all the time at the attitude of the people out here regarding his obvious lack of beauty. They might, I think, be at least as thoughtful in their personal expressions of their views in this regard as the good old negro aunty in the presence of the hippopotamus: She simply said, 'My sakes! how *plain* he is!'"

Of the many letters to Meredith Nicholson, just a tiny part of one will be reproduced. It was written in 1906 when Nick was off on a vacation:

"How your wild huntsman's holla makes me long to join you in the chase! What a zestful revel you must be having there among the moose and bison—'and the wild gazelle with its silvery (or redundant?) feet,' of

Le Page's will mend it

The more you mend the more you save to spend

LE PAGE'S GLUE
Mends Everything

To be sure your hair is always presentable and free from dandruff...use
GLO-CO
Unscented LIQUID HAIR-Dressing

Among Your Best Friends
are the extra dollars that always come in so handy. You can find out the way to earn as many as you want by sending your name and address to Box 1624, % The Saturday Evening Post, 952 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

Clark's Famous Cruises
Select clientele; most and best for your money.
MEDITERRANEAN Cruise, Jan. 31 $600-$1500
Frank C. Clark, Times Building, N. Y.

BIG BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY
$400 KELLAC MACHINE EARNED $5,040 IN ONE YEAR. $160 machine earned $2,160. One man placed 300. Responsible company offers exclusive advertising proposition. Unlimited possibilities. Protected territory. Investment required. Experience unnecessary. NATIONAL KEI-LAC CO., 557 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago

PATENTS BEST RESULTS
BOOKLET FREE. HIGHEST REFERENCES. PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 724-9th St., Washington, D.C.

HATS RENEWED $2 Prepaid
ALL NEW BANDS
Every Job Guaranteed. Send Money with hat.
HOUSTON HAT CO., Houston, Texas

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

MOST STYLES $10

The Florsheim SHOE

It's what you get that counts

In the long run it's the service not the price of shoes that determines their economy. In FLORSHEIM SHOES you will enjoy style that is smarter, comfort that lasts, and a capacity for good, hard wear—that's economy. The GEM... Style M-406

"FLORSHEIM SHOE FROLIC"—on the air every Tuesday night—N. B. C. network

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · Manufacturers · Chicago

Two Out of Three
Who Mail This Coupon—

The Curtis Publishing Company
953 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How may I earn extra money in the next month?

Name ..... Age .....
(Please print Name and Address)

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Will Derive No Profit

But the Other Third

Will Earn Up to

$25.00 a Month Extra!

BASED upon years of experience with subscription offers similar to this, two out of three who write us will neither win nor lose—principally because they will not take advantage of the friendly opportunity we give them.

But the other third—the ones who *try*—they will make up to $25, $50, $100 a month extra! Real hard cash in addition to all their other earnings.

If you want extra money—fifty or so would be fine for next month, wouldn't it?—just mail the coupon above. Then join the happy "third" who, even without experience, will earn many extra dollars.

which the old School-Reader poet has so highly spoken! Can't you send us some more convincing trophy of the trail than a postal-card?—Say, the antlers of the hat-rack of a primeval boarding-house or the coy, retiring 'brush' of a bobcat? Every day I intend to write you, and every day I can't. The town is dead,—the candles at its feet and head,—and all my friends are 'lapped in lead!'"

Riley had no weakness for any kind of public entertainment, except that to be found in the playhouse. He raved about Ellen Terry, and in a letter to her, in 1891, he said:

"Is it simply coincidence or what? First I saw you—in midmost America—you made me cry; next in New York, where I actually sobbed; then last night, when I burst into tears again, almost at sight of you. However, I laughed enough, and was glad almost, as 'Alexandre' could have been, seeing the fine appreciation and affection of your people."

In the same year he wrote to Thomas Wentworth Higginson, giving him some real information in regard to some of the unusual words which he used in his dialect verse:

"Especially in the dialect of my native region and people this has been and is, my conscientious effort always; though perhaps I have not so often as I should have done printed with the dialect notes of the why and wherefore of the same. As in the case you mention wherein the child-dialect of this locality gives 'thist' for 'just'—obtaining back into my own remotest childhood memories. And it would furnish a curious study to any one to trace—or try to—the Genesis of such an example as the foregoing. One little bit of a ragamuffin boy, with this kink in his tongue, will infect an entire neighborhood, long after 'jus' or 'dis' seems universally established. No tangible explanation of it—simply it's 'catching.'"

When he was in London, in 1891, he sent the following note to Sir Henry Irving:

"It is very kind of you to ask me to come to the Theater (as I certainly shall) on Thursday evening, July 2, eleven-thirty o'clock, as you direct.

"So most gratefully I muse—

"When Shakespeare's voice was heard of old—
When Shakespeare's voice was heard—
What matter if the 'house' were 'cold'
And no applause occurred!
For more, to me, persuasively
Comes thy full courteous word
Than, in the days of chivalry,
When Shakespeare's voice was heard."

One part of a letter written to Rudyard Kipling in 1891 is so much out of the ordinary that it cannot be omitted:

"For some years I've been striving to ferret out the one evident lack or defect of our whole art guild; and I've struck it: Its *business*. We naturally hate that, and therefore avoid it. That's why we're all victims. So I've gone to work to change that status of affairs. In consequence, I'm a revelation to myself.

"Am making not only 'oodles' of money off my books, but twice over as much again by personally reading the same to packed houses; and how I do wish you were gypsying around with me this vagrant side of my dual existence!"

In a letter to Dr. James Newton Matthews, he made some candid comments on the work of the poet whose style he had imitated when he was younger and somewhat brasher:

"In the Poe sonnets, the work is splendid—masterly in parts—only the theme is joyless—and that hurts the success of such an effort, however deserving in all other qualities. It is what hurt Poe, and will always drape his memory with gloomy speculations and unsatisfying contemplations. He was a marvelous intellect perhaps as estranged from himself as from all of his kind. Anyway he seems, always, to me, unhappy, and his influence always cheerless. If I ever get to Heaven I will doubtless love him better there where all 'will be unriddled.'"

Some people who knew Riley fairly well always insisted that he didn't really care much for children, in spite of the fact that he wrote hundreds of verses regarding childhood. It is true that the highly dressed-up and overmannered city youngsters, who curtsied to him and were extremely polite, sometimes puzzled him. But he did love the kind of boys with whom he associated when he was a boy. In 1903 John McCutcheon sent him a cartoon showing a barefoot gang headed for the "swimmin' hole," and Riley wrote back as follows:

"Oh, but you do lift back into realest life the utterly, unobjectionably, 'ornry boy of my happy childhood—till I see him again—hear him again—*follow* him again—and am him again—even to his starkest gymnastics at the swimmin' hole after his abhorrent anointings of himself with fishin'-worm oil—melted on the barn-roof, in a big-mouthed bottle by the sun in dog-days, where the heat beat hotter than the core of a 'bile' and the clabboards warped and turned up like a burnt boot!"

Here we come to one of the most interesting letters that Riley ever wrote. Already it has been suggested that a lot of people came to believe that he was a wild sort and needed reforming. He received a great many letters of advice; one came from a friendly soul named Mrs. Neal, and here is a part of the letter that went back to her:

"You should see some of the mail that has been poured in—pumped in upon me, all of which I must read and attend, though sometimes my heart just squeals like a little sandy shoat that has been imperfectly run over by a dray in the street. But you should see the good letters that, like your own, were considerate—worthy of their mission of doing real good; enlivening, not kickin' out a fellow's last scrap of vitality with the hob-nails of unprovoked commiseration. It is not pleasant, really, to have some practical drunkard, in the best running order, for instance, write, advising me—his '*dear brother*'—to 'restrain my damning appetite for rum.' He controls his (that's exactly why he wrote me) and lied when he wrote so—drinking more whisky in a month than I in a year, only it affects him differently, that's all; and I'm selfish enough to be just a trifle proud of the difference. It don't 'show on' him *externally* at all—it only rots his conscience, and sozzles his honor and integrity, makes of his human sympathies a sort of a clotted fungus that we want to poke at with a wet umbrella and go wagh!"

Because we who live in Indiana regard Booth Tarkington as one of our prize assets, I have not the courage to withhold part of a letter written to Tark in 1909:

"When two weeks ago I gloomily oozed into the Bobbs-Merrill book store and was radiantly informed that your Christmas book was there—and inscribed—as it is—O my dear old friend and fellow—that was enough to lift the clouds and flash me, heart and soul, into a dazzling state of elation and delight. When I tell you it's simply everything a Christmas story should be (Godlike, Manlike and Childlike), you may know how sacredly wholesome is my appreciation of and affection for it. Nor is this estimate an overloving one of an old friend simply, but that of the great public whose universal heart you have most tenderly touched and won to love you."

Riley lived in Lockerbie Street and avoided the highways of travel, but he seemed to know everybody and all the important facts about everybody and he never disliked anybody unless there was a mighty good reason for it.

HE NEVER KNEW...until he spent a day in the washroom

He couldn't believe that employes would prefer any other towel service to the fine linen towels used in his washrooms.

He granted the economy of DUBLTOWLS, the fibre towels that feel like fabric. But it was hard to believe they would actually be more acceptable to users.

Then he made the test—side by side. Results were as convincing as though he had moved his desk into the washroom to see how his employes used towels.

Habit and hesitation won the vote for cloth towels the first day or two. But then the tide turned. In less than a month, the verdict was unquestionably for DUBLTOWLS.

Users liked their softness, their lintless smoothness so soothing to the skin. They liked their instant absorption and their strength. The supply was always ample, too, even in rush hours—handy and convenient to all, whether one user or many were in the washrooms at the same time . . . And incidentally, *he*—the employer—liked their *economy*. One DUBLTOWL dries the hands thoroughly. Seldom are two needed—never three—to dry one pair of hands.

DUBLTOWLS are not to be confused with the ordinary paper towels you may have known. Their superiority is so marked that in offices, factories, and institutions everywhere, DUBLTOWLS are rapidly replacing both paper and cloth towels.

Send the coupon for free samples and complete information.

BAY WEST PAPER CO.
GREEN BAY WISCONSIN
—a Division of Mosinee Paper Mills Co.

BAY WEST

MOSINEE

DUBLTOWLS

"The Fibre Towels that Feel like Fabric"

Each DUBLTOWL is *two* sheets of pure kraft fibre and is 73 times as fast in absorbency as the average paper towel.

Make this test in your washroom —

Try DUBLTOWLS in one of your washrooms. Compare their acceptability and efficiency with any towel service you've been using. Bay West, through a distributor near you, will gladly arrange for this test, upon request.

Pin this coupon to your business letterhead and mail today.

BAY WEST PAPER COMPANY, Green Bay, Wis.
Tell us more about DUBLTOWLS and send free samples.

Name .....

Address ..... City .....

© 1930 B. W. P. Co.

Now piano playing is made easy

—and you can begin at any age

. . . . over a million students . . . . two hundred thousand music teachers . . . . today, as never before, the old and young are eagerly grasping simplified, modern methods of learning to play the piano. People in every walk of life are gaining for themselves a broader, more inspirational enjoyment through musical self-expression.

Millions have longed to be able to play. In concert halls and over the radio they have heard the exquisite tones of the piano . . . . and have heretofore been unable themselves to assemble its notes of surpassing sweetness into the harmonies of their favorite melodies.

Now, due to new and simplified methods, thousands, no matter what their age, are finding this easy to do. And, to quicken their progress, they are choosing their pianos as the artists do . . . . choosing The Baldwin.

More often than not, when you hear piano music over the air, it is someone at the Baldwin.

The wonderful sensitiveness of the Baldwin, its eager response, and above all, its warm, rich tone, will lead you too . . . . and your children . . . . into new fields of achievement . . . . to that greatest of all joys . . . . musical self-expression.

Baldwin Grands are priced from $1,450. To trade your present piano for a Baldwin is good judgment. To trade it NOW is to enjoy beautiful music today and for countless tomorrows. Consult a Baldwin dealer, or write us for a catalog and full details of the Baldwin Budget Plan of Payment.

THE BALDWIN PIANO COMPANY
CINCINNATI

Baldwin Pianos

CHOOSE YOUR PIANO AS THE ARTISTS DO

Getting On in the World

I Had to be Good

OUTSIDE circumstances forced me to the adoption of a policy which accounts for the success of my little business venture at a time when similar enterprises were being forced out at a very rapid rate. Back in 1920, just before the business depression of that year reached our section of the country, I secured the agency for a popular passenger-car and truck line, financing myself on $2500 of borrowed money. The lender was a distant relative by marriage, leaving for California rather unexpectedly, and he made the advance with the express understanding that he would want it back in a hurry and in full should he chance upon any better opportunity to invest it after six months or so. No note was made out, but the agreement was generally to the effect of a six months' loan, renewable if he felt like it.

Six months is a long time to a man in jail, I have no doubt, but it's unbelievably short to a car dealer who has a note to pay. Almost before I knew it the time was at hand and with the utmost efforts I had been able to accumulate only a little over $1200 in cash, though total assets were considerably above $3500. I wrote Uncle Frank, explaining just what conditions were, and shortly received a reply extending the payment date another six months. The depression had reached California by that time and good investments were rare, he had observed, so he would just as soon leave the money with us for the present. He warned me to be ready to pay off in full, however, at the end of the year.

This breathing space gave me renewed hope, so I went out during that final six months and worked harder than ever before. I had been a salesman for several years, but never had I been up against such varied and perplexing conditions as faced me in the falling market of that period, extending roughly from September, 1920, to March, 1921. I couldn't trade; I couldn't sell a car on paper unless immediately negotiable; I didn't dare spend an extra dime for needed shop equipment or for extension of my service facilities. All I was there for was to find and make deals which would result in cash coming in my direction—in the shortest time and the largest possible amounts. I defied my manufacturer's road man by refusing to take cars and trucks allotted on my contract, but got away with this because there was no one else in the locality able or willing to invest money in any kind of business just then. To make a long story short, I came down to the end of the first year with $2000 in the bank and total net assets slightly above $4000.

Swapping Cars for Cash

This called for another letter to Uncle Frank, and again he quite cheerfully came through with a six months' extension of time. I sent him a check for $150 interest and then rolled up my sleeves and went out with blood in my eye to accumulate an additional $650 before the Ides of September. New-car sales were practically at a standstill, but I set myself a mark of seven clean cash sales—my gross profit was right at $100 each—and planned on enough service work and used-car sales to pay running expenses. In order to remove any possible temptation to slip up on this excellent scheme, I put $1800 in a separate savings account and resolved to deposit $100 out of each new-car sale in the same place. My wife loyally coöperated in everything. We gave up our pleasant living quarters and took an apartment at a much lower rental. We quit our long pleasure jaunts in the demonstrator. She came down to the shop, worked on the books and took care of the front end on a ten-and-twelve-hour-a-day schedule.

I called on everyone within a radius of twenty miles soliciting car sales, and when they turned me down I indexed them and called back. I was the soul of persistence on any prospect, but whenever some incautious citizen gave signs of having cash money in his possession, I was more than persistent—I was simply omnipresent. With certain exceptions. Those folks who already owned cars in fairly good repair saw very little of me that summer. I had no use for trade-ins and put in my licks on persons who had nothing to trade—who had not yet learned how easily the average car dealer is gypped into offering more than a used job is worth.

My first sale was to our local section boss, the second to an elderly spinster retired on pension after having worked in the post office for twenty-five years. Neither of these worthies had ever been considered as a reasonable prospect even for a used car, but I found out they had money in the bank and dug up plenty of reasons why they ought to let me have the money and take an automobile instead. Not that I want to give the impression of engaging in high-pressure tactics in extracting their lifetime savings from a pair of defenseless old incompetents—I will always contend I did them a favor. About six weeks later they picked out the alley back of my service station to stage a head-on collision, resulting in the utter demolition of one car and breaking an arm for the brawny chief of our maintenance-of-way department. He was an unregenerate old bachelor, she was a sympathetic old maid. He needed care and nursing—later he needed long drives in the country. He got both. In less than six months they pooled resources, bought a little farm about four miles out and are today as happy a pair of silly old turtle doves as one could expect to meet in a day's journey. They are still good customers—I sold them a new ton-and-a-half truck last week. For cash.

Getting back. On the twenty-fourth of August I backed my seventh prospect into his last defensive corner and came out with a decision in my favor. He was an immigrant farmer, living in a disreputable dugout fifteen miles from town. His wheat crop had turned out better than expected and he really needed a truck to haul his grain to town. When we had finally made our deal, he asked me to wait in the front room for a few minutes and went out with a lantern. Shortly he came back with a rusty sirup can, from which he pried the lid and counted out $600 in moldy bills and tarnished gold and silver coin—and I give you my word the can was still two-thirds full.

There was high wassail in the limited space of our little flat when I reached home that night, and the neighbors were whacking away on walls and radiators before the wife and I could calm down and get a little sleep. Next day we purchased a draft for $2500 and sent it special-delivery registered mail to Uncle Frank. Then we took five days off and went fishing out in the mountains. We got back a week later all rested up—and found out we were going to need all the rest we had obtained.

Making a Business Support Itself

The first bad news was a letter from Uncle Frank, inclosing our precious draft, asking us if we could use the money to expand the business in some way. Things were none too promising out there and he was perfectly willing to let us keep on owing him, provided interest payments were made promptly and the principal might be repaid "whenever I need it." Then to complicate matters, on that same afternoon we received an ultimatum from our manufacturer. Expand our service department, dress up the showroom, increase our advertising budget, send in one man for factory training—or lose our franchise. Estimated cost of all this was not far from $3000.

In the end, after much indecision, we signed up and in so doing sentenced ourselves to another eighteen months of counting pennies, cutting corners, hard work and self-denial. Through all the tough months of 1922 and early 1923 we drove for clean sales of new cars, kept down our inventory of used stuff, learned cheerfully to pass up the questionable credit risk and the long trade-in, developed a first-class service business, made money. When easier general conditions began to make themselves apparent along with a good wheat crop that summer, we were sitting pretty. Uncle Frank died in June of 1923 and in his will left a bequest of $3000 to my wife, canceling all we owed him, with something to spare.

By this time cautious dealing and conservation of our profits had become habitual. We have operated ever since on the principle that the business must make enough to support itself on what might be called the side lines, leaving the profits on new cars as our net return. We think any car dealer would be wise to follow the same plan. Further than that, though, we believe any business enterprise should look more closely than many of them do into this matter of building up a cash reserve out of profits—whether the cash reserve be for the specific purpose of discharging an obligation or for the general purpose of meeting an emergency. Most retailers conduct their financial affairs as though they were working for wages—contented if they are merely making living expenses and getting by. After all, men go into business for the primary purpose of making money, and I can't see why so many of them stay in business so long without making any. Any business can be made to make money if the proprietor is even a fairly good manager and puts forth the necessary effort. Probably that's the whole trouble. Too many of us can't manage our affairs, are not willing to work hard enough. Although I may be unfair; not every business man is as lucky as I was—lucky in having a debt hanging over his head of a nature that simply compels him to get out and hustle.

—GEORGE BIGGS.

PHOTO. BY ARTHUR W. NELSON

FEED HIM WISELY!

Take care! Don't risk your dog's good health with soft, moist foods. Play safe! Give him the crisp, crunchy fare he needs... SPRATT'S DOG FOODS... the dietary recommended by veterinarians everywhere. SPRATT'S FOODS contain wholesome, health promoting meat and wheat and every ingredient essential to the canine constitution. For your dog's sake . . . buy SPRATT'S FOODS! Look for the name "SPRATT'S" on the package.

FREE DOG BOOK

54 pages of interesting and instructive reading! Illustrated. Write SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., Dept. S-6, 14 Congress St., Newark, N. J.—1186 Howard St., San Francisco, Cal.

© S. P. L. 1930

to CANARY OWNERS

A 35c tin of Song Restorer and a copy of "Canaries, Their Varieties and Management," priced at 25c, will be sent anywhere in U. S. A. for 35c in stamps and dealer's name. SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., Dept. S-6, Newark, N. J.—San Francisco, Cal.

SPRATT'S

When back seat driving interferes—start the Crosley ROAMIO

"Look out!" "Be careful!" "Ooh! We're coming to a hill!" No longer need you grit your teeth and suffer such well-meant but irritating exclamations. Instead—just turn on your CROSLEY ROAMIO Automobile Radio Receiving Set. All fear and irritability are forgotten as you spin along the smooth road enjoying concerts, symphonies, the latest dance hits, or the wit of world-famous humorists.

The CROSLEY ROAMIO is extremely selective and sensitive. You'll easily get your favorite programs. The automatic volume control maintains a practically uniform volume, even on distant stations. You lock the CROSLEY ROAMIO just as you do your automobile. It uses Screen Grid tubes, Neutrodyne circuit, and employs the latest type Crosley dynamic-power speaker. Thousands are now in use.

The CROSLEY ROAMIO can quickly and easily be installed in your car no matter what its make. It fits snugly and conveniently under the dash, entirely out of the way. It will give you hours of satisfying pleasure and delightful relaxation. Consider too, that the price of this marvelous set is amazingly low—only $75.00, less accessories—installation extra. Go to your nearest Crosley dealer today—see the CROSLEY ROAMIO—hear it—drive with it. Or write for circular and name of nearest Crosley distributor who will arrange for installation. The CROSLEY ROAMIO is recommended for use in motor boats and cruisers.

The CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
1310-B Arlington St. CINCINNATI
Home of "the Nation's Station"—WLW

Also manufacturers of Crosley A. C., D. C. and Battery Radio Receivers and the famous AMRAD RADIO

CROSLEY RADIO

WE START YOU FREE!

No Experience Necessary. Make 100% profit selling our Christmas Greeting Cards. Simply show our supreme $1 box 24-card assortment and sale is made. Before you sell any other cards let us prove we have fastest selling line in America. Write for samples. Gair Manufacturing Co., Dept. 286, 1916 Sunnyside, Chicago

Friendly Five wearers universally have the best dressed feet, because the friendly price of five dollars permits them to own enough shoes to be correctly shod for all occasions . . . There is a dealer near you.

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, *MANUFACTURERS*, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

MOST STYLES AAA TO E

KEEPS TEETH WHITE

Smile your way to success! No one can resist a winning smile.

Teeth make a world of difference in your smile.

So keep them sparkling WHITE.

Every day chew the gum especially made to keep teeth clean and white as pearls.

Chew delicious Dentyne—it's the highest quality gum made today.

Chew DENTYNE . . and smile!

SALMON

(Continued from Page 19)

why the salmon rise, and how, and when, and how they outwit the fisherman and get away.

We caught few fish, but there were always incidents. There were many rises. Chuck hooked and lost a twenty-pounder; Bud caught one that touched twelve pounds. The lady of the family hooked a good one and lost it when Frank tried to make a moving picture of one of its leaps and her attention was distracted. I lost two, through too great eagerness; I had cast for four hours fruitlessly, and the line for a moment hung motionless, far downstream. I saw the rise, and struck back fiercely, felt a solid fish! And then the leader snapped. Phonse tied on another fly, and when I dropped it in the water not ten feet from where I stood another salmon hit it with a surging rush, and again my too vigorous strike broke the leader, let the fish go free.

A Fighter Gets Away

A day or two later I fought and lost a good fish. I had put aside the heavy rod for lighter tackle; a ten-and-a-half-foot rod, weighing perhaps seven ounces. With this gear, in quick water in the upper rapids, where a man's feet might be swept from under him by the force of the current, I hooked a fish which jumped and ran and jumped again. For twenty minutes he whipped the water into froth for forty yards around the rock where I stood; he leaped high and he leaped far, and once he jumped clean over a ledge that rose fifteen inches out of water, and fell behind it and lay sulking there. I worked him upstream, and Phonse stood ready with the gaff, when with no commotion at all the hook pulled free and the fish was gone.

Phonse and I sat down on the ledge to smoke a cigarette and discuss the matter. "How big was he?" I asked. "Twenty-five pounds?"

"Fifteen, anyway," Phonse assured me.

"What a fighter!" I commented. "I'm just as well pleased he got away." I meant it, but Phonse looked at me incredulously. "He deserved it," I insisted.

"He'll die," Phonse explained. "When they jump as much as that, they break their gall and die."

I felt a sick regret. "Die? How soon?"

"He'll feel sick and weak, and drift downstream, a little at a time. And by and by he'll die, and the eels will eat him up." Phonse finished his cigarette. "The other summer," he said, "I had a fisherman down at the tidal pool and we saw a sick fish lying in the water by the bank. I gaffed him and took him up and buried him. There was a fly in his jaw."

And he spoke of sick fish, hurt by nets or weakened by some injury, which one sometimes saw in the river; and he said that sometimes, in his younger, unregenerate days, he had gaffed a good fish while it lay quietly in some deep pool. "And say, they bang you up some, too," he assured me, "flapping around!"

I asked, "Then it does no good to use barbless hooks, play the fish and let them go?"

"They'll die, most always, if they're played a while," he insisted.

When the fishing was good, I thought, there must be a surfeit of salmon in the ice house at the camp; and I spoke of this.

"The guides have to take care of them, make sure they're used," he explained. "We give them away. Lots of folks are glad to get them. And then we salt them down and eat them next winter. They don't get wasted."

So we talked for a while, and began to fish again. I had caught one fish, and lost one fish; but this one I had lost was enough to repay me for the journey. "If I don't hook another," I told Phonse, "I'm satisfied."

"You'll do better," he promised, "by and by."

A day or two later justified his word. I had taken a fish of eleven pounds in the meantime; but that night the stars shone bright and clear and the wind was westerly and cool; and we left camp in the morning full of anticipations. They were justified. Within ten minutes Chuck had hooked a salmon and played it while the camera caught every move. I hooked and lost a good one. Bud hooked one in the upper rapids and it brought him two hundred yards downstream before he saw it gaffed. I lost another. The lady of the house landed one and instantly was fast to another. Phonse said the barb on my fly was too short, the tension on my reel too heavy; and I changed rods and presently had a fish ashore.

By lunchtime we had hooked ten fish and landed seven; by midafternoon I had hooked eleven, landed six. The fly, the barb, the reel, the rod were all working now in unison and harmoniously. This was to prove, so far as quantity was concerned, our banner day. It was the eighth day of our fishing. I had come to Newfoundland with four ambitions: To catch a salmon; to catch several salmon; to take a salmon on the dry fly; and to take a big fish. The first two of these ambitions now were realized. The others would presently come true.

The wet fly is cast diagonally across the current and downstream; it swings with the current; and if a fish takes it you see the swirl or the splash, and strike, and mayhap hook him. But the dry fly is cast diagonally across the current and upstream. It drifts toward you; and if the cast be a proper one, the fly comes downstream ahead of the leader. It floats on the surface; and if a salmon rises you will see his rise, see his jaws open, hear the clapping sound as they close upon the fly. Your leader is light, so that you must strike easily; your gear is light, so that you must play him gently. The wet fly is force; and force may be successful. The dry fly is art, and temperamental. But when the dry fly succeeds, it returns the fisherman a reward in proportion to his pains.

Success With a Dry Fly

I had never taken any fish on the dry fly, and I wished to try. Frank undertook to offer me the opportunity. So on the ninth day we ventured into other waters. We flagged the train, climbed aboard, rode twenty miles, descended in an upland bog and walked a mile down a steep, descending trail to another river and another pool. This pool lies at the bottom of a deep gorge. It is no more than a hundred yards in length, with rapids at its upper and its lower end. But at the tail of the pool the current slows down, and there are bowlders on the bottom here; and among them Frank showed me salmon lying. I saw a dozen fish, slender shapes and graceful, poised and motionless; and I watched them while Frank put my gear in shape.

The light rod, twenty feet of fine gut, and a Brown Hackle at the end. He dipped the fly in oil, slapped it against the butt of the rod, passed the rod to me. I waded out below the fish, after the gospel according to Hewitt, and cast above them, and allowed the fly to drift down over them where they lay. I had no faith in this enterprise at all. The dry fly was a legend, marvelous but incredible; it was one of those things men dream but do not believe. When on the second cast one of those great fish as long as my arm tilted up smoothly toward the fly and I saw his white mouth open, I struck with much the same vehemence Babe Ruth applies to his home-run swing. The fly flew over my head, the fish sank disappointed to his place again, and Frank chuckled at my elbow.

"Man, you took it right away from him," he protested. "If he'd hit it, you'd have

(Continued on Page 153)

Two-Finger Shifting . . *or*

Two-Fisted Tussling?

. . . *in cold weather*

Transmission packed in "dry ice" in laboratory tests . . . chilled to 20° below zero. Yet Springeezed lubricant does not congeal . . . lever shifts with summer-like ease!

Regular transmission, from well-known make of car, used in laboratory test to demonstrate that extreme winter cold will not affect *Springeezed* Grease or Oil. (Shown boxed for packing with "dry ice".)

Test No. 1

Transmission, containing ordinary lubricant of high grade, was packed in "dry ice". After 4 hours, temperature of lubricant was zero with shift lever frozen "solid". Lever could not be moved until temperature was raised to 15° above zero, and then with difficulty.

Test No. 2

Same transmission, containing the same lubricant mixed with 25% Springeez Oil, was packed in "dry ice". After 5 hours the temperature of the *Springeezed* lubricant was 20 *below zero*. Yet lever shifted as easily as with ordinary grease at 70°. *Springeezed* lubricant did not congeal.

Recommended by Manufacturers

Many leading automobile manufacturers recommend to their distributors that *Springeezed* Oil be used in the crankcase of every new and reconditioned car—and that 25% Springeez Oil be added to transmission and differential.

Thousands of the foremost automobile dealers—Auburn, Chevrolet, Chrysler, Ford, Lincoln, Marmon, Packard, Pierce-Arrow, and many others use *Springeezed* lubricants in crankcase, transmission, and differential of every car delivered, and recommend its continued use for long car life and greater satisfaction.

To Filling Stations, Car Dealers and Garages

Take advantage of the big immediate demand for *Springeez* Oil. Order from your jobber. If he cannot supply you, send us his name.

SPRINGEEZ OIL . .

newly discovered principle of lubrication—makes shifting of gears as easy in sub-zero weather as in June; eliminates the destructive "first two minutes" that, in fall and winter, cause more wear than hundreds of miles of driving; gives immediate lubrication on coldest day with "summer grease" which, engineers agree, is the most efficient.

Add Springeez Oil to the regular "summer" grease or oil in the transmission and differential of your car. This mixture will prevent frozen shift lever, grease channeling and gear hum; it will insure perfect lubrication of stone-cold gears from the moment your foot touches the starter; it will give you a smoothness of operation and an ease of handling you never before experienced.

"Activated" Lubrication

The reason for this is that Springeez Oil "activates" any lubricant, giving it qualities it never had before. *Springeezed* Oil or Grease is so active that it is entirely unaffected by weather extremes, hot or cold—will not congeal in the severest winter weather. So active that it protects all parts instantly when the car is started, replacing itself on gears and bearings many times faster than has ever been believed possible. So active that it gives complete protection to the tightest bearings.

Protect Your Car Now

Cool days and nights are here, when ordinary grease congeals and makes shifting hard, especially for women. No need to change to less efficient "winter" oil or grease. Merely have 25% Springeez Oil added to the regular summer lubricant in transmission and differential (1 pint of Springeez to 3 pints of lubricant), and you'll avoid the seasonal struggle with a frozen shift lever as well as protect your car from cold-weather starting damage.

Ask your dealer, filling station, or garage man to Springeez the transmission and differential lubricant in your car. Use 25% Springeez Oil and 75% regular motor oil in your crankcase. If he cannot supply you, write us.

HALSTEAD OIL COMPANY, Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio

Use Springeezed Oil in Crankcase

Use *Springeezed* Oil in the crankcase of your engine (25% Springeez Oil and 75% regular engine oil). This will give complete protection to the engine from the damage that cold-weather starting frequently causes to any car lubricated by ordinary oil alone; save your battery because *Springeezed* Oil does not congeal when cold. Because of its activity, *Springeezed* Oil lubricates valve stems and upper cylinder walls that ordinarily are not adequately lubricated. This means longer life, more r. p. m., greater economy and efficiency; it enables you to drive a new or reconditioned car at normal speed at once without danger of scoring or seizing.

Add Springeez Oil to differential and stop gear hum and channeling. Protects gears and bearings.

SPRINGEEZ OIL

LUBRICANT SUPREME

Springeezed Oil gives lubrication that no car ever had before

How to use SPRINGEEZ OIL — One part Springeez Oil + Three parts regular oil = SPRINGEEZED OIL

Look for this signature

Griffin Halstead

NEW AMITY FIND-EX

TRADE MARK

SUCCESSFUL MEN everywhere . . . leaders in finance, industry, the professions . . . carry FIND-EX . . . because this super-wallet, with its exclusive patented features, organizes its contents with business-like efficiency. You find what you want . . . quickly.

Don't be misjudged by careless pocket habits. Let an Amity FIND-EX be your pocket secretary . . . replacing haphazard methods of carrying currency, important cards, memoranda, and pocket miscellany.

Fashioned to fit the prevailing small currency, of course . . . with an automatically flexible capacity that accommodates a bill or a "bank roll" with equal trimness. Folds thin and flat.

The name "Amity" is assurance of fine craftsmanship and highest quality—Amity, the mark of genuine leather and honest value. Stop at any store where leather goods are sold and add an Amity FIND-EX to your personal equipment. An extraordinary value at $5.00. Write us direct if your dealer cannot supply you.

AMITY LEATHER PRODUCTS CO., Dept. P, West Bend, Wis.

Makers of a complete line of personal leather-ware for men and women

1 This is the ingenious, automatic filing compartment (a patented FIND-EX feature) for systematically carrying cards, passes, tickets, photos, etc. . . . . filed in transparent envelopes for visibility and permanent cleanliness.

2 This is the bill divider (patented) . . . . handily placed in the bill compartment to separate large and small denominations of currency . . . . or to keep checks separate from bills. Fits the small currency, with great nicety.

3 This is the "no-bulge" feature (patented) . . . . a sliding sleeve which provides automatic expansion . . . . preventing bulging of wallet even when filled to capacity. FIND-EX folds only once — thin and compact.

4 Seamless end for strength and beauty.

$5

As a gift . . a subtle compliment to any man. FIND-EX may be had in six different styles . . richly colored leathers in artistic designs. The No. 220 illustrated, is of brown calfskin hand-colored, embossed hand-tooled design, leather lined, laced edges. In attractive gift box. One price . . . . $5.00 . . . . all styles.

AMITY

THE MARK OF GENUINE LEATHER AND HONEST VALUE

(Continued from Page 150)

broke your rod, and your line, and your leader, and his neck besides. Let him have it, and then hit him easy; just as easy as you can."

My ears were red with shame, but I cast again, and again, with a sweating zeal. And ten minutes later the same fish, or another, rose once more. As the fly came toward him he slanted easily upward; his mouth opened, the fly disappeared, and he swung in a curve to turn back to his place again. I lifted the rod fearfully, felt him. . . . It was a moment of incredulous delight. I was fast to him, and with a dry fly!

In the heat of his fight I called to Frank, "He may get away, but we hooked him anyway."

Frank grinned over his shoulder. For thirty-five minutes the fish raced up and down the pool. With the light tackle he could not be hurried, but he came at last to gaff. Twelve pounds.

I had guessed his weight at eighteen. The salmon were always smaller than they seemed to my excited eyes, but Frank in his estimates was never far wrong. When ten minutes later another fish rose, I guessed fifteen pounds. He ran himself into exhaustion in seven minutes, and weighed a scant ten. A third which Frank hooked and I played touched eleven.

A Race in Estimates

I had caught a salmon, caught several salmon, caught salmon on the dry fly. But I had yet to catch a fish above the average size; and there was a new ambition in me now. I wished to hook and fight and land a fish, and underestimate his weight or guess it rightly.

The last two ambitions were to be fulfilled together. It was on this same remote pool, in the evening of a second visit. I had taken one fish in the morning. I guessed thirteen pounds, and Frank said ten, and ten it proved. The afternoon passed uneventfully, and the evening too. The fish were not rising to whatever lures we offered them. Yet we were contented; and when at five minutes before nine I picked up the rod which had lain idle for a while, there was no real expectation in me.

There was a submerged rock at the head of the pool, and beside it a little slick of water where the current ran so swiftly it had not time to boil. I dropped the dry fly just above this slick, and it floated down past the sunken bowlder. Then something happened.

Up out of the water there rose the head and shoulders of a salmon. He came up leisurely, I heard the click of his jaw, and he fell over backward with the current, presenting, as he sank, a picture exactly like that of a sinking ship which dives perpendicularly into the depths of ocean. By a miracle—for my heart had jumped to sixty miles an hour at sight of him—I struck not too hard, and felt the hook take hold. At my cry, Frank came running from the cabin.

As he did so, the fish jumped, in a fashion almost perfunctory, but Frank did not see him.

"I'm into a good one," I told him.

He nodded, waded out to my side, and the fish jumped again, just in front of us.

But Frank shook his head. "Eight or nine pounds, I guess," he said regretfully.

"If he's eight or nine pounds I'll eat him raw!" I insisted, and put an extra strain on the rod.

There began then thirty minutes of violent action. The fish started down the pool, with us racing along the shore to keep abreast of him. There was a sunken ledge offshore, and we had to wade deep to lift the line above that ledge. Halfway down the pool the salmon jumped a full six feet clear of the water. He seemed to hang there, flopping convulsively in the air, and I cried:

"He's twelve pounds if he's an ounce!"

"Ten, maybe," Frank conceded.

The fish plunged to the foot of the pool. When we came abreast of him he rose into the air like a projectile, and turned a complete somersault.

"He's over twelve!" I cried.

"He might go eleven," said Frank.

The salmon started back up the pool. He ran fifty yards, then jumped ten feet at right angles.

"He's near fifteen pounds!" I boasted.

"Well, maybe twelve," Frank admitted.

The fish jumped twice, the jumps as close together as quotation marks. He raced past us; and before we could get down to him he ran back into deep water, tugging at the line so that the rod bent and swayed like a reed in the wind. He worked up the pool to the quick water and jumped over a rock, and came back directly toward us so fast that though I wound the reel top speed, it was seconds before I could get a strain on the line again. He jumped in our very faces and I gasped:

"Fifteen pounds!"

"He might be the record fish, if you save him," Frank agreed. Thirteen pounds was the record thus far, so Frank was yielding ground all the time.

Thirty minutes of this, while we panted up and down the gravel border of the pool. Then the salmon decided he had done enough. He dropped into an abiding place in the still water and seemed to settle himself for the night. For five minutes, and then for ten, he did not move. Frank splashed the water below him with the gaff. No response. Phonse threw rocks at him. He moved aside only enough to avoid the rocks.

I took another rod and reached under water and touched him in the side. He shifted three feet to be out of reach. Five minutes more. I waded out within a few feet of him, and as swimmers splash water in each other's faces, I splashed water above him where he lay.

The fish went crazy. He plunged up the pool, with us upon his tail. He raced down and up, and down and up again.

"He's afraid of getting wet," Frank chuckled; and he called to Phonse: "Get a torch ready. It will be dark before we get him in."

"He's over fifteen," I insisted.

"He's fourteen, anyway," Frank grudgingly agreed.

The End of the Fight

The fish ran down the pool toward the rips, and at the quick water he jumped, changed ends in the air, lighted facing upstream, and mercifully stayed there till we could come abreast of him again. Frank splashed into the rips below him, and the salmon departed up the pool. It was an hour since his fight began; he showed no least signs of tiring.

And then suddenly he began to sag. I gained line, half a turn at a time, and he came sullenly downstream, tail first, yielding grudgingly. Phonse lighted the torch—a roll of birch bark in a cleft stick—and held it perilously near the taut leader. Frank, with the line in the circle of his thumb and finger but still running free, poised with his gaff ready; but the fish slugged away from him and took ten yards of line, which had to be recaptured again.

He came to the head of the rapids below the pool. Below us there stretched a chaos of wild water for half a mile, with great bowlders through which a man could with difficulty pick his way. If the fish went downstream our chase might be a long one, and perhaps fruitless in the end.

He did decide at last to go that way; but his resolution came too late. It was by this time past ten o'clock; and here in this deep gorge it was full dark. Above the bluff across the river hung the young moon, with that bright star off its lower horn. The birch torch flared, and the red glare of it threw shifting lights against the cloud of black smoke which drifted slowly downstream. I was in the shallows, the two guides with their backs to me intent upon the fish. He lay in the upper rips, and Phonse held the torch near and Frank reached carefully toward him.

"Slipper Feet" Tired, draggy feet that make you long for the old slippers . . . that's "slipper feet." Get rid of them . . . wear the Arch Preserver Shoe. Patented features give natural support . . . remove cause of bodily fatigue. This is the original and only ARCH PRESERVER shoe, never successfully duplicated. Custom styles, $12.50 up. Red Label styles, $10.00 up.

Wright ARCH PRESERVER SHOE FOR MEN

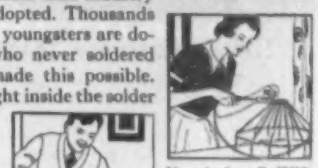
E. T. WRIGHT & CO., Inc.
Rockland, Mass.
Made in Canada by Scott & McHale, Ltd., Licensee, London, Ont.

Made for women, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Company, Portsmouth, Ohio

So Many Uses . . .

Now so easy . . . Anybody can make and mend things with KESTER SOLDER

Now you too can make or mend things of metal quickly and simply . . . you can enjoy the fascinating metal artcraft which is becoming so popular . . . you really need KESTER Self-Fluxing Solder for a hundred home uses. It's so simple to solder this new, direct way—nothing required but heat and KESTER, the modern solder that industry in general already has adopted. Thousands of men, women and even youngsters are doing things with solder who never soldered before; KESTER has made this possible. The secret is in the flux right inside the solder itself. Get a can of KESTER Metal Mender or, better still, a 1-lb. package of KESTER Acid-Core Solder, today, and see how easy it is. Insist on KESTER.



KESTER SOLDER COMPANY, *Inc. 1899*
4209-20 Wrightwood Ave., Chicago

Your dealer sells KESTER Metal Mender and KESTER Radio Solder in handy household size tins for 25c . . . KESTER Acid-Core, Rosin-Core and Paste-Core Solder on 1, 5 and 20 lb. spools, or by the foot.

KESTER FLUX-CORE SOLDER

FREE Generous Proof-Sample with instructions upon request! Try it!

JOHNSTON & MURPHY
SHOES FOR MEN

Wherever you go, you can count on distinction and satisfaction in this straight tip Highland Oxford of boarded calfskin—tan (303) or black (403). There is style in its fine lines, and comfort in its long life. Sold by a leading dealer near you. Ask for J & M Style Booklet.

Johnston & Murphy, 42 Lincoln St., Newark, N. J.

80—or 18?

Here's Cash for YOU!

V. N. Braman, above, was the first merchant in his city to install a telephone and cash register in his line of business. Although he has now retired, he still enjoys running a business in his spare time—his Curtis business.

Regardless of *your* age, with no capital or experience, you can earn up to $1.50 or more an hour, forwarding Curtis subscriptions from your neighborhood.

Mail this coupon for our generous offer!

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
950 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me your offer.

Name ..... Age .....
(Please Print Name and Address)
Street .....
City ..... State .....

Take your shoes off and put them on without untieing

Wear ALOX Elastic Shoe Laces—they stretch! A wonderful improvement. Far more comfortable. Give support without tiring strain. Low shoes can be taken off and put on without untieing. Look well, wear well, feel fine. Every member of your family will want them. Send 10c for a pair, stating color and dealer's name. (Dealers: write for sample and prices)

ALOX MFG. COMPANY, 6160 MAPLE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

So "handy" for Bridge

Is there an APSCO Automatic Pencil Sharpener in your home?

Mother's scissors or the kitchen knife are not very satisfactory for making pencil points *and a sharp pencil is just as much appreciated in the HOME as in the Office or School.*

The "GIANT" at $150 and the "CHICAGO" at $100 are favored APSCO models for home use.

Prices slightly higher out West

APSCO CUTTERS don't scrape—*THEY CUT*

Ask your dealer

AUTOMATIC PENCIL SHARPENER CO.
Chicago Illinois

"Put me on a Counter"

"RIPS IT" just fits the hand. Makes an old razor blade the handiest tool in home or office.

I'll make Money for YOU!

PLACE these eye-catching "RIPS-IT" cards on counters of drug stores, cigar stands, news-stands, etc., and collect your profits. "RIPS-IT" sells for 10 cents. It is a handy holder for discarded razor blades. Sells on sight. Unequalled for household or office use. Choice of several attractive colors on each card of 12.

YOU CALL ON STORES AND WHOLESALERS

No house to house canvassing. Every merchant will profit from a "RIPS-IT" card on his counter. A real money-making opportunity for you, full time, part time or side line. Write today for full information.

Also GRIPS-IT—a clever, new, patented fastener for Xmas tree ornaments. Can't slip or loosen. A fast seller from now to Xmas. Write for information.

WISCONSIN SPECIALTY MFG. CO., INC.
333 Becher Street Milwaukee, Wisconsin

And suddenly he made his draw, and his stroke was true, and a moment later the salmon lay on the shingle, while the guides and Chuck and I bent over him, and the bright moon shone. Frank freed the leader from his jaw, and we held it to the light. In three places it was frayed almost through. It might have lifted a two-pound weight without breaking; certainly no more.

"Frank," I hazarded, "he'll go seventeen pounds."

"Well, fifteen anyway," Frank agreed.

But twenty-four hours later he weighed strong seventeen. For once my guess had been the better one!

There was fishing afterward, and there were other fish. One of them took us down those same rapids next morning, Frank galloping like a kangaroo, with water spurting from his boots, and making ineffectual sweeps with his gaff till he broke it and had to gaff the fish at last with the hooked end alone, the handle trailing uselessly. And there were long hours of conversation, while Phonse told me old tales of the river; how poachers finding salmon lying in still pools can jig them with a weighted hook; how a certain boy thus one day hooked twenty-two fish, of which he landed five, the others tearing free. And how you may take salmon on a bunch of angle worms, even though the fish do not feed in fresh water at all; and how a spinner is deadly bait, so that its use is forbidden here; and how by using two flies, one behind the other, you may foul hook your fish with the second if he misses his strike on the first.

Poachers took many fish, the guides said; but the nets took more. Wardens warred upon the poachers, but the nets were legal and permitted, and their ravages were heavy ones. Phonse and I sat one evening on a ledge beside the water. The day had been warm; at dusk the fish worked into the shoals where the water cooled most quickly. Four salmon lay within six feet of us and there were net scars on three of them. Many of the fish we caught were thus marked and scarred.

Two-Dollar-a-Pound Salmon

Phonse and Frank agreed that this year's fishing was poor. The nets off the mouth of the river were reported to be making tremendous catches; but there had been no good run into the river at all. In fact, Frank confessed, it was five years since the salmon had come into the stream in their ancient numbers, though the nets—perhaps because there were more of them—did good execution every year.

"What do they do with the fish from the nets?" I asked.

And Phonse said, "Send them to market."

I inquired the price. He said the owner of a net could take the market, or he could sell his season's catch at a flat price of nine cents a pound.

"And he'll do better at nine cents than he will at the market," Phonse admitted.

That night I made some calculations. Four of us, in two weeks of fishing, had taken twenty-nine salmon and fourteen grilse. The salmon averaged to weigh better than ten pounds. The total catch weighed just over three hundred and fifty pounds. Except for what fish we had eaten, all these salmon were used either fresh or salted by the folk who served us or who lived in the locality. The trip had cost us, in money paid to Newfoundland men, a little more than two dollars for every pound of fish taken.

Somewhere in Newfoundland

The mathematics of the situation seemed enlightening. Newfoundland can sell its salmon at nine cents a pound; or it can sell the same fish at two dollars a pound—and keep the fish. It appeared to the ordinary intelligence that Newfoundland was selling one of its greatest assets to the lowest rather than to the highest bidder. Further, a fish taken in the nets profits one man; a fish taken in the rivers on the fly means money in the pockets of a guide, a cook, a camp proprietor, and other men besides. The railroad takes a profit, and the government; and the men who come to fish buy homespun cloth, or knitted socks, or hooked rugs or other native wares. So from the coming of the fisherman there is a return to many individuals.

Twenty years ago salmon fishing in Newfoundland was the best in the world. Now that statement would provoke argument. Twenty years from now, there may be no ground for argument at all.

The salmon fisherman is in general a furtive, jealous and secretive individual, not much inclined to tell you his fishing grounds, nor the pattern of the fly he used. The disease is an infectious one. Though only once exposed, I have felt its first assaults. Thus you will find herein the name of no river, nor even of any locality. But names are not necessary. There are scores of rivers on the steep Newfoundland coast, and salmon in most of them. Further than this, deponent sayeth not.

The journey is long, the flies are bad; and if the fog blows over the mountain you may wait days before you take a fish. But if the blood is in you, and you take but one fish, you will return to catch another, year by year.

The Poets' Corner

To the Outermost Planet

SISTER OF EARTH, that we at last have found
Roaming the outer dark so cold and far,
To whom the sun is but a golden star,
What welcome we would send you, if a sound
Could cross the mighty night that rings us round,
And all those empty distances, and jar
The stillness of the spaces where you are,
The greatest traveler and the least renowned.

No, it would all be waste; you would not care;
You are so distant from the sun that we
Are warm with sympathies you could not share
By the gray bleakness of that stellar sea
Through which, unknown to us so long, you steer
Lonely and pale on your three-centuried year.

—*Lord Dunsany.*

Flower Prayers

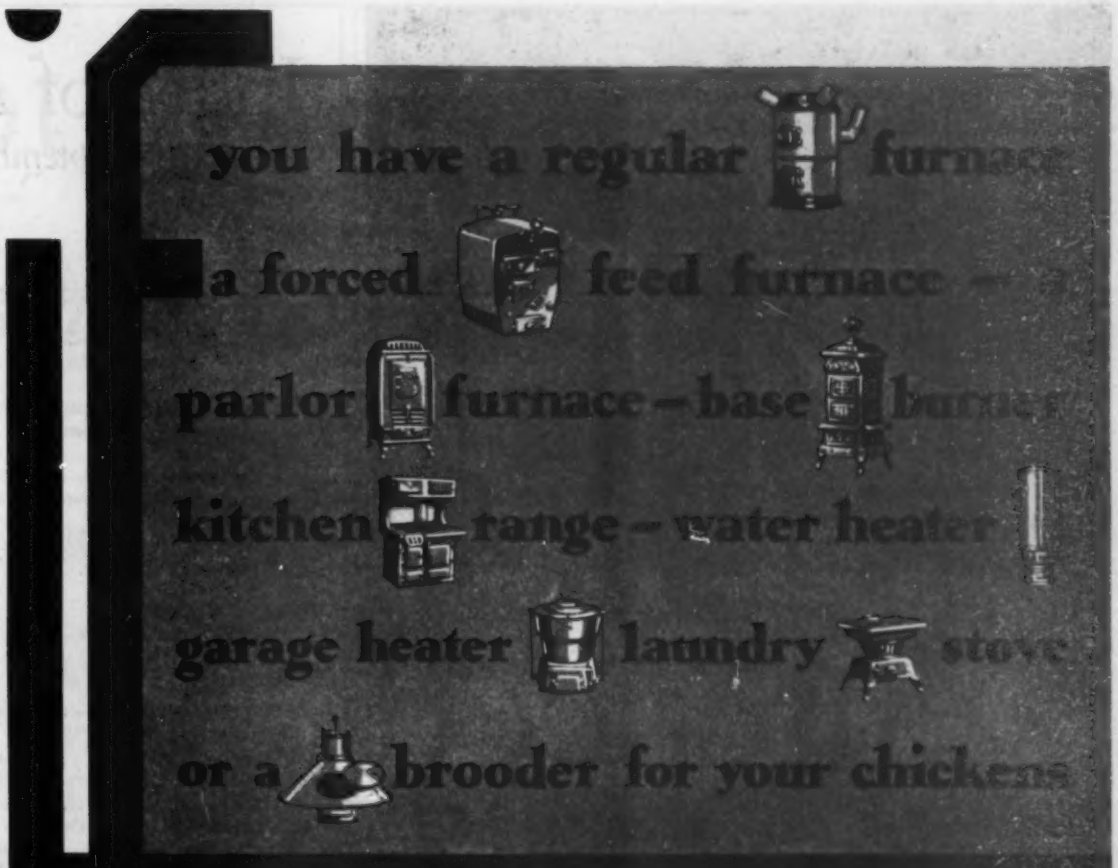
ONCE I heard a flower
That was very fair
Say: "This is my morning
And my evening prayer:

"Light beyond the Sunlight,
Cloud behind the sky,
Depth beneath all deepness,
Height than height more high,

"Wind within all breezes,
Vigor in the ground,
Coolness of all shadows,
Silence in all sound.

"I am just a flower—
You have made me so.

(Continued on Page 158)


you have a regular furnace
a forced feed furnace
parlor furnace – base burner
kitchen range – water heater
garage heater laundry stove
or a brooder for your chickens

THEN you will have the finest heat at the lowest price, if you use Famous Reading Anthracite. It is clean, steady, sootless, and gives unfailing warmth. Nature never made, nor has man discovered a finer fuel. Buy it from your local coal merchant. He has Reading hard coal, or can get it.

Send for a free copy of "The Book of Better Heating," an easy to read handbook of facts about taking care of any kind of heater using solid fuel. It will aid you to have better heat at lower cost. Write The P and R*, Room 721-8, Reading Terminal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

©TP&RC&ICo., 1930

BETTER PENNSYLVANIA HARD COAL

FAMOUS READING ANTHRACITE

*The Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company

Sentenced

to freeze at sunrise

not just once but every winter morning

You can escape such a dreary fate this winter.

You can rest in sleepy comfort instead of rising in the bitter cold dawn to tend the fire.

You can forget the work and worry that make winter the most discouraging season of the year. Simply give the unpleasant job of running your heating plant to the electric janitor, the Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator.

Just wind the clock once a week and this remarkable automatic instrument keeps your home uniformly warm and comfortable. Every evening the temperature is automatically reduced. Every morning before you get up it is raised again to the level of daytime comfort.

Your family has fewer colds. Your wife is no longer forced to spend the day going up and down the basement steps to fix the fire. Spend your evenings as you will, your home is protected from the damage frequently caused by hand-regulated heating plants. And you save all the fuel wasted by overheating.

Are you planning to install an automatic heating plant burning gas, oil or coal? The leading makers of automatic heating plants prefer Minneapolis-Honeywell controls and use them as standard equipment. These men know that Minneapolis-Honeywell stands for proved engineering leadership and experience gained since the very start of automatic heating 45 years ago.

Your present heating plant, too, can be made automatic. Feed it coal twice a day and forget about it while it continues to keep you comfortable —once you install the Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator.

Before colder weather sets in, get your electric janitor and escape the sentence of another winter at hard labor. Why not write today for the interesting book, "The High Cost of Overheating."

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR CO. (Also manufacturers of industrial temperature, pressure and combustion safety controllers, industrial motor valves, automatic control for unit heaters, and Jewell Temperature Regulators.) 2803 Fourth Avenue So., Minneapolis. In Canada: Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont. Branch offices and distributors in principal cities. Authorized factory-trained representatives in almost every city.

* * *

Every Monday evening Minneapolis-Honeywell presents the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Henri Verbrugghen, conductor, Columbia Broadcasting System, 9 to 9:30, Eastern Standard Time.

MINNEAPOLIS HONEYWELL

HEAT REGULATOR

Index of Advertisers

September 27, 1930

	PAGE
Alemite Corporation	39
Allen-A Company, The	142
All-Year Club of Southern California	105
Alox Mfg. Co.	154
Aluminum Company of America	117
American Chain Company, Inc.	76, 77
American Chicle Company	150
American Hard Rubber Company	91
American Rolling Mill Company, The	111
American Safety Razor Corp.	98
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	57
Amity Leather Products Co.	152
Arch Preserver Shoes	153
Armstrong Cork Company	115
Art Metal Construction Co.	130
Art Metal Works, Inc.	141
Automatic Pencil Sharpener Co.	154
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc.	59, 158
Baldwin Piano Company, The	148
Barrett Company, The	1
Bay West Paper Co.	147
Bon Ami Company, The	159
Bristol-Myers Co.	70, 120, 121
Bryant Heater & Manufacturing Company, The	160
Bulova Watch Company	132
Cadillac Motor Car Co.	34, 35
California Fruit Growers Exch.	IV Cover
Campbell Soup Company	27
Champion Spark Plug Company	55
Chase & Sanborn's Coffee	62, 63
Chevrolet Motor Company	40, 41
Chrysler Sales Corporation	49
Clark, Frank C.	145
Coleman, Watson E.	145
Columbia Phonograph Co.	106, 107
Congoleum-Nairn, Inc.	32
Crosley Radio Corp., The	149
Crown Zellerbach Corporation	84, 85
Cycle Trades of America, The	108
Demuth & Co., Wm.	113
Dodge Brothers Corporation	61
Faultless Caster Company	101
Fleischmann's Yeast	53
Florsheim Shoe Company	146
Ford Motor Company	119
Francisco Auto Heater Co., The	138
Gair Manufacturing Company	149
General Cigar Co., Inc.	95
General Electric Company	36
General Motors Radio Corporation	51
General Motors Truck Company	65
Glass Container Association of America	129
Glo-Co Company	145
Greyhound Lines	139
Halstead Oil Company, Inc.	151
Hammermill Paper Co.	96
Hawaiian Pineapple Company	134
Hoffman Specialty Company, Inc.	110
Holeproof Hosiery Company	92, 93
Hoosier Mfg. Co.	124
Hormel & Co., Geo. A.	99
Houston Hat Co.	145
International Harvester Company of America	71
Jarman Shoe Company	150
Johnston & Murphy	154
Jones Dairy Farm	135
Karpen & Bros., S.	125
Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.	66
Kendall Refining Company	140
Kester Solder Co.	153
Kirsch Company	133
Klein & Sons, Mathias	97
Kroehler Mfg. Co.	127
Lambert Pharmacal Co.	83
Las-Stik Manufacturing Co., The	133
Lehn & Fink, Inc.	86
Lorillard Co., P.	52
Mellon National Bank	102
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company	72
Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co.	156
National Home Furnishings Program	123
National Kei-Lac Co.	145
New York Central Lines	103
New Yorker Hotel	114
Oakland Motor Car Co.	46
Olds Motor Works	44
Oneida Community, Ltd.	2
Packard Motor Car Co.	88
Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, The	155
Plymouth Motor Corporation	54
Polk Miller Products Corporation	141
Probak Corporation	59
Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company	73
Quaker Oats Company, The	74
Rauh & Co., S.	137
Reo Motor Car Company	100
Rome Company, Inc., The	126
Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.	90
Russia Cement Co.	145
Sargent & Company	94
Schalk Chemical Co.	135
Shaw, Inc., M. T.	133
Simoniz Co., The	58
Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc L C	131
Spratt's Patent Limited	149
Squibb & Sons, E. R.	78
Standard Brands, Incorporated:	
Chase & Sanborn's Coffee	62, 63
Fleischmann's Yeast	53
Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)	143
Swift & Company	29
Texas Company, The	80, 81
Thompson Products, Incorporated	136
Timken Roller Bearing Company, The	42
United States Rubber Company	56
United States Tobacco Company	112
Vacuum Oil Company	31
Warren Company, S. D.	157
Western Co., The	II Cover
Western Electric Co.	87
Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.	68, 69
Williams Company, The J. B.	III Cover
Wisconsin Specialty Mfg. Co., Inc.	154
Wood and Sons, Inc., J. R.	144
Wrought Iron Research Association	104
Wye, Inc., Tom	116
Young, Inc., W. F.	79

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

COUPONS *have helped a million wives* become expert cooks

ONCE upon a time . . . so the story runs . . . a puzzled housewife implored Heaven to make a new animal to break the eternal round of beef, pork, mutton, and fowl.

Today you need search no farther than the coupon in the corner of the best food advertisements for clever new meat dishes, crisp and different salads, tempting desserts, smart ways of transforming left-overs into delicious and nourishing dishes.

Clipped and mailed, these coupons bring—usually free—brochures and catalogs that are really cook books, beautifully printed and illustrated in colors. No ordinary cook book presents its dishes so realistically.

The recipes are devised by practical domestic science experts. Calories and vitamins receive their due. The text is clear, convincing, reasonable. Colored pictures and photographs sparkle from the pages. Paper and printing are usually excellent.

It is because of high-speed printing presses and modern printing papers that manufacturers can afford to give this helpful service to you.

It is the business of the S. D. Warren Company to make printing papers on which the text will be easily read, the pictures clear and convincing, and the colors faithful to the merchandise.

Our program starts with producing better papers in volume at low production costs. It includes a plan for cutting the cost of printing through a simplification of the number of paper sizes formerly held necessary.

In addition, many of the uncertainties of presswork and printing are overcome by means of a series of scientific tests of each run of Warren's Papers. These tests, made at the mill, insure standardization of printing, folding, and binding qualities.

The result is better printing on better paper at lower costs to printers and buyers of printing.

So, when a good printer suggests the use of Warren's Standard Printing Papers, he is thinking not alone of a better piece of printing, but also of the savings that will result.

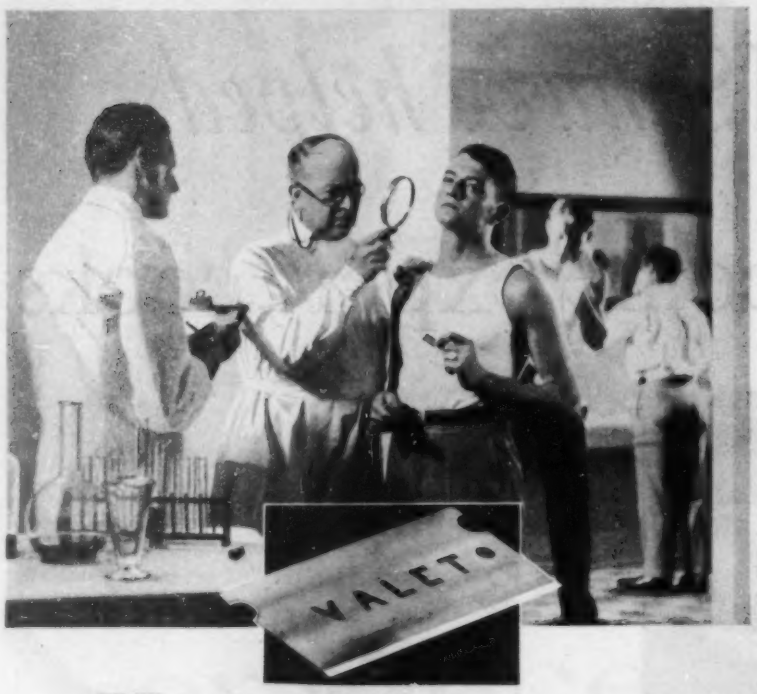
If you are a printer, or if you sell with the help of printing, our coupon clipped and returned will bring details of this Warren program, and a series of mailings that will help in the planning and preparation of printed pieces.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, 89M Broad St., Boston, Mass.
PRINTER ☐ USER OF PRINTING ☐
Send details of the Warren Simplification Program, which shows how to save time and money in planning printing.
*Name*_____
*Firm Name*_____
*Firm Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT



Kinder to sensitive skins . . .

Scientific tests prove it!

WE were satisfied that the Valet AutoStrop Razor and new Valet blade were kinder to sensitive skins—could not irritate the face under normal conditions.

But we wanted to know Valet's effects in even severe cases of skin trouble. So we asked an eminent scientist, Dean of Dermatology at a great University,* to make this all-inclusive test.

Five persons with extraordinarily sensitive skins and seven patients with *sycosis barbae* consented to shave daily for a period of weeks under identical conditions with various safety razors.

Two results were noted. In the first instance, an entire lack of irritation where Valet was used. In the second, a perfectly safe use of Valet at light or medium adjustment without spread of infection.

*Name on request.

Covering the test of various types of razors, the Dean reports:

"The Valet blade's fine edge and steel ranked it far superior in these tests. The superiority of Valet AutoStrop Razor principles and construction was conclusively demonstrated."

Money could not buy the approval of the reputable physicians, dermatologists and medical colleges that endorse the Valet blade. They prefer and prescribe the Valet because it relieves and prevents skin troubles caused by harsh shaving.

Remember the Valet blade is made exclusively for use in the Valet AutoStrop Razor—the only safety that does not require removal of the blade for stropping or cleaning. Keep your face young—your skin clear. Shave with the blade preferred by men who know steel—and prescribed by those who know faces.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, INC., 656 First Avenue, New York
Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

The NEW VALET Auto-Strop BLADE

(Continued from Page 154)

There are things a flower
Cannot ever know;

"There are things a flower
Cannot hope to guess,
Yet I sense a Power
And a Loveliness.

"And I know that Someone
Than the earth more near,
Than the stars more distant,
Looks upon me here.

"Is it God? I know not,
But I understand
That Somebody tends me
With a loving hand.

"Someone in the dawning
With a swift caress
Wakens me and sprinkles
Pearls upon my dress!

"Someone in the starlight—
Whom, I cannot see—
Whispers, 'Little Flower,
You are dear to me!'

"Someone in the midday
Smiles into my eyes,
And I droop and tremble
With a sweet surprise.

"Is it God? I know not.
Only this I know:
Someone teaches flowers
How they ought to grow."
—Mary Dixon Thayer.

Winds

WINGING, singing, bringing me news
Of sea-sweet beaches and sand-gray views,
Winds from my child home, pause, I pray,
Tell me they miss me there today.

Springing, winging, flinging your sweets,
What of the tide and the fishing fleets?
Winds from my child home, whisper clear,
Tell me, still do they hold me dear?

Singing, winging, bringing me word
Of waves that murmur and reeds surf-stirred,
Winds of my child home, say, oh say,
Will they want me back, if I go today?
—L. Mitchell Thornton.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

September 27, 1930

Cover Design by Alan Foster

SHORT STORIES — PAGES

Progress of an Artist—*Sophie Kerr* *Illustrated by James H. Crank* 6 and 101
Forces—*Viña Delmar* . . . . . *Illustrated by Charles Lassell* 10 and 113
Not So Different—*Lucian Cary* . . . *Illustrated by R. M. Crosby* 14 and 82
The Master of the House—*John P. Marquand* *Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner* 16 and 122
A Hum in the Llamarada—*Margaret Weymouth Jackson* *Illustrated by John La Gatta* 20 and 89
Family Affairs—*Frank Condon* . . . *Illustrated by R. M. Crosby* 38 and 56

ARTICLES

Patents, Profits and Pirates—*An Interview With Thomas A. Edison—Remsen Crawford* . . . . . *Photographs* 3 and 135
Riley and His Friends—*George Ade* . . . . . *Photographs* 8 and 141
Lilliput Putters—*As Told to Mara Evans* *Illustrated by Tony Sarg* 12 and 52
Here We Go A-Nutting!—*Nunnally Johnson* *Illustrated by Tony Sarg* 13 and 110
Salmon—*Ben Ames Williams* . . . . . *Photographs* 18 and 150
Play Writing—*Owen Davis* . . . . *Cartoon by Herbert Johnson* 25 and 97
Leaves From the Lipton Logs—*Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart.* *Photographs* 33 and 60
Rubber Tramps—*Ed. Ferry and Guy Williams* . . . . . 47 and 98

SERIALS

The Squaw Woman (Second part of six)—*Arthur Stringer* *Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner* 22 and 67
River to the Sea (Fourth part of six)—*George Agnew Chamberlain* *Illustrated by Henrietta McCaig Starrett* 28 and 116

MISCELLANY

Editorials 24
Post Scripts . . . . . 26 and 78
Getting On in the World 149
The Poets' Corner 154

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy. Persons canceling their subscriptions will receive a proportionate refund.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of the *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 10c the copy, $1.00 the year, 2 years for $1.50, 3 years for $2.00; and of *The Country Gentleman* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.

The Water-line Mark belongs on ships . . . . not Bathtubs

When it comes to baths, your preferred "limit of submergence" is nobody's business. Hence—don't leave a rim inside the tub to show your successor how much water you draw. He really might prefer to remain ignorant of your secret. Sprinkle on a little Bon Ami *Powder* instead, and give the tub a few deft wipes. Will that remove the water-line mark? You'd be surprised.

But perhaps you *wouldn't* be surprised in the least! Probably you found it out for yourself long ago. But *have* you found out all the other ways Bon Ami's goodness can help you to an easier day? There is a panel worth reading just below.

P. S. Remember, hands that clean with Bon Ami remain soft, young and white. And nice hands *are* important—today.

THE BON AMI COMPANY . . . . . , NEW YORK
In Canada: — BON AMI LIMITED . . . . . MONTREAL

The reader often skips a panel like this—yet there may be a useful hint, if you glance through this list of uses . . . . .

BATHTUBS TILING FINE KITCHEN UTENSILS SMOOTH PAINTED WOODWORK WINDOWS MIRRORS NICKEL BRASS CHROMIUM COPPER REFRIGERATORS THE HANDS AUTO WINDSHIELDS AND METAL TRIMMINGS WHITE SHOES MARBLE AND CONGOLEUM

Bon Ami

POWDER *and* CAKE *every home needs both*

Brings no dirt into the house — creates none

BRYANT GAS HEATING

For steam, vapor, hot water and warm air systems in new houses and old residences, large and small

CLEANER, healthier air to breathe . . . lightened daily housework . . . need for redecorating indefinitely postponed . . . a basement made livable by its new cleanliness . . . these are only a few of the benefits of Bryant Gas Heating which mean savings in time, temper, labor and upkeep. * Read, in the column at the right, the rapid-fire catalog of the comforts and conveniences you and your household can enjoy by modernizing your house with "the greatest single convenience ever offered the American home."

With Bryant Gas Heating you can . . . throw away your coal shovel . . . junk your ash can . . . eliminate all fuel storage of any kind . . . make a single match your winter's kindling . . . tend furnace by the calendar, not by the clock . . greatly lighten the daily housework . . . save rugs, paint and upholstery and postpone redecorating . . . do away with dangerous ups-and-downs of inside temperature . . . hold temperatures constant within a single, thermometer-measured degree . . . live in a warm house, sleep in a cool one . . . laugh at blizzards . . . enjoy winter and *let your pup be your furnace man!*

A dependable estimate of the cost of installation and operation of Bryant Heating in your home will be gladly furnished without obligation on your part.

© 1930 BHMC

THE BRYANT HEATER & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
17893 St. Clair Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

The Man of Tomorrow has A FACE THAT'S FIT

Tomorrow! When today's youth will be the leaders. Eagerly awaited!

Health and brains these coming men will need. Imagination, too. And health, brains, imagination best find their reflection in a Face that's Fit!

Today, tomorrow, all through life, for millions of them the Williams Shaving Service will be a staunch ally—Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.

They'll start their days with the Williams lather—quick, copious, cool. The coolness that comes from a perfect blend of proven ingredients. Without sting, *then* or *thereafter*. Moisture laden. Making blades seem sharper, last longer. Lather for the skin as well as for the beard. For ninety years the Standard lather. "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

They'll finish then with Aqua Velva, *the* scientific blend for after-shaving. Cool contentment follows in its wake. It makes men glad they have to shave. And it does much real good.

Aqua Velva helps care for tiny nicks and cuts, unseen but there. Tones up. Invigorates. Protects. Conserves the natural moisture essential to a good complexion. *Keeps* the skin all day as the Williams lather *leaves* it, flexible and Fit.

Let Williams Shaving Service brighten your tomorrows. Let it make a pleasure of the duty of keeping your face Fit. *Use the coupon.*

Have you tried Williams Shaving Liquid? Very quick. Very cool. Very new. Ask your dealer!

A COUPON—*For the face that would be Fit!*

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, DEPT. P90, GLASTONBURY, CONN.
CANADIAN ADDRESS: 8988 ST. PATRICK ST., MONTREAL

Send me Free Trial Sizes of Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. I will use and observe them.

.....

.....

.....

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

SHAVING CREAM—AQUA VELVA

Faster thinking . . . *Greater* capacity
Better digestion . . . *Flying* work hours!

FRESH California Sunkist Orange Juice cuts down the increasingly common human hazard of "slipping," mentally and physically. Drink it regularly; you will feel better, think faster, enjoy increased capacity, renew confidence in your own ability and be primed to breeze through the day's work with zest!

Every drink of luscious Sunkist Orange Juice scores for health . . . a brimful glass with breakfast, another before lunch, again about 3:30 to power you sky-high over that mid-afternoon "low-ebb" mark.

Safeguard yourself by insisting upon real, *fresh* Sunkist Orange Juice. See it made from the golden California fruit by the Sunkist Extractor. *Then you know you are getting pure Orange Juice.*

You increase the health value of Orange Juice... already rich in minerals and vitamins . . . by adding the fresh juice of half a Sunkist Lemon, or as much more as you desire to each glass. Lemons, like Oranges, are a rich source of vitamin "C," which cannot be stored in the body more than 24 hours *and must be replenished daily.* Combined California Sunkist Orange and Lemon Juices give you a daily adequate quantity of vitamin "C" if you drink at least *two* eight-ounce glasses. They are a definite aid to better health.

Besides, Oranges, like Lemons, are alkaline in reaction in the body and help prevent and correct Acidosis. Mental dullness, headache, logginess, indigestion and sleeplessness are all Acidosis symptoms caused by over-indulgence in good and necessary but acid-forming foods.

Send to the address in the adjoining column for "Telling Fortunes with Foods," a free book which discusses Acidosis and gives normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing menus approved by an eminent authority.

California Sunkist Oranges are always in season—fresh in your market daily. Identify them by the trademark "Sunkist" on the skin and on the wrapper. "Sunkist" assures uniform quality. © 1930 C. F. G. E.

Sunkist Junior Electric Juice Extractor. Simple to operate; only two instantly removable parts to clean after use. Extracts ALL the Orange or Lemon Juice quickly and effectively. Sold under guarantee. Obtainable with alabaster glass bowl. $14.95 delivered in U.S.A. If your dealer cannot supply you, send check or money order to address below. Canada delivery price $19.95. Send for new free catalog of "Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories."

Dealers using the Sunkist Extractor make drinks to your order from fresh Oranges and Lemons rather than serve synthetic compounds. Look for this machine. It is visible assurance of the use of fresh fruit juice. PROSPECTIVE Buyers: Write to address below for full information about the unusual profit-making possibilities and practical merchandising cooperation offered with this speedy, efficient machine. Please state business.

RICHEST JUICE *FINEST FLAVOR*

Sunkist *California* Orange Juice

ADDRESS—CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
DEPT. 109, BOX 530, STATION "C," LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

860